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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE

A Monthly Journal,

CONTAINING

TALES, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MISCELLANY, ETC.

AN EXTREMELY INTERESTING VOLUME.

VOL. XIV.

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DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Dr. Brownson and Ireland.

IF we have deferred for some little time our customary notice of the successive volumes which go to form this great undertaking,* it has not been because of any unmindfulness of its value and importance, but rather, because we foresaw that, in those pages which we were yet to open, there would be found many things which could be fittingly dwelt upon in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, which, although seemingly at first sight outside the range of philosophy, are really within it, which too many at the present day would remove even from the bonds of morality; but which yet no people can ever afford to regard without, at the same time, giving due consideration to the dictates of right and the principles of justice. We refer, of course, to Doctor Brownson's writings upon political subjects, and we have particularly chosen for our consideration, those papers of his which more especially refer to Ireland.

Doctor Brownson sometimes, no doubt, wrote without that full knowledge of details, which make a man an entirely accurate teacher; and we have, in perusing his articles upon Ireland, found evidence that his view of her case was occasionally of the bird's-eye kind, and not always of that searching or close character which would make him entirely reliable as a solitary guide; but however this may be, he wrote with an innate love of Ireland enlightening his mind, a hatred of injustice — no matter whence it came — lending fire to his words, while deep and earnest study gave weight of an enduring kind to his utterances. As those of one of the greatest Americans of the present century, any words of Doctor Brownson cannot fail to interest all Irishmen who care to see the cause of their country stand rightly in the estimation of the citizens of the great Republic of the West, or who wish to hear

* "The works of Orestes A. Brownson, collected and arranged by Henry T. Brownson, Vols. XV. & XVI. Detroit: Thorndike, Nourse, & Co., 1884–85."

truth upon the manifold difficulties which crowd about the cause of the land they love best of all.

Doctor Brownson considered all questions in the spirit of a genuine and practical Catholic; and what this spirit is, he has well defined, in his essay on "National Greatness," in the following words:

"What, then, is true national greatness? We answer, that nation is greatest in which man may most easily and effectually fulfil the true and proper end of man. The nation, under the point of view we here consider the subject, is in the people. Its greatness must, then, be in the greatness of the people. The people are a collection or aggregation of individuals, and their greatness taken collectively is simply their greatness taken individually. Consequently, the greatness of a nation is the greatness of the individuals that compose it. The question of national greatness resolves itself, therefore, into the question of individual greatness. The greatness of the individual consists in his fulfilling the great end of his existence, the ends for which Almighty God placed him here. No man is truly great who neglects life's great ends, nor can one be said in truth to approach greatness any further than he fulfils them."

Doctor Brownson was not the first, by any means, to apply the great truths enunciated in this definition to the resolving of the many difficulties and confusions attendant upon politics; but his words have seldom, if ever, been surpassed in lucidity of expression, or depth of comprehension. He wrote:

"In order, then, to determine in what true national greatness consists, we must determine in what consists true individual greatness; and in order to determine in what true individual greatness consists, we must determine what is the true end of man; that is, what is the end to which Almighty God has appointed man and which he is while here to labor to secure. What, then, is the end of man? For what has our Maker placed us here? To what has he bidden us aspire? Were we placed here merely to be born and to die,— to live for a moment, continue our species, toil, suffer, drop into the grave to rot, and be no more forever? If this be our end, true greatness will consist in living for this life only, and in being great in that which pertains to this life. * * * * But this life is not our only life, and our destiny is not accomplished here. The grave is not our final doom; this world is not our home; we were not created for this world alone; and there is for us a life beyond this life. * * * * We can now answer the question we have asked, namely, In wh a consists true greatness?"

And Doctor Brownson goes on to point out clearly in what "true national greatness" consists. He points out that this consists exclusively in living for the end for which our Maker intended us. He says:—

"The answer is not ours, but the answer which Almighty God himself gives us in his revelation. Tried by the rule implied in this answer, not a few of the world's judgments must be reversed. At one stroke we must cut from the roll of great men the immense majority of those the world delights to honor, and holds up to the reverence and emulation of our youth. Renowned princes, statesmen, heroes, poets, philosophers, scholars, authors, must lose their rank, and sink below that of ordinary men. Your Goethes, Byrons, Shelleys, Scotts, Bulwers, Victor Hugos, Balzacs, Eugene Sues, George Sands, Kants, Hegels, Cousins, shrink into insignificance before the simplest Christian who has given his heart to God. What are your Alexanders, Hannibals, Cæsars, Napoleons, before a St. Gregory, a St. Bernard, a St. Francis, a St. Ignatius, a St. Xavier, a St. Charles? Your Dukes of Wellington before your St. Patrick, St. Ninians, St. Columbias, or countless hosts of those whose names are unheard on earth, and known only in the Lamb's book of life? The saints are the only true nobility. No man is great but as he is good, but as he lives

in the order of grace, and loves God above all things and with his whole heart and soul, and his neighbor as himself in and for the sake of God."

These words enable us to arrive at a right conception of the aspect in which Doctor Brownson would be likely to view the question of Ireland's future. It does not follow from them that he should necessarily declare the Independence of Ireland not worth shedding one drop of blood for; but it does infallibly follow that he would declare her independence not worth one mortal sin. He was a Catholic, and by this and through this bond of unity he loved Catholic Ireland and her Catholic people, loved them with a great and enduring love, while yet again from out this affection which he had formed for them came the hope and prayer that never might political freedom find them less worthy to take their place in the train of God's followers than they had been all through that terrible time of persecution and political enthralment which they had endured so nobly, so unselfishly, so holily. He wrote: —

"Ireland has never, in our judgment, lost her nationality; she therefore possesses all the inherent rights of a nation and is entitled to self-government as much as any other nation, free from all foreign control or dictation. * * * * For the Irish people we have the feelings every one must have, who has made himself acquainted with the wrongs they have suffered for these seven hundred years. They are a noble, generous, and warm-hearted people, second to no people on the face of the earth. * * * * Temporal prosperity, however great, is too dearly purchased, if purchased at the expense of that faith without which it is impossible to be saved. Great popular movements in behalf of any worldly end, however unexceptionable or praiseworthy in themselves considered, are always to be viewed with something of fear and anxiety. We look upon all popular movements with a certain degree of distrust; for they are almost always sure to be carried on by blind impulse or enthusiastic zeal, and to fall at last under the control of the unprincipled and the designing, instead of the true, the good, the holy, the practical, and the discreet. * * * * In order to secure success, the masses make concessions and form alliances which are incompatible with truth and goodness, and which rarely fail, in the end, to rob victory of its most valuable fruits."

In fine, Dr. Brownson felt and declared the sovereign truth, of which the world and politicians take too little account, that no temporal advantage can consecrate a wrong, or any temporal victory hallow an injustice. Surely, so far, all Irishmen can agree with him; but then the question arises, can they remain equally in accord with him, when he proceeds to argue against any popular agitation, or any stirring up of the masses in political excitement? In a sense, no doubt, they can still follow him; they can admit that if any politician or leader foresaw that certain actions or words of his, that his "agitation" whatever it might be, would only lead to crime, then his actions were better untaken, his words unuttered, his agitation uncommenced. Yet, as they will freely admit this, they must at the same time ask themselves should any politician or leader hesitate in adopting any right and moral course he considers beneficial towards his native land only because some amongst

the masses of his followers *may* be induced to commit erroneous or criminal actions? How can they better answer their own question than by putting another? Is the general of a great army engaged in a righteous war to forsake it like a recreant because some of his troops may be given to plundering or worse? No doubt the general is bound to do his very utmost to prevent crime; but what we are now considering is Dr. Brownson's evident partiality for the idea that the mere *chance* of crime being committed should induce a political or any other leader to refrain from agitating or fighting for what was right and just, and the due of his country. We cannot agree with him in this. If a man does what he believes to be right, and only asks others to do what is right, and all this is in a righteous cause, we could not wish him to be silent or inoperative simply because some other men, criminal or foolish, *may* adopt evil means towards the same ends as those for which he works. If Ireland is entitled to her independence, and who doubts that she is, how can it be possible to expect that her sons should cease to strike for the attainment of the freedom which is her due only because certain wrong-minded ones amongst her children may be inclined to seek the ending of her captivity by means condemned alike by morality and common sense? The supposition is absurd, and yet it is the base of half the leading articles of the London Press on the Irish Question, and absurd as it is, the only attempt at an argument which the same journals or their Irish Whig and Tory counterparts can bring to bear against the party of which Mr Parnell is chief. The cry is, "Give up your agitation: it leads to crime;" that is, give up the rights of Ireland, basely desert the cause of the Irish people, cease to insist upon the despoilers and plunderers of Ireland making the restitution they can make, forswear all your promises to strive for your native land, and do all this because there are fools and rogues likely to do evil in what they think, or pretend to think, is the advancement of the cause you work for.

Although Doctor Brownson to some extent reprobated popular agitation in Ireland, his best wishes were with that country, and he earnestly hoped for her happiness and prosperity. We cannot perhaps better conclude these few remarks than by one more quotation of his words: —

"Next in order, after our own country, we give our best affections and warmest sympathy to the cause of Ireland. We, as a people, are much to Ireland. She has given us a large portion of our population, many of our best citizens, of the firmest, bravest, and most enlightened friends and defenders of our republican institutions. She has also done more; she has contributed more than any other one nation to introduce and build up among us the Catholic Church. For this, as little as the mass of our countrymen may esteem it, we owe her an immense debt of gratitude,— greater than we shall ever be able to pay; for to the existence and prevalence of the Catholic Church among us shall we be ultimately indebted for the preservation of our free in-

stitutions, and their success in working out the happiness of the people. Dear to us, then, is the cause of Ireland; and we give her, if nothing else, the warm affections of a grateful heart, and fervent prayers for the true freedom and prosperity of all her children at home, or whithersoever they may be scattered abroad over the earth."

And Doctor Brownson wrote these words more than fifteen years before the bayonets of Irish Catholics flashed in the battle charge, ere the lives of Irish Catholics were given, and the whole strength, valor, and genius of the Irish Catholics of America offered in maintenance of the unity of the Republic.

It will be remembered that we considered it necessary in some of our previous notices of the present edition of Dr. Brownson's writings to make some comments upon what we believed to be the undiscriminating manner in which these were collected for publication. The editor has lately issued a leaflet from which we now subjoin an extract:

> The original plan of republication of the works of Dr. Brownson, as announced, was, that they should extend to seventeen volumes only. It was not then intended to comprise any of his writings prior to his conversion to the Catholic Church, except the philosophical essays, which were thought essential for the full understanding of his later articles on philosophy.
>
> Before the publication of the third volume, however, numerous requests were received from subscribers that the more important of the author's earlier publications on religion and politics should be included. After consultation with those members of the clergy on whose judgment reliance might safely be had, the editor coincided with their almost unanimous opinion that those publications should not be omitted. They contain much that is needed for the understanding of the author's entire thought; they also contain a vast amount of correct information and sound views, though often expressed in terms he would not have used after his conversion, and *sometimes accompanied by un-Catholic and un-Christian vagaries: they are, furthermore, likely to weigh generally with non-Catholics more than what was written later.*
>
> The whole of the fourth volume has, consequently, been added to the original plan, nearly the whole of the fifteenth, and a portion of what will be the nineteenth; and the series, instead of being complete in seventeen volumes, becomes extended to nineteen — with an index, if one should be added — to twenty volumes.

The italics in this quotation are ours, and we have taken leave to insert them merely to make clear that the editor by his words, perhaps unintentionally, admits the justice of our contention. What good purpose can ever be served by offering to "non-Catholics" a mixture of "correct information and sound views," with "un-Catholic and un-Christian vagaries," without, at the same time, subjoining an authoritative and explicit commentary, pointing out the errors and proving their falsity? Without this the editor is quite right in saying that the unorthodox essays are "likely to weigh generally with non-Catholics more than what was written later." If this be so, and we certainly do not doubt it, why not, for mere pity's sake, have given the poor "non-Catholic" reader some clue as to how much of what he read was "correct and sound," and what was "un-Catholic and un-Christian?" This is all we have ever contended for, and we cannot comprehend why Mr. H. F. Brownson did not himself discern the necessity of such a provision as we have looked for.

W. F. Dennehy.

My Native Land.

From the German.

FULL many a league of ocean lies
'Twixt thee and me, my native clime!
Thy form recedes into the past,
And fades with youthhood's golden prime.

I stand alone and think of thee;
The tear-mist dims mine aching sight;
My thoughts go forth to mingle with
The storm and darkness of the night.

And gazing on the scene below,
I listen to the sobbing sea;
Creative Mem'ry wakes from sleep,
And wafts me whisperings from thee.

Till in the sighing winds I hear
The rustle of thy groves and bowers;
There fancy loveth still to dwell,
And dream away the fleeting hours.

I hear the murmur of thy streams
In Ocean's distance-mellowed roar;
The waves are wailing forth, me seems,
A dirge for loved ones now no more.

In fitful gusts swells on the wind
The tinkling of the sheepfold's bells,
With bursts of youths' and maidens' song,
And laughter from the heart that wells.

The throstle flutes his vesper hymn
From out the antique hawthorne tree;
Each leaflet thrills in unison,
And whispers sadly: Think of me!

I think of thee — I think of thee —
The heart within my bosom throbs
With yearnings fond and deep the while,
And with the heart of ocean sobs.

J. C.

Connor, Lord MacGuire.

"Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still the darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray."— *Goldsmith.*

On the 23d of October, 1641, one of the most formidable of Irish revolts broke out, with which the name of Connor, Lord MacGuire, is connected. In that wretched dilution of falsehood, sycophancy and West-Britonism, the History of this memorable rebellion, by Sir John Temple, Knight Master of the Rolls, and one of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy Council, we are told, that at this period, owing to the removal of late obstructions (presumably the Celtic distrust of the Saxon, since a previous paragraph idiotically rejoices in the ancient animosities being buried in a firm conglutination of their affections, *i. e.*, that of the Celts and Saxons!) the great increase of trade and many other evident symptoms of a flourishing commonwealth, the peace and tranquility of the kingdom were fully settled.

After wading more or less impatiently through the Knight's twaddle on the peace and prosperity of the land under the lieutenancy-generalship of Robert of Leicester, whose chief claim to remembrance seems to be his relationship to the courteous and graceful Sir Philip Sidney, though our Knightly historian revels with much satisfaction upon the fact, that he deserves decorous recognition through his grandfather, Sir Henry Sidney, one of Elizabeth's deputies, we come across this interesting remark:

"And first I must needs say, howsoever, I have observed in the nature of the Irish, such a kind of dull and deep reservedness, as makes them with much silence and secrecy to carry on their business; yet I cannot but consider with great admiration, how this mischievous plot, which was to be so generally at the same time, and at so many several places acted, and, therefore, necessarily known to so many several persons, should, without any noise be brought to such maturity, as to arrive at the very point of execution, without any noise or intimation given to any two of that huge multitude of persons, who were generally designed (as most of them did) to perish in it."

This mediæval compliment loses none of its effectiveness, when we remember the undignified failures civilized rebellions, in all countries, have mostly been. Its stilted simplicity is marvellously eloquent. Across the mist of years this one sentence brings before us a distinct picture of unswerving purpose accomplished; it startles into vivid existence all the details of conspiracy admirably adjusted for success. Long files of figures pass before us in plumed hats and doublets, im-

pressively silent in their deadly defiance; no loss of time upon futile resolutions and parliamentary eloquence, but active work, finished definiteness of purpose. One thinks of Venice, with its list of mailed and stern-visaged conspirators; its deeply shadowed canals, so curiously adapted for their service. Indeed, all that is conveyed in that simple acknowledgment of Sir John's of the Irish courage and grand, stern silence, conception matured to absolute execution, untarnished by a breath of intimation abroad, gathers a meaning too deep for analysis, awakens emotion neither wholly of rage nor of admiration, so strongly flavored is it with solemn sadness.

We learn that Sir William Cole's suspicions were vaguely aroused on the 11th of October, when he wrote to the lords justice and council, giving notice of the resort of several suspected persons to the houses of Sir Phelim O'Neal, in Tyrone, and of Lord MacGuire, in Fermanagh, and of the same Lord MacGuire's journeys into the Pale and other places, his time being also much spent in writing letters and sending dispatches abroad. In reply to this information, Sir William received instructions to use great vigilance and industry in his efforts to discover the purpose of the suspected lord's journeys and dispatches. On the 21st of the month, our wary Sir William actually did discover the existence of a conspiracy to seize the Castle of Dublin, His Majesty's ammunition, and the city itself, as well as all castles, forts and sea-ports held by the Protestants, Connor, Lord MacGuire and Hugh Oge MacMahon being the leaders. Upon the examination of John Cormack at Westminster, in 1644, it was sworn that Sir William sent letters of warning to the lords justice and council; but these letters were cleverly intercepted, and no notice reached Dublin till the eve of the day appointed for the surprise of the city and castle.

This was how it occurred. The first place of meeting of the conspirators was at the Lion Tavern, near Copper Alley. Here they drank upon their knees to the happy success of the morrow's work, having in their midst that one great curse of conspiracies — the informer, in the person of one Owen O'Conally, one of the "mere Irish," but who had breathed long enough in Saxon atmosphere to have imbibed a judicious predisposition towards Protestantism and English prejudices in general. This worthy, upon his own evidence, drank freely with Hugh MacMahon in his house near the bank in Ormantown, accompanying that chief to the lodgings of MacGuire, near the Pillory, where they again drank beer, and here O'Conally first learnt that the Irish nobles and Catholic gentlemen in great numbers had resolved on taking the Castle of Dublin, and the king's ammunition on the morrow; that they intended to begin by battering the chimneys of the town,

and if the city should not yield upon this invitation, to batter down the houses and destroy all Protestants who would not join with them. Furthermore, it was explained to him that the Irish were prepared in all parts of the kingdom to take possession generally of the sea-ports and towns in Protestant keeping on the next morning at ten o'clock.

These communications filled the mind of our honest Owen with consternation. As his sense of terror increased by the magnitude of the proposal, he became disinterestedly alarmed for the safety of his friends, and piteously besought the brave MacMahon to abandon his fearful resolution. Both MacGuire's and MacMahon's interests were in turn appealed to, but unsuccessfully. Far be it from us to hint at personal fear on the part of the gallant Owen; they returned to MacMahon's house, without having seen Lord MacGuire, and O'Conally renewed his entreaties, spoke of Scotland, of allegiance to the King, till, finally, Hugh's apprehensions of the fellow's loyalty were aroused, and he sternly refused to allow him to leave his room. Giving his sword as hostage O'Conally managed a dexterous escape. About nine o'clock that evening he rushed, in a half-drunken condition, into the presence of Lord Justice Parsons to whom he gave an incoherent account of the conspiracy. His story was regarded as partly incredible, the more readily from his apparent intoxication. Nevertheless, precautions were taken; the gates of the castle were guarded, and watchers placed in every available spot. A hurried council was called and O'Conally was again examined, whereupon the lords decided upon the advisibility of setting a private watch upon the lodging of MacMahon, and they themselves remained in consultation all that night. MacMahon was arrested before daybreak. As long as was possible he resisted bravely with drawn sword; but, overpowered by numbers, yielded, and was brought to Lord Borlace's house, where, after much hard questioning, he resolutely confessed his part, and proudly told them that on that very day all the forts and strong places of Ireland would be taken. He admitted that he was completely in their power; but that fact troubled him not at all, because the work was now so far advanced, that it was impossible for the wit of man to prevent it, and whatever injury they did him would be amply avenged by his friends.

The rumors of the conspiracy flew ahead confusedly. Strangers poured into the city, and it was observed that they put up their horses in the suburbs. Orders were now issued for the apprehension of Lord MacGuire; and in dread of a general outbreak, the old theatre in Newburgh Street, built in Strafford's time, 1631, was closed by command. Panic and disorder everywhere; indiscriminate arrests, of

which even Mr. Forster and Lord Spencer of our days might well have been proud. Most of the leaders, with the exception of MacGuire and MacMahon, escaped across the river in the dead of night to Castle Knock in Kildare, and the thirty arrests which were made were those of servants and followers. Happy results! A proclamation was, of course, issued,— when is a proclamation omitted from the programme? In the meantime progression strode at alarming paces. The first inconvenience was felt in Ulster, where the Irish rose to a man, and wreaked long-smothered vengeance on their brutal oppressors. The vengeance was scarcely more than a flash in the pan; but it was none the less dear to their souls for that. The accounts of their actions — necessarily exaggerated in eyes of panic — wrought general consternation and astonishment into the Saxon mind, long since accustomed to one-sided brutality, and sensitively shrinking from the notion of punishment. The State assembled in disorder on the platform of Dublin Castle, to behold the first approach of the marauding Irish, reported to be rapidly bearing down upon them from Tara, where ten thousand were gathered in arms. Terror was increased by exaggerated stories of outrages, and the citizens drew their swords on the slenderest pretext. And while the proportions of the rebels were swelling to imminent danger, the lords looked anxiously into each others' faces, and admitted that the time of the plot had been admirably selected by the conspirators; for the exchequer was positively empty, and all the king's revenues, casual and certain, were due for that half year; and the stores were indifferently furnished with arms and munition. Our good Sir John tells us that "the providence of God did exceedingly appear therein, by the miraculous preservation" of the king's party from the hands of the rebels. English supremacy was certainly dangerously balanced just then, and when we remember the great Irish successes in the North, one marvels greatly that the Rebellion was not a Revolution. In the meantime, we have somewhat discourteously ignored the hero of this essay.

There is a quaint and deep satisfaction in the contemplation of the different striking personages of a history gloomy and blotted by perpetual failure. Our weary eyes rest on these distinct visions, struck out of incoherent effort like sharply defined outlines, catching the sight in a scene of haze and indefinite shapes, and in keenly realizing the potency, the admirable strength and consistency of a character like Connor, Lord MacGuire's, profoundly Catholic in the sense of mediæval Catholicity, warlike and dogged, with the doggedness of the unlearned strong — is an indication that we, with our nineteenth century eyes and minds, practically desire a return of such characteristics.

The old spirit of war was not wholly brutal, if even it worked many brutalities, and when evoked in the cause of freedom and patriotism, gained both dignity and beauty. And in travelling backward over the darker ages of our history, on to the remotest centuries, our eyes reach through the mass of dim figures, and pierce straight to some grand outline like MacGuire's, glorious in the deep, unalterable love of motherland, recalling our own hopes of to-day, which throbbed as high and fierce in that stilled heart as in ours, and across that desert of centuries, feel united in strong brotherhood. Lord MacGuire learning of his friend's arrest, left his lodgings in disguise, and took refuge in a cock-loft in Cook Street, where he was betrayed into the hands of his pursuers, and brought at once before the Lords Justice and Council. He was doggedly reticent. Witnesses swore to various accounts of the plot. One, that MacGuire had applied to Owen Roe O'Neill, then in Belgium, for aid ; another, that letters of his to Rome had been intercepted, and their treasonable contents communicated to Lord Parsons, though the friar, who was supposed to have written them, was in ignorance of the plot. MacGuire was at once imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained until his trial and execution in 1644, the monotony of imprisonment being varied by brief escape, when he and MacMahon burst the grim barrier, swam the moat, and escaped to Drury Lane, where their national accents betrayed them on addressing an oyster woman, and thus brought about their rearrest.

For many years it was customary for the bells of St. Andrew's, near Cook Street, to ring on the anniversary of the arrest of Lord MacGuire. Before his trial it was known that he had inspected the Magazine of Dublin Castle before the meeting of Parliament. His wife was the sister of Owen Roe O'Neill, and after the tragedy of '44, the Confederated Catholics provided her with a pension.

Let us now draw a picture from the folios of State Trials in which the brave and indomitable MacGuire forms the central figure. As a first outrage, he pleaded to be tried by his peers in Ireland, and was refused by Mr. Justice Bacon and the honorable House of Commons. The indictment is quaint. The prisoner at the bar is charged with being "a false traitor against the King's Majesty, his supreme liege-lord, not having the fear of God in his heart, nor considering his duty or allegiance ; but being seduced by the instigation of the devil, intending altogether to withdraw, blot out, and extinguish the cordial love and due obedience which faithful subjects owe to their sovereigns ;" further down we have him accused of "falsely, traitorously, maliciously, conspiring to deprive and disinherit the King's Majesty of his royal estate and kingdom of Ireland ; to bring his Majesty's person to

death and destruction, to raise sedition, and breed and nurse miserable slaughter and destruction amongst the King's subjects; to make an insurrection and rebellion against the King; to levy public, open, bloody and fierce war against the King in that kingdom; to change and alter the government and religion; to procure and bring in divers strangers and foreigners in a warlike manner to invade that kingdom of Ireland and to levy war there," etc., etc.

A splendid accusation this! and doubly admirable when we remember the brave, stern, and decisive method of our conspirator. No time lost on ineffective efforts after transient applause. The only applause dear to the heart of that warrior, was that which accompanies accomplished purpose, and this was withheld from him, on the very eve of inevitable success, by the miserable O'Conally! The very thought of it in these days of make-believe works, of badly-conceived plans, differences, divisions, self-seeking and showy, but worthless, gains, makes us writhe in fierce wrath. Here was a grand, brave and loyal leader, the very ideal of the old knight-conqueror, a king among men, betrayed, ruined, imprisoned, by a reptile, and all his magnificent hopes, his high efforts and admirably constructed plans, turned into vapor. The spectacle of failure of this sort, upon which the noblest natures have built their highest hopes, is deeply, unspeakably sad. It is for this reason that the history of Ireland is surely the saddest reading in the world. For wherever there is continued striving followed almost inevitably by continued failure, hearts generously, earnestly, uplifted towards the blessed promise of dawn shining ahead, crushed in the black shroud of night and slavery, broken by the absolute frailty of their efforts, the wretched law which holds the impotent shackled by the powerful; can there be anything for us in its view, but pain bordering on rage and anguish?

On Monday, February 10th, Lord MacGuire was brought from the Tower of London, to the King's bench bar, where he was arraigned as Connor MacGuire, his plea of peerage being found invalid by the court. Fancy such an insult as that, mean and spiteful, being put upon a Saxon peer in some foreign country! Pages of their history would ring with a cry of shame. Yet, all through, MacGuire's attitude is that of a perfect gentleman: courteous, large-minded, and unaggressive under the most intolerable provocation. He shows himself, evidently, a man of few words, and those chosen with exquisite discrimination. Upon a question of palpable injustice verging upon brutality, where a man less eminently noble would find fierce language justifiable, MacGuire, with pathetic dignity, says: "I desire I may not be so severely dealt with." The case was adjourned till the

following day, when again MacGuire courteously demanded that his plea of peerage be referred to another court, whereupon Sergeant Whitfield broke out into a petty display of temper. "Please, you, sir, one word more," said Lord MacGuire; "I desire to appeal to the lords." Then followed a discussion on the question of jury, MacGuire being the only man who conducted himself with calm dignity. Then we have Sir Francis Hamilton's testimony to MacGuire's visit to the Magazines of Dublin, for the purpose, presumably, of discovering where the ammunition lay, with a view to seizing it. This question is minutely examined; following which, is the information of John Woodcock, sheriff of the city of Dublin, of the discovery of arms in the house of Herne, the tailor, all belonging to the prisoner; and, lastly, of the prisoner's arrest in Cook Street. Throughout all, MacGuire is firmly silent. After futile efforts to force him into compromising speech, he is sent back to prison.

The second trial begins with his supposed confession, acknowledging himself to have been but a mean instrument in the design of Ireland; his intention of seizing the Castle of Dublin and Magazine; and referring further to his escape from the tower on the 18th of the previous August at four in the morning. Among the witnesses we meet Lady Caulfield, who testifies to the taking of Charlemont Castle, and the murder of her husband, since her letter could not procure the release of Lord MacGuire in exchange for her son. The Pope's Bull — unlike that of a certain predecessor of his, one Adrian,— is read, and we can imagine the horror it filled the mind of the Saxon Protestants with, when we remember that it sympathized with and protected the rebels. Lord MacGuire proceeds with his defence, in which he denies all examination or confession. The paper is shown to Lord Blaney, who emphatically asserts it to be written by Lord MacGuire's hand, he having received many letters from him. "I don't think I have written many letters to your lordship," was MacGuire's simple retort. The sentence follows swiftly, preluding which, there is a short discussion between the noble prisoner and the judge, remarkable on MacGuire's side for the same severely simple and dignified language. He is sentenced to be hanged at Tyburn, cut down alive, his bowels taken out and burnt before his face, his head cut off, body divided into four quarters, and the head set up and disposed of as the state shall appoint on the Saturday next. And with such facts as these — crimes wrought upon her bravest, burnt deeply, irrevocably into her memory, Ireland is regarded by England as an ungovernable, ill-conditioned, ungrateful child; what justice in the future could ever lift the sorrow from those past images of bravery and grandeur,

with heart beats stilled at life's fullest? But, my God! this subject is too painful, too horrible to dwell on.

As a peer, MacGuire petitions parliament to have the rigor of his sentence mitigated by substituting execution for hanging. His petition is rejected; but the unfortunate lord is not allowed to end his last hours in peace. Canting, puritanical hypocrites are sent to persecute him, and finally his pockets are searched, when the rosary and crucifix he carried about him are brutally confiscated. His attitude in this disgraceful scene is noble to sublimity. Not a discourteous or impatient word. He merely asked for peace to say his prayers, and when still pursued with the clergyman's importunities, read aloud the papers he had written in prison. His last words on the scaffold were: "I do beseech you, gentlemen, let me have time to say my prayers;" then begging God to have mercy upon his soul, he was executed.

The papers which were taken from him on the scaffold were the prayers and instructions sent him by his confessor, and this act of sweet and childlike faith, on the part of the brave and noble warrior, touches us with a thrill of deep admiration.

His last will, made in the tower, is still in possession of a descendant of his in the female line. Extracts from it are given by Rev. C. P. Meehan in his "History of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries." There is, in the Catholic Church of Fennyholg, near Preston, a chalice bearing this inscription: "*Domines Maguire Rep Fermaniæ*, 1529."

The king of Fermanagh was Cuconnought Maguire, and was killed in Craghan, one of the islands of Lough Erne in 1537. His remains, after having been buried in Devinish, were translated to the celebrated Franciscan convent of Donegal.

If these few words of mine may help any one to study the admirable character of Connor, Lord MacGuire, at greater length, and love, as I have learned to love him, through his grandly sad life and noble end, I shall not deem myself unrewarded for the slight effort I have made to make him known to those to whom, perhaps, his name is unknown.

HANNAH LYNCH.

AFRICAN FOOD.— The Bushmen have no choice of either wild or domestic animals, and live upon wild roots, berries, the larvæ of ants, lizards, locusts, grasshoppers, etc. The Kaffirs feed chiefly upon milk previously converted into curd with millet seed, and that food is said to produce a robust constitution.

Southern Sketches.

XI.

TRIP UP THE FAMOUS OCKLAWAHA RIVER FROM PALATKA TO SILVER SPRING.

The morning of the 29th of October, on which I left St. Augustine for Palatka, was very beautiful. As the train whirled by the semi-tropical forest on its way to Tocoi, we noticed numerous birds, insects and flowers revelling in the sunshine. The thermometer marked 75 degrees in the shade. New Yorkers were beginning to feel cool about this time; all flowers were faded in their dooryards, and the rarest and loveliest collections of their costly conservatories could not, *at least, surpass*, in warmth, freshness and beauty, the flora of Florida's gardens. After arriving at Tocoi, I had to stay there for five hours till the mail boat would reach it, on its way to Palatka. While waiting I wandered amid the wild oak woods that lined the great, broad river, enjoyed the shade formed by the mighty branches and the Spanish moss, and sometimes reclining on soft, grassy mounds, I whiled away the time watching the fish jumping in the water, the turtles resting lazily on old logs, and numbers of great white herons flying over the forests on the opposite shore. After taking lunch in the only little wooden restaurant at Tocoi, I went down to the wharf, and soon saw Mr. Baya's boat, the *Pastime*, sister to the *Water-Lily*, advancing proudly and gracefully towards us. When all hands got on board we sped onwards at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour. The river assumed no new features as we moved south. It was the same wide, slow, lovely, coffee-colored stream, with its gigantic oak forests on either side, occasionally backed by towering, melancholy pines, and ever adorned with the sad-looking, lovely Spanish moss. The sylvan wilderness was now and then embellished with pretty cottages and orange groves, while laughing, merry children sometimes appeared on fragrant lawns and verandas, waving hats and handkerchiefs as we passed by. We got to Palatka about 6. A.M. in good time to see the place, as it sat luxuriantly on rising ground. The captain of the *Pastime* informed me that next to Jacksonville this town was the largest and most important on the St. John's. The grand roofs and upper stories of its two largest hotels were seen above the trees, and many handsome houses, with gardens stocked with tropical plants, appeared before us. Crowds of blacks and whites shuffled here and there on the docks, the ropes were fastened to the projecting piles, the mails were promptly delivered, strangers were beseiged by self-interested parties, burly darkies ran to and fro, in the act of executing the orders of certain authorative individuals, and the universal bustle and excitement peculiar to such scenes were visible on this occasion. Elbowing my way through whispering friends, cursing, shouting stevedores, mischievous youngsters, boisterous peddlers, and kicking mules, I soon arrived on the main street, with a colored boy named Moses, whom I hired to carry my valise. Being commissioned to pay

my respects to Father Kenny, the young pastor of the place, I passed through a few very pretty streets on the way to his residence. Palatka, though a young town, seems to have grown considerably for the past few years. Several gentlemen from the North and West have purchased homes there, intending to make it their permanent place of abode, and in this choice they do not seem to have acted unwisely, as the town possesses a most delightful climate, is very advantageously situated, and is the headquarters of numerous wealthy strangers, who spend a large amount of money among the inhabitants in the winter. It is seventy-five miles from Jacksonville, and has four capital hotels. Its church, telegraphic, postal and commercial, as well as professional, facilities are excellent. About half a mile from the wharf, on the left of the main street, I spied the neat and blessed cross of Father Kenny's Church. The sight of this simple and splendid symbol of our faith made me feel at home once more. On arriving at the gate of the edifice, I noticed the charming cottage in which the priest resided. It was separated from the street by a neat fence and some flowery shrubbery. It looked a perfect little clerical nest, so near the church, so simple, yet so comfortable. Humming birds, harmless flies, and exquisite odors filled the warm air, as I moved over the shining, sandy path that led to the door. The pastor was within, and received me very cordially. He entertained me in true Southern style, and then introduced me to one of the most popular and bewitching gentlemen of the town — Colonel Shelly, proprietor of the Carleton House, a large and eminently respectable establishment. No visitor that ever stops there while in Palatka, fails to put in an appearance on a second visit, and is sure to recommend friends of his to be edified and entertained by the jovial and generous host, whose Celtic face is ever radiant with smiles, and flashes of good humor. As I intended to start on the following morning by the Ocklawaha boat *Marion* for Silver Spring, I resolved to go down to the wharf and occupy my state-room, since the craft might sail earlier than I expected. Accordingly I walked down to the steamer after bidding good by to my newly formed friends, and soon got possession of a snug little apartment. I retired at once to rest, and after some hours of sleep, the puffing and whistling of the boat awoke me. My room was flooded with sunlight. The noise of the water was distinctly audible slapping against the steamer, as it was preparing to start, the captain was heard saying "all right," and off we started. The curiously built boat, with its double upper and bottom decks, rows of state-rooms, pretty cabin and hold occupying the centre and lower part, steamed rapidly along, while the owner, Captain Gray, a warm-hearted and accomplished Southerner, gave directions to his negro crew. After some hours of travel on the St. John's, we came in sight of the most charming of its tributaries. The morning was grand, the sky overhead was blue, except where some light, fleecy clouds were sailing, the river shone in the early light, and everything favored a *bon voyage*. The entrance to the Ocklawaha, situated about twenty-five miles from Palatka, forms a very delicate curve, and you are filled with delight at the variety that now lies before you, after quitting the monotonous character of the scenery of the main river. The boat now puffs through

a narrow channel, shaking the numerous beds of lily pads, and striking the branches of adjacent trees that hang over the water. It is midday, and the sun shines brilliantly and softly on this semi-tropical scene, pouring its beams over the calm trees and waters, filling everything with animation and splendor. To a Northern traveller, who has visited this place for the first time, this Florida stream seems the strangest, loveliest and most dreamy thing imaginable. Instead of an ice-coated, rocky-edged, snow-mantled, cheerless river, he sees a sunny, flower-decked stream, furnished with water lilies, tall, silky, wavy grasses, playful fishes, turtles, alligators, birds of lovely colors and curious form, tall, stately trees adorned with delicate pendant mosses, vines with millions of blossoms and beautiful wild shrubbery. The noise made by the steamer fills the air with solemn, musical echoes ; the negro hands on board sing favorite songs ; the passengers chat gaily and express themselves delighted with the scenes through which they move ; the giant oaks, cypress, hickory, and magnolias lift their heads complacently to the blue sky, and allow the gentle winds to move their branches, as if nothing would ever happen to disturb the life of stillness and solitude to which they had been accustomed for years. The bending palmettoes fall on the pure, but ruby-colored waters, imaging great big umbrellas below ; other floral and umbrageous beauties are reflected on the enchanting and mysterious depths, and we momentarily expect some Naiad or Undine to issue from the aqueous caverns, and melt immediately into delicate mists. The sunlight falls and rambles through the creeks and recesses of the deep woods on either shore, and with the partial shadows of the trees makes fantastic impressions on the flags, water lilies and grasses that grow on the edge of the river. For awhile the view is uniform, nothing being observed but the trees on either side standing up straight forming an impenetrable growth of cedar, sweet bay, ash, gum, magnolia, oak, pine, cypress, and smooth bamboos, the Spanish mosses overhanging from the branches, crowned by green leaves, penetrated by pink, white, yellow and scarlet wild flowers, stroking the palmettoes, brushing the masses of wild vines and creepers, that shoot in all manner of ways up, dead and living trunks laden with thousands of blossoms, and delightedly inspecting their beauties as mirrored in the shining waves. Then the steamer suddenly turns an abrupt angle, strikes against a large cypress, removes a slippery log out of its course, and triumphantly whistles and puffs beneath sylvan arches, which almost hide the sun's rays that softly fall on the long festoons of moss that hang like gigantic cobwebs from their woody roof. The eye perceives at intervals long, narrow creeks with their flowery edges, revealing openings that shed light on distant, dark and weird landscape features, such as Gustave Doré would love to paint. Here the morning glories in full bloom, tremble with the fluttering of thousands of gay and brightly-colored insects, the palmetto shrub with its fan-like form guards the dwarf creepers that modestly display their blossoms, and deep-green leaved vines cling to the trunks of dead and living trees, clasping in their embrace beautiful ferns of various kinds. Just about thirty feet, right in front to the left, there is a floating floral island of lily pads, and little green, mossy logs bending under the

weight of parasites, yellow jasmines and convolvulus. The mocking birds sing tremulously and sweetly above the butterflies that wander over the wild flowers; the turtles — great, large fellows — bask in the sun, and drop in the water when they hear the noise of the steamer; natural garlands hang from the limbs of overtopping trees; and in on the banks are exquisite rustic arbors accidentally and beautifully formed. Every creature here seems to enjoy its freedom, the sunshine, fragrant air and stillness, yet each is looking out for its proper prey. A great, big, slimy alligator lying on a broken, slippery limb, gazes with drowsy eyes, as if languidly indulging in the wilderness of delights spread before him. He is nearly twenty feet long and his jaws look monstrous as he yawns. He awakes from his reverie when he hears the exclamations of the passengers and the movement of the boat, raises his short thick legs and drops swiftly into the water, with visions of fish, snakes, wild fowl, and other game crowding his brain. Further on the snow-white heron rises from the swampy banks, spreads its wings, and gracefully ascends and falls in its flight through this lovely and romantic river. Other still recesses of this weird, watery lane are broken by the rising and flight of limpkins, owls, paroquettes, and mocking birds. The sky changes, the sun is sinking in the west, and its throne is encircled by billows of purple, light green, and golden clouds, delicate dark red mists fall over these Florida forests, and avenues of vermilion hue are opened on and beside this charming Ocklawaha. A holy awe seems to fill the travellers on the steamer. How grand must be the scenery of Heaven, they say to themselves, since this sight on earth is so very fair. The captain, who has made this trip thousands of times for more than twenty years, chuckles with delight at the admiration of the passengers, who praise his favorite river. Night is falling, the palmettoes, wild flowers and venerable trees, sadly accept the last kiss of the sunbeams, and the lovely stream assumes a lovelier and more melancholy aspect. The world of insects, birds and alligators retire to sleep. The noises in the woods, caused during the day by the rambles and cries of wild-cats, deer, bears, racoons and rattlesnakes subside, and profound silence now reigns in the depths of the forests. But in a short time a new feature of the trip awaits the eye of the traveller, who, refreshed by a good substantial supper, sallies out on deck, attracted by the flood of rich, red light that falls on every side of him. He sees the Ochlawaha illuminated. Great pine knots blaze in through big iron cages that are fixed at each side of the pilot house. The negro at the helm looks like some dusky demon, as his broad face, thick lips, large, rolling eyes and woolly head appear fully marked in the blood-red frame. Portions of forests and waters are filled with a soft, lurid light, while this effect exposes to fuller view the frightful gloom of the rest of the scenery. The cleverest landscape painter in the world could by no means equal, much less surpass, in splendor of drawing and coloring the grandeur of this reality. The black waters, parted by the steamer, and emitting phosphorescent sparks, the tall, pillar-like trunks of the palmettoes, crowned with their picturesque leaves, dead and luxuriant limbs in every contorted and fantastic form, surrounded by the towering pine, tall, thin-leaved cypress, full foliaged

oaks, and grand magnolias, are all bathed in this mellow light. As at torchlight processions, held during political campaigns, and on other great public occasions, fireworks and calcium lights shed a full crimson glow over men, streets and houses, making exultant politicians look like dancing demons, so on this weird and sombre stream the light of the torches gleams on the boat, passengers, trees and waters, making all look like forms of another world. The ebbing tide, caused by the steamer's motion, washes the glossy "cypress knees," and bathes the delicate wild flowers that fill the mild night air with their sweet perfume. Standing on the rear deck, you observe the glare of the torches move suddenly from one shore to the other, then flying far ahead and again returning, variously affecting the view as the woody edges of the stream take abrupt turns and draw near delightful islets. Volumes of smoke, attended by myriads of sparks, issue from the chimney of the steamer and drop like falling stars into the gloomy waters. Awakened snakes, turtles and alligators, with glittering eyes, gaze wonderingly from their retreats at the glowing, hissing, moving monster that approaches and passes them. Owls, resting quietly on distant limbs, and well used to see in the darkness, feel bewildered at the dazzling and unexpected splendor that strikes them, and with herons, curlews, yellow-leg cormorants, gallinules, turkey vultures, fish hawks, snake birds, limpkins, etc., fly startled and screaming into the gloomier recesses of the forest.

Sitting on the forward deck, I see the boat ploughing the waters of this mysterious Styx, listen to the little bell ringing when the captain commands, occasionally get struck by light, overhanging branches, and view the delicate gray moss, falling in silken skeins from every tree. The travellers beside me speak in low, soft whispers, as if unwilling to break the enchanting stillness of this delightful solitude. They, as I, could rest forever gazing with contented hearts, at this mysterious and delicious scene. One of the negro crew on the upper deck sings a popular melody in a subdued, sweet voice. There is a tone of wailing and sadness, mingled with a feeling of intense longing for rest in his touching song, and, as he continues, a sense of delicious melancholy takes possession of me, and my imagination wanders amidst fairy lands and explores the depths of Brazilian forests where ever-blooming flowers, gorgeous-colored birds and myriads of monkeys fill the trees. But then, apprehensive of the dangers likely to arise from too close proximity to poisonous reptiles and savage beasts, I return with a feeling of satisfaction to the fact of my position on the Ocklawaha.

As we move along, the stars begin to appear, and the clouds vanish while the moon issues forth from a sea of gray, and blends its silvery beams with the gleam of the torches. The lights of the boat now become more delicate and refined as the moon shines uninterruptedly — one tinges the scenery with silver, the other burnishes it with golden hues. So, as the eyes look up to heaven, the thoughts ascend there also, and the mind conceives a river millions of times more beautiful than this, running through the kingdom of God, in which all can bathe, and from which all can drink to be eternally happy,

if they only do the will of the Almighty while in this world. With religious reflections of this kind, the result of observing the Ocklawaha by torch and moonlight, I followed my fellow-passengers to retire to rest, and to dream of heavenly trees, rivers and people. The negro cook,— by the way, a first-class caterer,— in obedience to my request, knocked at the door of my state-room just before sunrise. Though I could easily indulge in a longer sleep, still I did not wish to lose sight of an early morning view of the river. Up to this time we had travelled about ninety miles on the Ocklawaha, had stopped on our way at a few landings that communicated with the back country, and delivered various kinds of merchandise to the men who were standing on the rude-looking wharves to receive. The only dwellings seen were a few owned by "Florida crackers" who occupied tiny cabins, having gardens containing all sorts of vegetables, with orange, banana and other fruit trees. Pigs and poultry rambled at will in these quiet little settlements. The "Crackers" that we saw were engaged in felling trees for shipment to Jacksonville, and their lank and sickly appearance relieved for the time the sad and dismal character of this part of the river. But surely lonely and silent features like these, associated with all the wealth of wild and luxuriant semitropical scenery, as well as with the most delightful June-like weather, form a pleasing contrast in the mind of the worn-out traveller, with the noisy, stormy, crowded state of the Northern cities and towns to which he has long been accustomed. As we gaze upwards we see the light gray clouds breaking fast, and gradually exposing the full blue face of the sky, while the sun slowly rises in the east, making his glad presence felt below and around him. We now leave the Ocklawaha, with its closely edged rows of luxuriant trees and straggling mosses, and enter the Silver Run, a precious tributary that rises nine miles above at Silver Spring, and falls into the first-named river. The banks on the left rise higher, and views of open fields and prairies, with woods beyond of lofty growth, appear before us. Far away in the distance, a pretty cottage is seen peeping through orange and banana groves, and birds of various kinds fly around it. After a few minutes, we notice some negroes walking towards us to view the *Marion*. Captain Gray, Dr. H—— and myself, the only persons on the forward deck at this time, view their approach, and while the old officer talks to them, the "man of physic" leads me by the arm to the edge of the boat. "Look down, sir," said this matter-of-fact, pleasant-faced old gentleman, "and see there." I did as he requested me, and was astonished and delighted at the spectacle that met my view. The waters below were not of a deep opaque red, like those of the Ocklawaha, but were bright as lurid silver, and transparent as crystal. Though at first sight they appeared shallow, yet they were fully forty or fifty feet deep. Such was the feeling, that I imagined I was sailing in the air; but this illusion was dispelled by the appearance of thousands of fish of all sorts that swam below the surface. Now they dived and moved swiftly and gracefully over beds of mosses and grasses, brightened by the light of the morning; again they swam directly to the surface, expanding their bright fins, and opening their mouths to swallow insects and the balmy air. The rays of the sun

penetrated the transparent depths, wandered beneath the brown, velvet weeds, opening up enchanting little chambers where the fishes and small water snakes sported, and where the golden sands shone with a dazzling light. A silver five-cent piece, when dropped from the hand, was distinctly observed at the bottom amidst a bed of colored shells and gravel, that gathered like rubies, sapphires, topaz, emeralds and other precious stones. In fact, the bottom of the stream looked like a little sky brightened by many moons and sparkling stars. The dark grasses moved like floating clouds, the trees further on bent considerably over the river and were mirrored on its clear surface. Little dells adorned with bushes full of gorgeous-colored berries lay at each side of the stream, and were a perfect paradise for twittering birds. The sky above so calm and blue, the woods and mosses, the patches of sweet potatoes, fruit trees and waving sugar-cane, that grew here and there near the banks, the beautiful river, the glories it reflected and its dazzling bottom — fit dwelling-place for enchanted nymphs — all displayed the wonderful power and splendor of God. Civilization now penetrated the sweet and wild recesses, which echoed in the past the war-whoop of the Indian and the splashing of his light canoe.

"Well, now," said the captain, walking over to where Dr. H—— and myself sat conversing, "what do you think of that sight, sir? Have you ever seen the like of it? I guess not. I know I haven't, and hundreds of persons travelling up here every winter say the same. It can't be beat, anyhow," remarked he with intense satisfaction. "Travel from pole to pole, and all round the world, I don't care, you'll meet nothing like this ere river; no, sir, not a bit of it."—"True, captain," said I, "I do think the scenery of this place is unique. I never saw any stream so beautiful." — "I knew you'd say so," cried the exultant old gentleman. "I never tire of the 'run,' it is delightful to me at all seasons. I can always eat hearty on the *Marion*, sit sunning myself on deck during the winter, when you Northerners are shivering out of doors, give orders to my jolly men, and look at my friends the birds, flowers, turtles and gaiters."—"Ah, captain!" said I, "your position is a very enviable one."—"Yes," exclaimed he; "but see, there's a gaiter to the right on the log in front of you. Just keep very quiet, sir, he won't move, though he sees me; he knows me too well, and that I'm fond of him." It was true. A monstrous fellow lay lazily reclining on a rotten log, with his head half bending over the water. Feeling too impatient to obey the captain's request, I clapped my hands. Hearing the noise, the "gaiter" made a rapid plunge, and disappeared into an adjacent creek. Meanwhile the steamboat ploughed through this curious "run," revealing marvellous crystal beauties at each forward movement. Slimy water lizzards, whose smooth backs reflected all the hues of the rainbow, jumped from stump to stump on the edge of the stream, and made merry together. After turning an angle we came in sight of a row-boat containing three or four negroes, who were out spearing for fish. They lay under the shade of a fine oak, and seemed to enjoy themselves very much, as they dexterously and rapidly darted their immense harpoons after their unfortunate victims. These waters, like other Florida streams, abound in the finest species of trout, bass, sheep-head and other kinds of fish.

In the course of half an hour Silver Spring appeared before us. This was the largest landing that we had seen since we left the St. John's. It had a large warehouse, a wharf for trade purposes, and a few wooden dwellings. The spring rises suddenly from the ground, occupies about five acres, and in many places is fully eighty feet deep. It is almost impossible to give anything like a just description of the gorgeous hues and beauties of its deep, clear waters. If the sky is dark and the day rainy, the precious nooks, stones and sands at the bottom still sparkle brightly; but when the heavens look fair, as they did on this occasion, the combination of upper and lower rays present a much more dazzling effect. The spring looked like a sparkling diamond set in a fringe of emeralds. Delicate, light-green grasses waved at the bottom; blue, red and yellow stones emitted a wonderful lustre, and the reflection of cabbage palms, cypress crowns and Spanish mosses, added to the mystery and enchantment of the scenery. The wharf at the spring, was packed with negroes, who were chattering away in a semi-barbarous dialect; old and young came rushing up to hear the news from Palatka, and see the freight, which able-bodied fellows were ready to carry off to Ocala, an enterprising and growing town about five miles distant. Here a large quantity of flour, bacon, and groceries of various kinds were rolled from the boat to the wharf, and quickly conveyed to the warehouse and wagons by jolly, whistling blacks. A truck road was laid out leading from this landing to points further on in the country, and immense, heavy drays to which stout, hardy mules were attached, stood ready to carry loads of cargo to their destination. A gigantic, dead oak, full of moss, stood in the middle of the hamlet, and around it were gathered a number of negro women and children beside fires which were kindled to cook their simple meal. Lean hogs with large litters, mingled with geese and ducks of brilliant plumage, while little naked-legged blacks danced around the company, and with dark, shining eyes and open lips implored their mothers to give them some of the roasted delicacies, such as hominy, fish and sweet potatoes. The mules, fowl, fires, and wild, ragged-looking children of Africa gave the scene a gypsy-like appearance. When the captain found his boat free of its cargo, he ordered his men to take on freight for the return trip. Accordingly numerous boxes of oranges, fowl, garden truck and bales of cotton were placed on board, then the *Marion* steamed around and directed its course back to Palatka. In the course of a few hours we saw another big alligator. When this animal is excited he grunts, "*ump, ump, ump, ump,*" in some manner like the sea lion. The female usually lays forty or fifty eggs, then covers them with sand, and lets the sun hatch them. When the young ones come out most of them are devoured by the male alligators or other reptiles. These creatures will eat men, sheep, hogs, bears and other animals. They will draw them under the banks, leave them there to rot, and then put them to shore and masticate them readily while in a decomposed condition. The vulnerable parts of the alligator are the eye, ear and heart, which is reached by shooting him behind the fore leg. The author of "Camp Life in Florida," says that the best time to skin an alligator is while he is warm, cutting a

slit down the back of each paw, and running a continuous line from the under jaw to the tail, just below the bony mail on each side. You can easily remove the skin by pulling from the tail towards the head. Alligators are often caught by baiting a shark hook with a coot or some other bird. The end of the rope is fastened to the top of a small tree that bends well, and on going to the spot in the morning you are sure to find one hooked. They must be shot if you want to get your hook again. In their stomachs a roll of feathers, fish and large moccasin snakes are usually found. They are so ravenous that they sometimes eat one another; but are usually harmless to those who keep out of harm's way. One of the colored deck hands told me that many a poor innocent hog falls a victim to the rapacity of the alligators. "Dem ere cute fellers lie a waitin', sir," said he, "for de hogs; when dey comes down to drink de water, gaiter hides under de banks; de hogs tinkin' a nofin', grunts and drinks, when all of a sudden up pops de heads of de gaiters catchin' de poor fellers by deir nose, drags 'em down, drowns 'em and eats 'em arterwards. If dey be lazy on land dey ain't so in de water, cause dey beats de fishes runnin'.

On our arrival at Palatka, I resolved to stay there for a day or two; and, having rejoined my friends, Father Kenny, the colonel, and his kind, accomplished lady, I was delighted to accept the proposal of the former, who offered to show me the beautiful groves and gardens of Captain Reade who was one of his parishoners. The moment I entered the gate, I was almost overwhelmed with the fragrance of the place. The lofty avenues were bordered with evergreen hedges cut into exquisite shapes. The posts were trunks of luxuriant orange trees, and bowers and arbors adorned with hundreds of flowers were gracefully disposed in this little paradise. Immense bearded oaks and other venerable trees lay between the garden and the river, and these were in turn edged by rows of fine bananas, Spanish baynots, Florida grasses, and other lovely semitropical growths. The waters of the St. John's bathed the roses and rich flowering vines at the bottom of the garden. The captain's house, a very pretty specimen of Southern architecture, was literally emblossomed in a wilderness of palms, fruit trees and flowers of every kind. A delicious mineral spring, whose waters soothed the whole inner man, sparkled in the shade of hundreds of rare plants and trees as the stray beams of the sun danced on its surface. The interior of the house, with its occupants, were in perfect harmony with the outward scenes, being lofty, pleasing and elegant. Father Kenny has a very pretty little church, an excellent choir, and a faithful, devoted congregation. I had the pleasure of celebrating Mass there on more than one occasion, and was greatly edified by the piety and attention of the people. The Sisters have a handsome convent, and several white and black pupils. The gardens around the church and house are well stocked with rare fruit trees, grape vines, and flowers, the perpetual bloom of which in ordinary winters, give the place the appearance of a lovely conservatory. What struck me as invaluable features of the country around here, and more especially in the lower part of Florida, is the agreeable and salubrious climate in which the thinnest and coldest-blooded creature may find comfort,

and the balmy soil, which, though sandy, is wonderfully productive, usually yielding double crops during the year. After leaving Palatka, I bent my steps to Jacksonville, where I was delighted to hear that Dr. Sabal was daily expected.

Alphabetical Health Rules.

A s soon as you are up shake blankets and sheets;
B etter be without shoes than sit with wet feet;
C hildren, if healthy, are active, not still;
D amp beds and damp clothes will both make you ill;
E at slowly, and always chew your food well;
F reshen the air in the house where you dwell;
G arments must never be made too tight.
H omes should be healthy, airy and light;
I f you wish to be well, as you do, I've no doubt,
J ust open your windows before you go out;
K eep your rooms always tidy and clean;
L et dust on your furniture never be seen;
M uch illness is caused by the want of pure air;
N ow to open your windows be ever your care;
O ld rags and old rubbish should never be kept;
P eople should see that their floors are well swept;
Q uick movements in children are healthy and right;
R emember the young cannot thrive without light;
S ee that the cistern is clean to the brim;
T ake care that your dress is all tidy and trim;
U se your nose to find if there be a bad drain;
V ery sad are the fevers that come from its train;
W alk as much as you can without feeling fatigue;
X erxes could walk full many a league.
Y our health is your wealth which your wisdom must keep;
Z eal will help a good cause, and the good you will reap.

A DRUGGIST'S BLUNDER.—Doctor—"Well, how is your ague now?" Patient—"Worse and worse, I've had the shakes awfully every day."—"I can't understand that. Did you take the medicine I prescribed?"—"Yes, but it did not do any good. Do you know, doctor, I think that medicine might do good if I took it before the shakes come on instead of after?"—"Why, of course. That is what I directed."—"It did not say so on the bottle."—"Consarn those druggists. What was on the bottle?"—"Shake well before taking."

The Irish in Japan.

IRELAND in Japan! Most people will naturally suppose that it must be to a very moderate extent indeed. Not so, however, as shall be presently shown; for here in the very farthest East, full twelve thousand miles away, or fifty-four days steaming by fastest Peninsular and Oriental, Irishmen in no small number favorably contrast with other nationalities as regards culture, capacity, and high position, and do no small credit to their country in the manner in which many of them fulfil important functions. The latter are very varied — from navigation to diplomacy. Let us begin with the first. When Japan, at the revolution of 1868, destroyed the feudal power of the Damios, and put an end to individual landlordism, reinvesting the ownership of land in the State, amongst the first imitations attempted of western modes of commerce, was the establishment of a line of steamers between China and Japan, and for the coasting and inland trade, called the Mitsu Bishi Company. Great care has been taken in the selection of the commanders of the vessels. One of the ablest of these is Captain Walker, of the Heigo Maru, a native of Bangor, county Down. The next most responsible officer on board is Mr. John Scott, of Newry. As their good ship steams past Kobe, out of the Inland Sea, the chances are that she is boarded by Captain Carroll, whose Irish Nationalist proclivities are so strong that he is generally known as the Fenian Consul. He is amongst the most prosperous of the foreign settlers in Japan.

Like India, Ceylon, and Straits Settlements, the Irish in Japan are principally professional men or in Government employ. For example, at Kobe, British or Japanese professional men — Drs. Wheeler, Consulate Doctor; Fisher, Fleet Surgeon (now leaving Japan), in charge of Naval Hospital here. In Japanese Government employ — Aldrich, foreigner, in charge of Imperial Government Railways; Captain Brinkley, R. A., formerly in Royal Artillery, and subsequently Instructor of Artillery, etc., to Japanese naval cadets in the Japanese Admiralty, now left Japanese service, is editor of Japan *Mail*, author of an elaborate grammar of Japanese and English; W. H. Stone, Foreign Director of Japanese Imperial Government Telegraphs. British Diplomatic Service, Japan — Hon. F. R. Plunkett, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, son of Lord Fingall; Hon. P. Le Poer Trench, First Secretary. Consular Service — J. C. Hall, Japanese Secretary Legation; J. H. Gubbins, Assistant Japanese Secretary Legation; both good men in Japanese; J. J. Quin, Consul, Hakadate, Niiagata; J. H. Longford, Vice-Consul, Tokio; Russell Robertson, Consul, Kanagawa, Senior Consul in Japan; W. J. Kenny, Assistant, of King's Meadow, Waterford, author of a learned work on the Corea, and one of the most promising men of his age in the Consular Service (lately in Japan), removed to Corea; W. G. Aston, late Consul in Nagasaki, went over to Corea with Sir H. Parkes two years ago, and with him arranged the preliminaries of the Corean Treaty with Great

Britain, by which that country (Corea) was thrown open for residence to British subjects, author of grammars (standard) of written and spoken Japanese, formerly assistant secretary (Japanese) to Legation here, now Consul-General in Corea; speaks Corean and Chinese; his knowledge of Corean helped him greatly in obtaining his present appointment; H. S. Wilkinson, formerly Vice-Consul, Niigata, is now crown advocate in China (Belfast man); Mr. Anglin, proprietor of the leading English journal of Japan, a Wexford man, served his time on the *Wexford Independent*, and proudly tells how his grandfather shouldered a pike at Vinegar Hill; his accomplished chief editor, Mr. Talbot, is also Irish. Merchants — Geoghegan (representing Butterfield & Swire), Yokohama; Cocking W. Bing, of Jardine, Mattheson & Co; Bernard, of Bernard, Wood & Co., Kobe; H. St. John, one of the leading merchants, Browne, Byrne, Hewitt; V. Love, tea merchant. There is a curious story told of a former Irish resident of Japan. Some years ago two brothers came to Yeddo or Yokohama named McMahon, nephews or cousins of the late Patrick McMahon, member for Wexford. One of them was in the Government telegraph service, the other clerk in a bank. The latter was removed on promotion to a branch of the same establishment at Foo Choo in China. He had been formerly in the army or militia, and having a taste for soldiering entered the Chinese service as a drill instructor. He rose rapidly in rank, and became a military mandarim, which is equivalent to a general. To him it is said, is mainly due the improvement which has taken place in the organization of the Chinese army, at which he worked very hard until his death two years ago.

As is well known the improvement in the organization of the present French army is mainly attributable to the exertions of Marshal McMahon during his presidency and since. The Chinese General McMahon claimed close kindred with the Marshal, so that much that is good in the armies now encountering each other in the shock of war may be attributed not only to Irishmen, but to two Irishmen of the same name and blood. What a pity it seems when our countrymen exhibit such capacity and arrive at such position in the diplomatic and consular service in the East, as well as the practice of the learned professions there, that more of them are not found engaged in commercial pursuits, and that all the vast profits realized by trading should be nearly altogether absorbed by the natives of the other portion of the United Kingdom.

At least one or two of the reasons will readily suggest themselves. First, in the large sense of the term, Ireland has no merchants. The city of Dublin cannot be said to possess even a single one when such houses as Jardine & Mattheson, Butterfield & Swire and Rupell & Co., come to be considered, who, in addition to their firms in England (and, as regards the Rupells, in America, too), have branches in every port of importance in China and Japan where foreigners are permitted to trade. It may be said also that Irishmen are too poor to come out to the East and enter into business on a large scale; but it is also the fact that on the part of those who do not possess means in Ireland there is a great want of enterprise as compared with the same

class of Englishmen and Scotchmen, and hence to them is left the making of the mighty fortunes that have been realized by so many British merchants in the East. Although it could not be expected that Home Rule would remedy this altogether, yet most undoubtedly if it existed, and that Ireland had the power of making treaties of commerce with Eastern countries, and had zealous and competent agents to visit them for the purpose of promoting the sale of certain articles of Irish manufacture, for which sale there might be established with the East a considerable trade, for example, in Irish friezes and hand-made woollen stockings and similar articles, owing to the terrible cold in winter in China and Japan, there would be a large demand. The consumption of Irish whiskey is superseded by the Scotch in consequence of the bad quality of the former latterly sent out. Not so with Guinness's porter, which, owing to the care taken by the eminent exporters, Messrs. J. and E. Burke, maintains its reputation and has a vast sale. Whenever Ireland comes to manage its own affairs, its first duty ought to be to protect its own manufactures by wise enactments, and to take measures to insure that the foreign purchasers should obtain the genuine article

There is no one who has shed more lustre on the Irish name in Japan and beyond it than a simple nun, superioress of the convent of the Sisters of Charity of Yokohama, who left Ireland nearly twenty years ago to undertake the arduous mission of her noble order in farthest East, and well has Sister Gregory performed in the cause of religion and humanity, accomplishing as much by winning the hearts of the poorer Japanese, and exciting the admiration of the higher order, as Mr. Plunkett has accomplished by clever diplomacy at the court of the Mikado. It is interesting to see that the admirable prison system of Japan, which is excellently carried out, seems founded on the one established in Ireland by Sir Walter Crofton. There is one feature in the former which recommends itself strongly for adoption in Ireland, which is an entirely distinct prison for persons who have committed political offences.

HIP, HIP, HURRAH! — During the stirring times of the Crusaders, the chivalry of Europe was excited to arms by the appeals of the celebrated Peter the Hermit. While preaching the crusade, Peter was accustomed to exhibit a banner emblazoned with the following letters, H. E. P., the initials of the Latin words, "*Hierosolyma Est Perdita*," Jerusalem is destroyed. The people in some of the countries which he visited, not being acquainted with the Latin, read and pronounced the inscription as if one word — HEP. The followers of the Hermit were accustomed, whenever an unfortunate Jew appeared in the streets, to raise the cry, "Hep, hep, hurrah," to hunt him down, and flash upon the defenceless Israelite their maiden swords, before they essayed their temper with the scimetar of the Saracen.

The Commercial Future of West Africa.

THE country traversed by Dr. Colin is described by him as rich in all natural productions, and the natives, who are anxious for trade, gladly ceded to France the right to make roads and work the valuable gold mines. Salt is the present medium of exchange, and for a quantity procurable in St. Louis for 1*s.*, 12*s.* worth of gold may be had in the mining districts. France seems likely to find compensation in this quarter for the failure of the Transsaharian Railway scheme, devised to connect Algeria with Timbuctoo, but hitherto thwarted by the hostility of the Touaregs.

The Middle Niger is partially navigable seaward from the highest cataracts near Timbuctoo for 1000 miles to the rapids of Boussa, within 600 miles of the sea, where Mungo Park, its first explorer, met his death in 1805. The river at this point undergoes a strange diminution of volume, suggesting the idea that a portion of its waters is conveyed by an underground channel, like that which swallows up the Rhone at *La Perte du Rhone*, for while some five miles above and below Boussa it flows as a lordly river, in some places seven miles wide, it shrinks in the intermediate space to an insignificant stream, scarce a stone's throw across. The Middle Niger is comparatively little known, but its natural commercial outlet would be by the lower stream, even if the Senegal railway should be a practical success.

The countries bordering the Lower Niger and its great eastern affluent, the Binue, form the Foulah kingdom of Sokoto and its dependencies, occupying an area equal to that of Spain, and containing many large and thriving cities. That of Sokoto has three mosques, and is surrounded by walls 20 feet high, with eleven gateways; those of Yasuri, on the Niger itself, are said to have a circuit of 20 miles; while the population of Yacouba, built on a lofty plateau near the watershed between the Niger and Binue, is estimated at 180,000. Herr Rohlfs, who visited this latter place in 1866, describes its climate as suitable to Europeans, and the fruits of the temperate zone flourish there equally with those of the tropics. Its trade, however, is declining, and its market is chiefly remarkable for the miniature scale of the animals sold there, horses being described as no larger than donkeys, and sheep and goats than poodle dogs.

The emporium of this district is Kano, somewhat further to the north, whose resident population of 30,000 is doubled between January and April, when caravans flock to it from all parts of the Soudan. It forms, so to speak, a commercial watershed, where British goods from the north meet American imports brought up from the Bight of Benin. Its principal commodities are ivory, gold dust, and slaves; salt, leather, cotton and indigo, over and above the dark-blue cotton cloth, for whose manufacture it is renowned, and of which 1,500 camel loads are annually exported to Timbuctoo, Murzuk, and Tripoli It covers a considerable tract of ground, as its flat-roofed, mud-built houses, like those of all these Central African cities, stand in separate walled yards or gardens.

Bida, the capital of a tributary kingdom of that name, not far from the Binue Junction, has mosques, schools, and many industries, with a population of 100,000. The crack corps of the numerous army maintained by its king, Malika, is the famous Amazon regiment, under a female general, Mitha, whose prowess recently turned the scale in an assault on a rival city, her imperturbable coolness having rallied the wavering assailants. Women, here assuredly misnamed the weaker sex, also take part in the gladiatorial combats with the ounce, which are a favorite amusement of the population. The powerful cats, though muzzled, are still formidable antagonists, as their human adversaries are unarmed, and trust to muscular strength alone in their struggle with them.

The missionaries of Abeokuta, who have recently made the tour of these provinces, describe the constant advance of Mohammedanism among them, and the conversion of the Pagan villages by force of arms to the religion of the state. While the moral degradation of the natives is unaffected by it, their intellectual status is raised under its influence, and schools abound in these towns, where nearly every boy can speak and write Arabic. The better classes often speak two or three languages, and, in addition to the Arabic character, and a variation of it adapted to their own speech, they have invented a sort of cipher or shorthand, composed of the Arabic numerals with sundry arbitrary modifications.

The Delta of the Niger begins about 140 miles from the sea, where the single stream splits up into 22 widely diverging main branches, connected by a network of intersecting channels. This watery labyrinth extends along 120 miles of coast in the re-entering angle of the Gulf of Guinea, forming a maze of canals forking into the lagoons of Lagos at one end, and the inlets of the Old Calabar River at the other. The triangular region occupied by the Delta system forms a vast mangrove swamp, the festering tidal mud furnishing a congenial soil to that strange freak of tropical nature, whose branches, sending down fresh roots to spring up in turn as fresh trunks, multiply indefinitely in pillared growths of flamboyant vegetation. Poisonous with miasma, but yet not without a dreamy beauty of their own, are the liquid alleys of this interminable forest, where walls of verdure 50 or 60 feet high divide the strip of shining blue sky overhead from the strip of shining blue river underneath, where nature seems drugged with drowsy heat, and pictured shadows sleep on the sleepy tide. Seen from the ocean the river mouths appear only as breaks in the continuous dark green line of mangrove jungle fringing the coast; but the approach to them is impeded by the surf, breaking over a bar, and by a current which runs with the ebb some 5½ knots an hour.

The fierce copper-colored natives of the Niger Delta are distinguished, even among African tribes, for irreclaimable savagery. They share with the people of Madagascar and the Mozambique countries the barbarous custom of destroying twin-born infants, as well as those of abnormal dentition; while peculiar to themselves is the usage of sacrificing two human victims to the new moon. Cannibalism, practised in some districts as conducive to courage in war, prevails in

others without that pretext, since as lately as 1859 human flesh was publicly sold in the market of Duke Town among other commodities.

But this region, where nature and man are alike unattractive, has a special value for commerce. The principal arms of the Niger, the Bonny, Brass, Nun, and Calabar Rivers, with the Cameroons, so called from *camarao*, Portugese for a shrimp, are termed the "oil rivers" of West Africa, because the main export channels of that valuable product. Trade is here exclusively in English hands; two French firms, who attempted competition, having recently been absorbed by the National African Association, and the Lower Niger, though not formally annexed as British territory, is practically so, in right of early exploration and present occupation.

A strange life is that to which Englishmen are condemned in their voluntary exile on these remote shores, for as soil and climate make the swampy river banks ineligible for habitation, their dwellings are in hulks anchored in mid-stream, and towering in lofty superstructures above their floating foundations. The "oil barons," as the amphibious denizens of these river palaces are playfully termed, carry on a busy trade, since Bonny alone exports from 10,000 to 30,000 tons of oil a year, and the Calabar River, 500 tons a week. Abo, at the head of the Delta, is in the centre of the oil country, through which the Guinea palm (*Elaïs Guineensis*) grows wild in great abundance. The oil, which is brought in by the natives to undergo a process of boiling before exportation, reaches Europe as a thick and clammy yellow substance, which forms the principal ingredient in common soap, in some kinds of wax candles, and in oil-cake; besides being largely employed as a lubricant, it is extensively used in cookery throughout West Africa, and "palm chop," as the viands prepared with it are called, is a delicacy all Europeans are expected to appreciate. The kernel of the nut is, moreover, a considerable article of commerce. The admirable French missionary establishment on the Gaboon has introduced the artificial culture of the oil palm with good results, substituting also, the use of crushing machinery for the primitive process of extracting the oil by hand labor.

At Onitsha, a pleasantly situated village, standing among trees and gardens on the left bank of the Niger, above the Delta, the limit of the oil-palm is reached, and shea-butter takes its place as the principal commercial product. The seeds of a tree nearly allied to the genus Bassia are boiled down after being first dried, to produce this oleaginous substance, which is not only whiter and firmer than animal butter, but keeps for over a year without being salted.

The course of the Lower Niger from Boussa to the sea was first ascertained by the voyage of the Brothers Lander in 1830. An attempt made ten years later by Mr. M'Gregor Laird to ascend the Niger in two small steamers proved unsuccessful, and an expedition of three vessels sent by the British Government in 1841 to establish a model farm at Lokoja, opposite the Binue confluence, also ended in failure, the mortality among the European settlers rendering its abandonment a necessity. A more successful enterprise was that of the African Steamship Company, which, in 1852, established factories and

communications along the Lower Niger. In 1864 was formed the West African Company, which, remodelled on an extended basis in 1879, was further developed in 1882 into the great association, styled the National African Company (Limited), with the President of the Royal Geographical Society as its chairman. The trade of the river is, since the withdrawal of their French competitors, exclusively in the hands of this company, whose main establishment at Akassa, at the mouth of the Nun River, is the depot for 100 stations echelonned along the Niger and Binue as far as Boussa on the one and Yola on the other, respectively 600 and 750 miles from the sea. This long line of communication is maintained by six or seven steamers of light draught, plying for nine months of the year as high as the Binue confluence, and during the flood of the river, which rises 36 feet between April and September, to the higher stations on both streams. These vessels are necessarily armed for self-defence, as the fierce natives of the Upper Delta frequently fire on them from the villages on the banks. At the upper stations, ivory, tree-butter, beniseed, and cola nuts, take the place of palm oil and kernels as equivalents for European goods. Only the resources of a large company could bear the strain of a barter-trade carried on under such conditions, the large gross profits realized being counter-balanced by correspondingly heavy working expenses, requiring unlimited command of capital. The Binue route, now opened up for the first time, promises a wide field to commercial enterprise, since it traverses a rich and fertile valley forming the Foulah kingdom of Adamawa, and supplies an unobstructed, though shallow waterway for 700 or 800 miles towards the watershed of Lake Tchad, the very heart of Africa.

But before trade can permanently prosper here, some semblance of social order must be established, and how far this is as yet from being the case, we learn from a letter to the Editor of the *Times*, written from Lokoja on the Niger, and dated July, 1884. The writer describes the outrages perpetrated by bands of marauders styling themselves "princes" of the reigning house of Bida and other native dynasties, who levy black-mail on the English factories at will, enforcing their requisitions by stoppage of trade and supplies, while their oppression of private settlers goes even to the length of abduction of their free native servants for sale as slaves. The patrol of the river by a gunboat or steam launch would, doubtless, effectually check these disorders, and the enforcement of some such measure will probably be one of the first results of the Berlin Conference.

The situation on the Niger is then briefly this: A French protectorate extends over its headwaters for a thousand miles to Timbuctoo, while connection by railway with those of the Senegal will bring them under the commercial control of France; the middle river for a second thousand miles to Boussa flows mainly through Foulah territory, but is as yet isolated from European contact; while the Lower Niger, with its great eastern feeder, the Binue, both bordered also by Foulah states, is the commercial monopoly of a great English company, the National African Association, with 100 stations and a regular steamboat service for 600 or 700 miles up both streams.

The commercial and political future of the two great river highways of Western Africa, is intimately connected with the general conditions of trade along the coast, and here a state of things, yet in part subsisting, is rapidly passing away, or at least about to undergo essential modification. The only commercially important points hitherto remaining in native hands were the Cameroons and Congo coasts, and of these the first is already partially annexed by England and Germany, while the second, as a result of the Conference, is about to be placed under international control, with a guarantee of free trade to the whole world.

But it is precisely in these independent states that foreign traders have hitherto found their favorite field of enterprise, preferring a precarious position won by force or favor from the native chiefs to the protection, accompanied by the restraints of European law. Losses and injuries are indeed often inflicted on them by their savage neighbors, but they can generally invoke "the resources of civilization" in the shape of a European gun-boat or corvette from the nearest port, and so score the final triumph in their contest with barbarism. The blue-books teem with records of these disturbances, which generally run some such course as the following: —

A factory is attacked or set on fire in revenge for some infringement of local monopoly; its inmates appeal for redress to the nearest naval station; a cruiser arrives and burns villages or seizes hostages by way of reprisals; and a palaver ensues, resulting in the restoration of amicable relations.

Nor can the ingenious device of "boycotting" be claimed as the original invention of the sister isle, since it was practiced in full perfection by African savages long before the coinage of a word was required to describe the process in the English language. No sooner has a factory, by any transgression of local rights, given umbrage to its neighbors, than the decree goes forth that "trade is stopped," all supplies are cut off from the proscribed establishment, access to food and water is barred to its occupants, and, if situated in a remote district, where no consul or commandant is within call, they are generally driven to purchase the raising of the blockade by surrender of the point in dispute.

One might naturally think that to men thus circumstanced the establishment of any form of regular government would seem a boon; but there is a point vital to the interests of the traders, as to which their practice is in direct contravention of all European codes of law. The labor question, always a difficult one in lands where Nature supplies human food gratuitously, is here solved in the primitive fashion so repugnant to modern feeling, and the natives employed in the various factories along the coast are generally slaves in fact, though not in name. This abuse is made the constant subject of mutual reproaches levelled at each other by the various nationalities here represented, with the result that none emerges from the interchange of accusations with undamaged reputation. That the worst features of slavery are present here is evident, from the undisputed facts that the forcible recapture of runaways, and the chastisement of delinquencies

by the lash, by other forms of physical torture, and even by death itself, are amongst the rights exercised by white masters over their thralls. The plea that the natives will not work on any other terms, is denied by Mr. Stanley, who, in an address on the slave-trade, delivered to the Anti-Slavery Society in Manchester, October 23, 1884, stated that 1,000 natives march every month a distance equal to that from Leeds to Manchester in search of employment at the Belgian stations on the Congo. Should such a movement prove general and permanent among the native population, it would be the most hopeful symptom yet noted of the regeneration of Africa.

Statistics show the trade of Britain with West Africa to be far in excess of that of any other nation, and it is in its future increase that her merchants hope for compensation for lessening demand elsewhere. "Our old markets," said Mr. Houldsworth, M. P., in seconding a resolution at a meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, October 21, 1884, "are dead, and I have no hesitation in saying our position is very perilous, indeed, as a nation if we cannot open new markets."

The remonstrance addressed by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce to the Foreign Office, on the subject of the Portuguese Treaty, under date March 5, 1884, thus expresses the views of that body:

> In 1856 the commerce of this country with the native territories north of the Portuguese possessions in Angola was of small importance; but since the discoveries and expedition of Mr. H. M. Stanley, it has rapidly increased, and, with but few unimportant interruptions, has extended and prospered under peaceful intercourse with the natives. During the past five years this trade has nearly quadrupled in value, and is assuming such importance that, in addition to several private mercantile steamers of 800 to 1,200 tons running at frequent intervals, a direct mail steamer leaves Liverpool every fortnight for the different ports in these territories. These steamers are laden principally with Manchester and other manufactures, and it is estimated that the amount of British goods exported to that part of South-west Africa now approaches a million sterling, and that the total volume of this trade is not less than £2,000,000 per annum. It is not only to the people of the Upper Congo, but also to the millions of inhabitants who dwell in those vast territories in the interior of this line of coast, and who are eagerly anxious for trade, that the manufacturers of Lancashire, and of other industrial districts of Great Britain, look forward as the future consumers of their products.

In the same document a letter from "one of the greatest travellers and authorities on Western Africa" is quoted to the following effect:—

> Every trader has become a customer of England; and this custom has increased solely because from Ambrizette to the Gaboon the country was free and independent of Portugal.
>
> Manchester furnishes the clothes, Birmingham the iron and brass wares, Yorkshire the woollens, London the boats and means of navigation, and Liverpool and London the provisions. As yet this trade is only in its infancy; if it increase at the present rate, five years hence it will be superior to anything on the West Coast of Africa.

Mr. Stanley, at the meeting already referred to, thus summed up the imports received by a single house on the Congo in 1879. Value of cotton and flannel goods (English), £138,000; sundries (English), £21,000; gunpowder (English), £6,000; brass rods, rings (English), £15,000; metal pots, pans, cutlery (English), £5,000; American cotton

piece goods, £52,000; rum, gin (Germany), £36,000; tobacco (American), £14,400; total £287,400, of which nearly three-fourths are imports from England. Taking this as a criterion, he calculated that as the total imports in 1883 amounted to £884,000, nearly £660,000 worth of goods came from England. He adds that nothing was received from Portugal except a little red wine for the use of the white employés on the river.

The exports sent by one firm from Banana Point, in 1879, he gives as follows; ivory, 405 tons; palm oil, 2,800 tons; sesamum seed, 2,400 tons; ground nuts, 13,200 tons; palm kernels, 2,100 tons; rubber, 2,600 tons; gum copal, 400 tons; the total value being £948,200.

He came to the conclusion that a trade in cotton goods to the value of £26,000,000 a year might eventually be carried on in the Congo basin, where the demand for such fabrics would be practically unlimited.

The Board of Trade returns for April, 1884, show that the export trade of British cottons to West Africa is increasing. The figures are for the four months ending April 30, during which term in the year 1884 the export of piece goods to British West Africa was 17,633,400 yards, value £205,643, as against 13,963,200 yards, or £170,914, in the previous year; while to other parts of the coast the export of 1884 was 20,026,000 yards, value £262,832, against 16,268,900 yards, value £218,897 in 1883.

The English mercantile establishments in the Congo are out-numbered by those of other nations, who, however, are compelled to resort to England for their stock-in-trade. The Portuguese are in a majority on the river from Banana to Vivi, having five factories at Boma, and thirty at other points: the Dutch come next with twelve factories, two being at Boma; while the French number seven, and the English but four. North of the estuary to Yumba, out of a total of seventy-eight factories, twenty-five are Dutch, twenty-one Portuguese, eight English (Messrs. Hatton & Cookson), and six French (Daumas Lartigne et Cie.). Of the thirty-six factories between the Congo and Ambriz, fourteen are Dutch, seven belong to large English firms, three to the French house of Daumas Lartigne et Cie., while the remainder belong to single traders, English, Portuguese and Spanish.

Dutch trade, which figures so conspicuously, is almost exclusively in the hands of a great company, the Niewe Afrikanische Handelsvereeniging, owned by Rotterdam capitalists. It is a revived form of an earlier company established in 1869, and wound up at the end of ten years, notwithstanding that its dividends had been from nine to fourteen per cent. The present company seems prosperous, and its shares are at a premium of 207 per cent. The Dutch factory at Banana has extensive work-shops, with machinery for cleansing gutta percha, and apparatus for purifying palm oil. Along the coast, where there are forty branch establishments, communication is kept up by their own vessels, while larger ships are engaged in the trade with Europe. A hundred Europeans are employed in these factories, whence, in 1881, 4,014,000 kilograms of palm oil were exported to Holland, the goods received in return being principally linen, spirits and powder.

The trade of the Gaboon, estimated at £120,000 yearly, is exclusively in English and German hands, though the territory has been French since 1842. The Hamburg house of Wöhrmann, which has branches along the coast as far as the Cameroons, and the Liverpool firm of Hatton & Cookson, represent their respective nationalities, the former monopolizing the trade in powder, spirits, beer, stoneware, chests, and rough ironmongery. Ivory, caoutchouc, ebony, and red dyewood are here the principal exports.

West African trade is conducted entirely on the barter system, doubly lucrative to a manufacturing country, since exports and imports are exchanged at a single operation, and ships carry profitable freight each way. The goods imported to the Congo region as purchasing medium, are of a somewhat heterogeneous character, comprising, in addition to cotton and woollen goods, single-barrelled flint guns and powder, brass rods and rings, large knives, called *machetes*, soap (generally in rings), salt, razors, table-knives, scissors, brass basins, called *neptunes*, mirrors, red scarves, playing cards, and such miscellaneous articles as felt and straw hats, red caps, livery and uniform coats (not theatrical costumes), swords, sabres, canes, dark-blue beads and other fancy articles.

The products purchaseable by these commodities are of far higher intrinsic value, consisting of palm-oil and kernels, ivory, india-rubber, ground nuts, beniseed, gum copal, malachite, beans, orchella, wax, valuable woods, and various fibres which might be used for the manufacture of paper, as is the bark of the baobab tree, largely exported to England from the Portuguese colonies for the purpose.

Unlike the Valley of the Niger, where the oil country ceases at the head of the Delta, the Congo Valley produces the Guinea palm throughout its whole extent as far as Stanley Falls, and will supply oil in practically unlimited quantities.

The Landolphia Florida, or caoutchouc vine, the arm-thick liana, whose milky sap hardens into the india-rubber of commerce, also abounds in the Upper Congo country, where it ropes tree to tree in the sombre phantasmagoria of the tropical forest. The india rubber trade is at present principally centred in the French colonies of the Ogowe and Gaboon, where it is yearly increasing and supplanting that in ivory, from the greater facility of obtaining it. This is done simply by tearing down a sufficient length of the creeper, supporting it horizontally on wooden props, and making incisions at intervals to drain off the viscous fluid, which is collected on leaves, or sometimes on the bare chests and shoulders of the natives. Hence the latter frequently arrive at the factories in gutta-percha cuirasses, to have them there peeled off and disposed of.

From the French colonies, too, Europe receives its principal supply of ground nuts, of which vast quantities are shipped to the Mediterranean ports, to be there manufactured into the olive oil of commerce and figure as best Lucca.

Trade on the barter system is necessarily a matter of elaborate negotiation, and the process of "speaking an ivory," as arranging the sale of a tusk is termed in native parlance, is generally protracted through several days' palaver.

The great event of life in the factories and villages near the coast is the arrival of a "chimbouk," or ivory caravan, from the interior. M. Charles Jeannest, in the volume among our headings, gives a graphic account of the excitement aroused by it. The chimbouk consists of from 100 to 500 negroes, who have come a march of two, three, or even four months, laden with elephant tusks, to the number of from 50 to 200 or 300. No sooner is its approach made known than from all points of the coast the native brokers, called linguisters, set out to intercept it on its march and thus forestall competition. Then ensues a wordy contest, in which each exhausts his eloquence in describing the wealth and liberality of his clients, endeavoring by presents and persuasions to secure the prize to his own district. Each tusk is a separate object of competition, and its bearers, once they have declared their preference, are housed, fed, and feasted by the successful candidate.

This conclusion is but preliminary to the negotiations next opened by him with the various factories, to whom a solemn deputation goes round heralded by the sound of bells called "gingongs," each representing a separate village, while the number of chiefs interested is signified by a row of sabres laid in line before the white men. Among these, there now ensues a lively competition for the favor of the linguisters who have secured the disposal of the ivory, and each bids fast and furious against his neighbor for the precious commodity. The march in of the caravan follows. Towards five in the morning the whole chimbouk arrives simultaneously from the various villages where it is quartered; "an avalanche of blacks," says our author, "pours over the country, and the houses of the whites are carried by storm."

The ivory-bearers are clad in ragged waist-cloths, sometimes supplemented by wisps of dirty grass or straw, but the savage love of ornament asserts itself in the strings of beads on their arms, in the glass trinkets and talismans worn round their necks, and, above all, in the elaborate and varied devices into which their greasy locks are twisted. Armed with scimitars and assegais of native iron, in addition to knives at their waist, carrying their mighty spoil slung in withes of liana, "nothing can be stranger," to quote M. Jeannest's words once more, "than the filing-past of these savages thus laden."

The ivory is bought by weight, but the negotiation of its price, as well as of the commission to the linguister, is almost interminable, for when, after much chaffering, a certain assortment of wares has been stipulated for as a standard of value, a fresh discussion arises as to the varying proportions in which the actual goods delivered are to be substituted for the nominal items in this preliminary list.

The tusks, which are valuable in proportion as they are short, thick, and straight, generally measure from 2 to 2½ metres, and weigh from 40 to 60 kilograms. The external color varies from brown or yellow, to ebony-black; but it is no test of quality. "Green ivory," yielded by the newly-slain beast, is superior to that of the ancient tusks found in deposits which seem to have been elephantine cemeteries The annual export of ivory between the Congo and Ambriz averages

according to our author, 100 tons, or 5,000 to 6,000 tusks, and he himself purchased in a single week 97 tusks, weighing 1,800 kilograms.

Minor produce, consisting mainly of orchella weed, beniseed, and ground nuts, is brought in by the natives of the neighborhood, arriving in the morning in a continuous stream, diverging to the different factories. The price of the commodities is calculated in blue beads, forming the nearest approach to a currency, and reckoned at 12,000 to a flint-gun, but the value is given in other goods at an accepted rate of exchange.

The barter trade is further complicated by the usage defining special classes of European goods as solely exchangeable for certain native products; thus "ivory goods" and "rubber goods" form separate categories appropriated to the purchase of tusks and caoutchouc respectively.

The unit of value varies with locality, but the "piece" of cotton cloth is the most widely accepted, and though depreciated in quality from the theoretic standard, has a fixed nominal value. From the Congo to Ambriz, a length of five or six yards, called the "Long" or "Cortado," is the basis of calculation; but thence south to Cape Frio is replaced by a piece of blue cotton manufactured in Manchester, and there known as "blue baft." The "ivory bundle" and the "slave bundle," lots representing respectively the price of a tusk and a man, are other units of value; and in Liberia and on the Oil Rivers the "kroo" of oil (containing from 6 to 12 imperial gallons) fulfils the same function.

Only in the French colonies does actual coin circulate, the five-franc piece, called the dollar, having been introduced there, owing to the vicissitudes which befell the "Indian guinea," the previous medium of trade. A piece of cotton, fifteen metres long, of East Indian manufacture, it resembled its golden namesake in being a universal standard of price, and by its cheapness, beauty, and durability, long defied competition. At length, however, a ring of Bordeaux merchants having bought up and "cornered" the whole supply available, the fictitious increase in price of the "guinea" caused the flooding of the Senegal market with cheaper European imitations. Manchester furnished the largest share, amounting in 1870 to 577,620 francs worth, Belgium came next in order, while Swiss fabrics were introduced as English. A differential duty, however, of twelve centimes the metre on foreign, as opposed to four centimes on French and French colonial goods, quickly put a stop to importation; but as indirect competition was still threatened through the adjacent British Colonies, a metallic currency was eventually adopted, and the "guinea" was replaced by the dollar.

Throughout the interior the functions of coin are performed by cowries of two kinds, a small white variety from the Maldive Islands, and a larger blue shell from the Zazibar coast. As they are reckoned by number in the upper country, though sold by weight on the coast, the smaller species are preferred by traders as representing in equal bulk a higher purchasing power. It is a curious fact that these tropical shells have been found in ancient urns in Sweden, as well as among Anglo-Saxon remains in England.

Salt, gold-dush, and kola nuts, of which 60 pounds are worth 15,000 cowries, are received in payment throughout the Mohammedam kingdoms of the interior, where certain commodities, termed "rubbish goods," such as beads, Nuremberg mirrors, and small bells, also form a species of currency, Porters, their carrying power estimated at 40 kilograms per man, are here, as in other parts of Africa, the substitutes for beasts of burden where water transport is not available.

Nowhere are monopolies and exclusive trade rights more jealously guarded than in Africa, and the natives of the coast absolutely prohibit all direct traffic with those of the interior. A cordon is drawn round the white men, shutting them out from "the bush," as the rich forest lands are called, and compelling them to purchase its products only at second hand, through the medium of native brokers or commission agents. The adoption of the system of "trust" in the Gaboon country is intended as a sort of compromise with these restrictions. A native deputy is employed by the European firms to conduct a trading canoe expedition to the interior, where he opens a temporary store and barters the goods brought up for local products to be carried back to his employer. The latter bears all expenses and risk of accident or loss, and is, moreover, dependent on the honesty of the "trust-man," who gives no security, but does not in other respects invariably justify his name.

Notwithstanding these restrictions, over and above the payment to chiefs of dues and presents amounting to about 6 per cent *ad valorem*, traders in native West Africa are unanimous in their cry of "Let us alone." This, however, in the present competition of Europe for African territory, is no longer possible, and the rapidly contracting patches of "No Man's Land" will soon be all absorbed by the greedy wants of civilization. The Berlin Conference has, therefore, done no more than recognize a situation it has not helped to create, and deal with facts whose ultimate operation was already inevitable. Its first positive result has been to give binding force to the previous declarations of the International Association, by which the vast basin of the Congo, with all its feeders and outlets, forming an area of 1,300,000 square miles, as well as the coast from Ambriz to the Gaboon, is thrown open as a great market for the whole world, while France, as the reversionary heir of the territory, guarantees for twenty years the same conditions. The authority of an International Commission will enforce law and order on the estuary, the Portuguese claims to which are silently brushed aside. Britain will be responsible to Europe for the peace of the Lower Niger, where her control has hitherto been ineffective. Finally, all future annexation of African territory will be held valid only under certain conditions of permanence and stability. The stamp of finality is here given to arrangements hitherto but provisional, and the situation in Africa clearly defined, with the least possible amount of change in the *status quo*.

Thus Europe stands for the second time in history on the threshold of a mighty task — that of assimilating to her older culture a fresh contingent of the human race. The trustee of posterity, to her has once more fallen the lot of imparting a share in her ancient birthright to the disinherited of ages.

We started by comparing the voyage of Stanley to that of Columbus, since if the one revealed the existence of a continent, the other rendered one accessible. For though the breaking of the seal of time, which had for ages rested on the heart of Africa, was not exclusively effected by the exploration of the Congo, the social results of that great event immediately flowed from it. The riveting clasp in the chain of discovery, it combined and unified the links already forged round the continent, and the electric current of civilization flashed instantly along the completed circuit. Thus, as in the fifteenth century, an isolated section of the human race is about to be united to the rest, and a fresh extension to be given to the universal fellowship of man. But society has undergone a radical change, since the conquest of America, stained indeed by the greed and rapacity of individual adventurers, was yet undertaken in the spirit of a missionary crusade. The Cross is no longer the first symbol that civilization shows to barbarism, nor is the apostle now the trusted coadjutor of the pioneer.

The divorce of religion from all modern enterprise is most conspicuously visible in its course among heathen peoples, where material advantage alone is sought to the exclusion of every other consideration. Not as converts but as customers are the untold millions of Central Africa counted, and the missionary is regarded by the explorer at best with benevolent neutrality, extended to those of all faiths alike. Hence its divisions in doctrine are sometimes the first aspect of Christianity presented to the savage mind, and the newly-opened regions of Africa become too often a battle-ground for the conflicting creeds of Europe.

Yet the Church, accepting these conditions, is not slow to take advantage of every opening won by the purely secular forces of society, and the Holy Father has already signified his sense of the importance to religion of the Berlin Conference by desiring reports from all the Missions in West Africa to be prepared for submission to the Powers. In this region, where Catholicity once had so firm a hold that its memories still survive amid the descendants of its former votaries,* there is surely ground for hope that it may flourish once again, and already every effort is being made to prepare the way for that end. In the wake of Stanley, and in the wake of de Brazza, zealous French priests, most courteously assisted by both explorers, have closely followed, establishing stations in the Quilu Valley, and thence towards the Upper Congo. Meantime the Algerian Missionaries, advancing from Zanzibar, having planted the Cross by the shores of the great lakes, are still pressing forward across the heart of the continent, to join hands with their brethren from the Atlantic. The Missions of the Gaboon and of Abeokuta, near Lagos, are great industrial as well as educational establishments, which, like that of Bagamoyo, near Zanzibar, are pointed to by all travellers as examples of what it is possible to do for the future regeneration of Africa. †

* An account of some of these derelict congregations will be found in the *Dublin Review* for April, 1881, pages 404, 405, in Article on Catholic Missions in Central Africa.

† For details of Catholic Missions in Africa, and the relations of missionary and pioneer work throughout the continent, the reader is referred to "The Evangelization of Africa," *Dublin Review*, January, 1879; and to the Nos. for April and July, 1881, and January and July, 1882, for articles on Catholic Missions in Africa.

It may be, in the furtherance of designs we cannot fathom, that among the long degraded races of this vast region, some other influence is needed to prepare their minds for that of religion, and that commerce, with its introduction of a higher standard of merely material well-being, may here be the predestined precursor of faith. Even thus did the civilization of the Roman Empire, with all its accompanying depravity, educate mankind for the reception of Christianity. Monsignor Comboni, the zealous apostle of the Soudan, said of the tribes among whom his labors lay, "We must make these people human before we can make them Christian." To this end even merely secular civilization must tend.

But legitimate commerce will still more directly pave the way for religion in Africa, and remove the most formidable obstacle to its progress, by drying up the sources of that most woeful of human woes, the hitherto irrepressible slave trade. How ineffectual is the mere blockade of the African ports to check its ravages in the interior, is proved by the experience of Stanley's last voyage, showing indeed how its zone of devastation goes on widening with the advance of Arab colonization from the east coast. In his address to the Anti-Slavery Society at Manchester the traveller thus describes this "latest scene from the interior of Africa," witnessed on November 18, 1883: —

> We had ascended the Congo to about 1,150 miles from the sea. At this point we came to the confluence of the Aruwimi with the Congo, and, after we had got acquainted with the natives, we were told of a strange people called the Bahunga, who had come in strong force one day just at dawn, and before they knew anything there was confusion worse confounded; the skies seemed to have fallen on them; there were loud explosions, and whistling and singing of strange missiles all around them; there was darting of flame into their very faces, and savage yells in a strange language deafened them, and men and women were levelled as before a blast of a great living fire. Who or what all these strange forms were they knew not; . . . instinct bade those who had been so rudely wakened from sleep to fly, and the strong men dashed through the frail buildings to escape to the friendly shade of the forest. "From our coverts," they said, "we saw that some houses were on fire, and heard long shrieks from women and cries of children, and now and then we heard the sullen boom from one of those hollow tubes such as you have, and we plunged our faces deep into the grass and thicket to hide ourselves, and then there was a deathly stillness. We mustered courage a little, and crept out of our coverts, to look upon our ruined village, and to bewail the loss of our wives and children."— "Who were these people? Where did they come from? What were they like?" we asked.
>
> "Oh, we know not. We were all asleep when they came, and they departed in canoes. We think they were Bahunga, or some people from the north." All this was very strange to us. Of the Bahunga we had never heard, and in 1877 guns were unknown in this region. The journey was continued; we passed many desolated villages, and one day, as our eyes swept the banks, we saw first one tent gleaming white as a patch of snow or white quartz, and presently another came into view as we had cleared the point, and, soon after, about a dozen more. "The Arabs!" was the general cry. The secret was out. We knew that we had overtaken the marauders, and thought, with regret, that had we been a month earlier, we might have prevented these ruthless massacres. For one short moment a wild idea of revenging these poor outraged people darted through me; and when I discovered that there were 2,300 slaves in that camp, principally women and children, I more than ever regretted that my peculiar position did not warrant the exercise of chivalry.

Mr. Stanley subsequently visited this camp, and found it, he says, "a sight to make the angels weep." Here, in "a ravening human ken-

nel," 300 fighting men kept in manacles and fetters their half-starved, emaciated prisoners, the spoil of 113 burned villages and 43 ravaged districts. Of the 2,300, only some 800 or 900 would, according to the speaker's calculation, survive to reach their goal, the remainder going to swell that grisly total of victims whose remains line all the native highways of Africa. Mr. Stanley claims on behalf of the International Association that its advance will check this horrible traffic, nay, that it has already done so, its last and furthest station at Stanley Falls being fifty miles above the spot where this scene of misery was witnessed.

If this be indeed so — if this be the message which the throb of the *En Avant's* engines carried with the star flag of the new Free State, from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls, through all the heart of Africa — if civilization has thus made its fiat heard in the innermost stronghold of barbarism, and the long protest of outraged humanity has been uttered there with authority at last — then rocks will not have been shattered and torrents spanned and rapids stemmed in vain — not in vain will the great river have been tracked from its lake sources to the sea — for the lifting of the veil that so long shrouded its course will mark an era of hopeful change in the destinies of a continent, and its explorer will deserve to rank with the greatest benefactors of his kind. Though Europe may fall short of her great mission, though new civilization develop new forms of evil on a soil rank with generations of depravity, though the savage in the fresh possibilities opened to him may choose the lowest and the worst ere he be brought to accept the best and highest ; though religion may have to wait for generations ere she see the crop garnered from her latest harvest field of humanity, even thus the last state of things cannot be worse than the first, and the future of Africa under any form of European tutelage must be better than the dark and evil nightmare of her past.

Natural History of the Dog.

THERE are certain facts concerning the natural history of the dog, with which those who take part in the present controversy in your columns concerning them ought, I think, to be acquainted. The dog, like other animals, has its external and internal parasites, and two of the latter bear, indirectly or directly, on man's welfare. Tapeworms are creatures which pass through two stages of existence, comparable to the grub and imago (or adult) stages of the life of the butterfly. In the first stage, called the "bladderworm" stage, the parasite, like the grub, is occupied exclusively with its own nutrition and growth. Its second stage, like that of the butterfly, is devoted to reproduction — a

process very well provided for in the adult tapeworm, since each sequent of its very elongated body possesses both male and female sexual organs. These diverse stages of the tapeworm's life are passed within the bodies of different animal hosts, and it is the second, or sexual, stage of life that the parasites of the dog above referred to pass within that animal's body. One of these is known to science as *Tenia cœnurus*. Its most minute eggs may be scattered in great quanties in fields to which sheep-dogs have access. Should any such be eaten by grazing sheep, they pass into the sheep's blood, and when they have, in the course of its circulation, reached the brain, they therein take up their abode and increase to a very large size, causing thereby a corresponding destruction of the sheep's brain, till the animal dies of the disease known as "the staggers" — killed by the unwitting agency of the animal specially appointed to be its guardian. Specimens of such partially-destroyed brains, with the bladder-worm *cœnurus* inside them, may be seen in the first hall of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

The second of these internal parasites of the dog is, however, a much more serious foe to mankind. It is a tapeworm of insignificant size, known as the *Tenia echinococcus*. Its bladder-worm stage of existence is passed, not in the body of any domestic animal, but in man himself, and is a fatal enemy to its unconscious host. Even the bladder-worm *cœnurus* is exceptional amongst tapeworms as regards its growth, but the growth of the *echinococcus* is far more luxuriant. I recollect hearing of a young women who died in the Middlesex Hospital from the extensive destruction caused in her liver by one of these pests, which she may have swallowed, as an egg so minute as to be invisible, through incautiously drinking from a way-side stream which some dog may have polluted. Such cases are, of course, rare; but they nevertheless merit attention. I recollect that some years ago, at a meeting of the Zoological Society, it was authoritatively stated that every seventh person who died in Iceland died from *echinococcus* — the conditions of life in that island inducing its inhabitants to keep many dogs. The Icelandic Legislature, we are told, had, therefore, decreed that all the dogs in the island should undergo, on the same day, a certain treatment, with a view to the mitigation of the scourge.

A knowledge of these matters will, I think, be useful to some persons. Considering what are the habits of dogs, the practice of allowing them to lick not only the hands, but even the face and lips, seems to me to be a disgusting one. But we cannot argue about matters of taste. An unsentimental and scientific argument against the practice may, however, be based upon facts such as those above stated. The same argument also appears to me to tell against the custom of maintaining a needless number of dogs. I should, however, be very sorry to be supposed not to like dogs. I am very fond of animal pets of many kinds, and especially of snakes, of dogs, and of monkeys. Nevertheless, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that the dog is one of the most dangerous of pets, nor can I think it right to refrain from making known its dangers, so that reasonable precautions may be taken against them, and needless risks avoided.

PROF. ST. GEORGE MIVART, F. R. S.

Captain Molly Pitcher.

THE IRISH HEROINE AT THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

[On June 28th was celebrated the 107th anniversary of the famous battle of Monmouth, N. J., where the Americans, after their winter's suffering at Valley Forge, gloriously flogged the British. In the heat of the fight, an Irish artilleryman was shot down at his gun; his young Irish wife, Molly Pitcher, sprang to his place, served his gun, avenged his death and was rewarded by Washington with an officer's commission.]

On the bloody field of Monmouth
Flashed the guns of Greene and Wayne,
Fiercely roared the tide of battle,
Thick the sward was heaped with slain.
Foremost, facing death and danger,
Hessian, horse, and grenadier,
In the vanguard fiercely fighting,
Stood an Irish cannonier.

Loudly roared his iron cannon,
Mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring,
Stood his faithful Irish wife.
Of her bold contempt of danger
Greene and Lee's brigades could tell;
Every one knew "Captain Molly,"
And the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them,
Swiftly flew the iron hail,
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets
That lone battery to assail.
From the foeman's foremost columns
Swept a furious fusilade,
Mowing down the massed battalions
In the ranks of Greene's brigade.

Fast and faster worked the gunner,
Soiled with powder, blood and dust,
English bayonets shone before him,
Shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring,
Stood and manned her long and well,
Till at last the gallant fellow
Dead beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow,
And a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots
At their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades; it is folly
Thus to strive against the foe;"
"No! not so," cried Irish Molly;
"We can strike another blow."

"In the bloody breach of Limerick
I have heard my mother tell
How the fairest maids of Ireland
Fought, and for their country fell.
And within that breach of danger
Feared not gun or cannon's crack,
And at last in blood and terror
Drove the tyrant William back.

"We fight 'gainst the same red banner,
And the same red hireling band;
George or William, 'tis no matter—
Both hail from the same false land.
Down with tyrants! No surrender!
Here I'll stand beside this gun
Till we beat them and defeat them;
Come, I'll show you how 'tis done."

Quickly leaped she to the cannon
In her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady,
Fired it in the foeman's face.
Flashed another ringing volley,
Roared another from the gun;
"Boys, hurrah," cried gallant Molly,
"For the flag of Washington."

Greene's brigade, though torn and shattered,
Slain and bleeding half their men,
When they hear that Irish slogan,
Turn and charge the foe again.
Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally,
To the front they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset
Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger
Rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
Till there lay in swarms around it
Mangled heaps of Hessians slain.
"Forward! Charge them with the bayonet!"
'Twas the voice of Washington;
And there burst a fiery greeting
From the Irishwoman's gun.

Monkton falls; against his columns
Leap the troops of Wayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets
Clinton's red battalions flee.
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing,
Thin the foe's retreating ranks,
And behind them, onward dashing,
Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, those boasting Britons,
Who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings,
To wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner,
Monmouth's glorious field is won,
And in triumph Irish Molly
Stands beside her smoking gun.

Archbishop Lynch on Temperance.

I WISH to give an answer through your columns to the frequent applications made to me in reference to the Scott Act. I am even reproached with favoring intemperance by not assisting the promoters of this Act. I shall give a general answer to all. I have, as well as my priests, exercised all my influence to suppress intemperance, and, thank God, we have no reason to be discouraged at our efforts. Drunkenness is not the besetting sin of our good Canadian people. We have less drunkenness in Canada, I think, than in any other country of the same latitude. If we had a population of character such as is reported of that of Glasgow, Edinburgh, London, or a city in Ireland, we should then vote for any act that would suppress the terrible scandal of intemperance. We doubt very much whether this partial prohibition, by counties, would do all the good which the promoters of the Scott Act could wish. The difficulty of enforcing the Act will be very great, it will require a cordon of police around the counties, and a host of spies through them to detect illicit manufacturers and vendors of poisonous stuff that they will sell for liquor, that will quickly bring on delirium tremens, and finally insanity and other miseries, so that instead of one respectable vendor of safe liquors there will be a host of persons without conscience or character, who will traffic in this poisonous liquor, which will cause a greater evil than that which some people desire to have suppressed. I am quite sure that the example of the immense part of our population by their exhortation and societies will put down intemperance safely and quietly in the small minority as has happened elsewhere. Moderate drinkers, we may say *en passant*, can vote for moderate drinking and moderate selling, but their pretensions should not allow them to vote for total prohibition. It is difficult to enforce any moral virtue on an unwilling people ; they will always claim the right of doing as they please, provided they do not injure their neighbors. The Catholic Church has encouraged voluntary temperance by the means of associations, and the Pope has ever granted indulgences for these temperance societies.

One of the great causes of intemperance is weakness of constitution and poverty of blood. Give to the laboring man fair wages by which he can have a comfortable breakfast in the morning of meat instead of a little tea and bread, often without butter, and there will be little craving for strong drink and hence less intemperance. Men working in our foundries and factories require strong nourishment, and if they had a good bowl of soup for their dinner or lunch there would be less craving for strong drink.

In vine-growing countries there is very little drunkenness. We must except the north of France and Belgium, where the cultivation of the vine, owing to the climate, is not successful.

Let the Government have conscientious inspectors of liquors, and also punish all adulterations most severely, and we should not have many cases of habitual drunkenness and *delirium tremens*. Let the

Government also punish severely a repetition of public drunkenness by confinement in jail with hard labor, even by compelling the offender to clean the streets.

It has been asserted that the use of wine is prohibited in the Bible. This is not the case. Our Divine Redeemer instituted one of his greatest sacraments in bread and wine, and St. Paul advises his disciple Timothy to use a little wine for his stomach's sake, for there are persons of weak constitutions that require such nourishment. There is an old and a good saying, "always eat when you drink," and this double nourishment will prevent drunkenness.

We largely depend for wine for sacramental purposes upon vineyards in the south-western part of Ontario, bordering on Lake Erie, and we hope that such an industry will not be disturbed, as we can rely fully on the integrity of those gentlemen who keep these vineyards not to adulterate the wine.

I shall not enter into the financial difficulty that will attend the enforcement of the Scott Act. Tens of thousands will be thrown out of employment in the hop fields, vineyards, cooperages, etc., etc. If there were a public necessity for the Scott Act all these inconveniences should be overlooked. I have not heard of a single county in Ontario where the people are so besotted as to require the Act. The few drunkards that are amongst us can be reformed by good nourishment and by severe punishment, and above all by a strict inspection of intoxicating liquors.

✠ JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH, Archbishop, Toronto.

English Dramatists.

I CANNOT help uttering a protest against the sort of stuff we get from so-called "English dramatists." What do they amount to? The best of them steal all they use from the French, the German, and the Italian stage. They are mere hacks, without even the industry, the modesty or the patience of hacks to commend them. What originality there is you can trace always to some intelligent Irishman, and the humor, if not stolen from continental countries, is borrowed without leave from their canny neighbors, the Scotch.

English "dramatic literature" indeed! What are its standard pieces? They will tell you, "The School for Scandal," "She Stoops to Conquer," "Wild Oats," "The Rivals," "The Hunchback," "Love," "Evadne," "Virginius," "London Assurance," and "Damon and Pythias." Who wrote these plays? I answer Sheridan, Goldsmith, Shiel, Knowles, Boucicault, Banim and O'Keiff — all Irishmen.

But, surely, people will say, there must be some standard and successful English plays which Irishmen did not write. Yes, there are. I will tell you a few. There is "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." It was written by a Frenchman. There is "The Stranger." It was written by a German. There is "The Honeymoon." It was written by a

Spaniard. There is "Guy Mannering." It was written by a Scotchman. One can run through the whole list without ever finding a solitary work which owes its origin and completion to an Englishman.

I do not, of course, deny that men of continental ancestry like the immortal Shakspeare have found in England the proofs and favors of the highest intellectual regard. But I do say that no man essentially English has ever written a play, and I do not believe that any man essentially English could or can ever write a play. It is not in them.

JOHN C. FREUND in *Music and Drama.*

Skating Rink Mania Illustrated.

PETER BROWN left Brockton, Mass., about three years ago, lately returned, and just as he was strolling down the street to his native town he met a farmer, by the name of Smith, who was not prosperous when he left, and who lived just outside the town. Brown was surprised to see the farmer attired in a dress suit, with a silk hat, and a big diamond pin blazing on his front, and he inquired: — "Been to a funeral to-day?" — "Why, bless you, no."— "No? I see you have on your best clothes. Are you farming yet?"—"Farming? Well, I should say not. I am running a roller skating rink down here."— "Where is your son Jim?—"Oh, he's running a rink at H——" "And your daughter Liza?"—"She's skating under the management of Tim Jones in a Boston rink."—"And your wife?"—"She skipped out with Prof. Mechin, an instructor that I hired when I first opened the rink." — "Is Elder Longsermon preaching here still?" — "No, he resigned the ministry and is now the rink instructor."—"Who's preaching in his place?"—"Nobody."—"Nobody? What's the matter?"— "Church is turned into a skating rink."—"You don't say so?"— Yes, true as preachin'."—"Where's Bill Beck, the groceryman?"—"He went out of business a year ago. He has an ice cream stand in my rink."—"Pshaw! Where's aunt Sally Baker and Deacon Shultz?"— "Why, dang it all, they're travelling around visiting the rinks doing the old man and woman act on skates. I tell you they're immense."— "Say, Dan, what become of your shepherd dog, Carlo?"—"Darned if the dog didn't get the fever, and one day he sneaked in the place where I keep the skates to hire, put on a pair and rolled on the floor just as nice as any human being, when all of a sudden his hind pair of skates got mixed up with his tail, which tripped him up and he fell back and broke his neck."—"Poor dog!"— "Gosh! I can't help crying when I think of his sad and tragic end."— "Are there any folks in town who do not skate?"— "Yes."—"Where are they?"—"Up in the cemetery on the hill."

A LIGHT constituency.—County Down.

Summer.

I.

Are skies less bright than in the days of old,
Or fields less green, and trees and flowers less fair,
Or hearts less true and tender? — Age of Gold,
What was thy secret? Why this load of care
On all hearts in our days? — life one long sigh,
One thoughtless madness, one wild wish to die.

II.

Are birds grown silent now from joyful songs?
Sing they not sweet and low as erst they sung,
When wandering Homer charmed the Ionian throngs,
And Ossian witched the West with honied tongue?
Yea! they are gladsome still, as God is good,
And glad were we, were God's will understood.

III.

I've made a truce with sorrow in my youth;
I'll choose joy as my own now I'm a man;
For ever best beloved is smiling truth,
And wisest he who ends where he began;
What made a happy child with cloudless brow?
Faith, Love, Trust, Truth, come make me happy now.

IV.

Death — what is death? — an usher leads to life;
No king or lord of mine to do him duty —
One died, and rose, and snatched his poisoned knife,
And cured with blood the wounds of life and beauty;
Shall I, for whom Christ wrought the great work, weep
As one undone, and doomed to eternal sleep?

V.

Thou ever living God, be blest for all
Thou'st made to glow and shine and brighten and bloom;
Thy light is life and joy, thy skies no pall,
Thy earth a teeming womb, no gulping tomb,
Thy words a gleam of hope, thy will no rod;
Fools only chant "no life, no joy, no God."

James Keegan.

Father Tom. Burke and the Kidney.

It is now more than forty years since I was a student at Maynooth College. The college was not at that time, such a large place as it is now, and I dare say, not as comfortable, either. The regulations were occasionally open to censure, especially as regards the culinary department. I wonder what would a student of the present time think, if he was expected to make a hearty dinner off a few soapy potatoes and a bare shinbone of beef; or to partake of colored hot water, designated "oxtail," but properly known as "*hair*-soup," because it was generally believed to be made of boiled wool, large consignments of which were constantly landed from the tureen. Can you then wonder that the cook had to make frequent and bitter complaints to the bursar, touching the disappearance of sundry legs of mutton, pieces of steak, and other edibles? Such, however, was the lamentable fact.

A short time before the summer vacation, it was announced that a famous Italian church dignitary would soon visit the college. Preparations on a large scale were made for the event. The larder was abundantly furnished with the best mutton, fowl, and game of all sorts. Several students were told to get up addresses of welcome, etc., and among others I was detailed to deliver an address in Irish, in which I was to invoke many blessings on the aforesaid dignitary's head. The day was just at hand. I was wandering about the corridors, committing my speech to memory, when, by some unaccountable attraction, I found myself in the vicinity of the kitchen. My olfactory nerves were assailed on all sides by the most inviting and appetizing odors.

I was about to tear myself away from the sight and smell of the tempting viands when my eye fell upon a big fat beef kidney on a plate near the door. No one was present. With stealthy tread I entered quickly, annexed the kidney, secreted it in a capacious pocket in my coat tails, and then, like a guilty thing, glided furtively away with the intention of leaving the spoil in my room. I got about half my journey over, when I was accosted by a dean who seemed to be very much excited.

"Hurry into the refectory at once. I was sent to search for you," he cried. "The cardinal came before he was expected, and there are about half a dozen bishops with him. Your address will be the next, so come in at once."

"But I must go to my room first," I managed to jerk out in my fright.

"Oh, you must come at once, the president says so."

Accordingly, yielding to my fate, I entered and took my seat at the end of the long room. All the doors were open, and crowds stood at each. On a dias at the other end of the hall, sat the illustrious prelate; and on each side of him were seated the flower of the Irish hierarchy. In another moment I was signalled to advance and deliver my address. In an agony of terror I cautiously arose, and slowly advanced up the hall. Once or twice I imagined I detected a slight

sniff and an occasional half-strangled titter. Casting a rapid glance behind me, I beheld with feelings I never before experienced, a long, lanky looking red setter, evidently making a dead set on my precious, dearly-bought kidney. I made an unavailing effort to drive him away, and the next moment I was making a graceful bow before the dias, my left hand being concealed gracefully beneath my coat-tails, grasping spasmodically the confounded kidney. In the heat of the address I forgot about the dog. During the brief interval a suppressed titter burst upon my ears, followed by a gentle tug at my unfortunate skirts, forcibly reminding me of the dog's close proximity. I continued the address. The supreme moment had arrived for invoking the blessing. To do this with effect I raised both hands, gazing devoutly at the ceiling. Next moment a violent tug at the back of my coat upset my equilibrium, and staggering back a pace or two, I brought down my clinched fist on the brute's head. Next moment I felt my pocket suddenly grow light, and dashing right in front of the illustrious gathering, darted the long, lanky setter with the devoted kidney in his mouth. The next moment an uncontrollable fit of laughter seized on all the students, strangers, and even the majority of the illustrious prelates. The president's face was terrible to behold, as he absolutely shook his fist at me, while two of the deans seemed bursting with suppressed rage. The third had almost had a fit of apoplexy in his endeavors to choke the laughter that was struggling to get out. The poor Italian prelate seemed half amused, half frightened, while, as for myself, taking advantage of the confusion, I burst from the hall and made for my room, into which I securely locked myself, and throwing myself on my bed, burst into a fit of laughter, the effects of which I felt for many a day after. I firmly believe that I would have been expelled were it not that the Italian prelate and all the bishops begged me off.

Athletic Games.

THE following letter from Archbishop Croke, on the subject of Irish athletic games, was recently received by Mr. Michael Cusack, 4 Gardiner's place, Dublin, Hon. Secretary of the Gaelic Athletic Association.

THE PALACE, *Thurles*, 1885.

My Dear Sir— I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your communication inviting me to become a patron of the "Gaelic Athletic Association," of which you are, it appears, the honorable secretary. I accede to your request with the utmost pleasure. One of the most frequently recurring reflections that, as an Irishman, I am compelled to make, in connection with the present aspect of things in this country, is derived from the ugly and irritating fact, that we are daily importing from England not only her manufactured goods (which we cannot help doing, since she has practically strangled our own manufacturing appliances), but, together with her fashions, her accent, her vicious literature, her music, her dances, and her manifold mannerisms, her

games also, and her pastimes, to the utter discredit of our own grand national sports, and to the sore humiliation, as I believe, of every genuine son and daughter of the Old Land.

Ball-playing, hurling, football-kicking, according to Irish rules, "casting," leaping in various ways, wrestling, handy-grips, top-pegging, leap-frog, rounders, tip-in-the-hat, and all such favorite exercises and amusements among men and boys, may now be said to be not only dead and buried, but in several localities to be entirely forgotten and unknown. And what have we got in their stead? We have got such foreign and fantastic field sports as lawn-tennis, polo, croquet, cricket, and the like,— very excellent, I believe, and health-giving exercises in their way, still not racy of the soil, but rather alien on the contrary, to it, — as are, indeed, for the most part, the men and women who first imported and still continue to patronize them.

And, unfortunately, it is not our national sports alone that are held in dishonor, and dying out, but even our most suggestive national celebrations are being gradually effaced and extinguished, one after another, as well. Who hears now of "Snap-apple Night" or "Bonfire Night?" They are all things of the past,— too vulgar, to be spoken of, except in ridicule, by the degenerate "dandies" of the day. No doubt there is something rather pleasing to the eye in the "get up" of a modern young man who, arrayed in light attire, with parti-colored cap on, and racquet in hand, is making his way, with or without a companion, to the tennis ground. But, for my part, I should vastly prefer to behold, or think of, the youthful athletes whom I used to see in my early days, at fair and pattern, bereft of shoes and coat, and thus prepared to play at hand-ball, to fly over any number of horses, to throw the "sledge" or "winding-stone," and to test each other's mettle and activity by the trying ordeal of "three leaps," or "hop, step, and jump."

Indeed, if we continue travelling for the next score years, in the same direction that we have been going in for some time past, contemning the sports that were practised by our forefathers, effacing our national features, as though we were ashamed of them, and putting on, with England's stuffs and broadcloths, her "*masher*" habits, and such other effeminate follies as she may recommend, we had better at once, and publicly, abjure our nationality, clap hands for joy at sight of the "Union Jack," and place "England's cruel red" exultingly "above the green."

Deprecating, as I do, any such dire and disgraceful consummation, and seeing in your society of athletes something altogether opposed to it, I shall be happy to do for it all that I can, and authorize you now formally to place my name on the roll of your patrons.

In conclusion, I earnestly hope that our national journals will not disdain in future to give suitable notices of those Irish sports and pastimes, which your society means to patronize and promote, and that the masters and pupils of our Irish colleges will not henceforth exclude from their athletic programmes such manly exercises as I have referred to and commemorated. I remain, dear sir,

Your very faithful servant,

✠ T. W. CROKE, *Archbishop of Cashel.*

His Little Sweetheart.

Part I.

The warm sun, shining down in full meridian ardor, seared the blades of long grass, and sent his beams through the thick tree-tops and across the indolent ripple of water. In the foliage scarce a twig stirred. The summer wind, albeit balmy with fragrance, yet came faint and slow in gentle whispers that sounded like magic melody. Beneath the golden heavens, odors like incense to the god of light, went up from tangled heaps of blossom. Shadow was nowhere, and nothing savored of coolness but a mossy bank, on which Ralph Ashton lay stretched.

He was a tall man, with broad Atlantean shoulders and chest, with straightly-cut features, dreamy eyes, and a massive white brow. His head rested on his hands, his straw hat was cast carelessly by, and he seemed to bear unflinchingly the ardent beams that kissed his half-shut lids and played upon his hair; the trees flung quivering shadows on his cheek, and the sunlight touched his chest with a warmer glow. Around him lay masses of fallen leaves that Zephyr's wing had scattered here and there; and above him, flashing like so many pendant gems from their setting of green, hung snowy blossoms.

Looking on Ralph Ashton's face, you fall at once to wondering what manner of history his life contained. It did not want much proficiency in the art of anthroposcophy to find out that he had a character, in spite of the lips that were as soft and tender in expression as a woman's. It would have been difficult, however, for a spectator to have divined the nature of his thoughts as he lay there on the sward. He might possibly have been recalling days long gone by, brought back to his memory by a strong waft of scented lilacs, borne to him by the western breeze; days, perhaps, that had been so sad and so desolate that he would have fain thrust the recollection of them into Lethe, and drowned the bitter feelings they evoked in the draught of that anodyne — oblivion; or he might perchance have been wandering in a dream of terrestrial paradise, with his little sweetheart by his side.

His little sweetheart — a slip of a girl, with shy gray orbs and pale, pure features like a youthful saint's, and long black lashes resting closely and demurely upon marble cheeks.

Ralph Ashton's life had been lonely from boyhood. His mother was the only being he had ever really loved; and when her dead form was carried away from his sight forever, his heart had seemed to shrink within itself. He had registered no vow of celibacy; yet no bright and beaming woman's face had displaced the image with wan features and silvered hair that remained enshrined in his inmost soul for years. But during the latter months he had begun to picture to himself a slight figure, flitting like a sunbeam in and out of an old-fashioned cottage, the diamond-paned windows of which were enframed in clustering foliage that cast a pleasant and chequered shade within, and created queer bright arabesques of light beneath his feet. He had begun to

fancy his little sweetheart's face brightening into smiles at his approach, hiding her gladness on his breast, leaning her wealth of blonde tresses on his shoulder, and growing nearer and dearer to his heart each hour of his life.

What if even such fancies were fantastical, born of folly, woven by hope, heralds perchance of disappointment and despair; yet he lost himself in them, and tasted a purer bliss in imagination than perchance reality would ever yield him.

Ralph Ashton rose at length, and, sauntering to an old sundial, chipped and moss-stained, saw that the day had worn away, and purple shadows were slanting in dark bars across the grass.

At this moment a figure — the figure of a woman — came towards him, passed him, and was quickly out of sight, but not before the woman's face had flashed upon him like a Fate. A radiant beautiful face, with sunlit hair gleaming on her brow, and with vivid, peachy tints showing up the violet, languorous eyes, soft as velvet, dreamy as Ralph Ashton's own.

His breath came short and fast; for a moment his heart throbbed with a decrotic motion it had never felt before, and he wondered what it could be that ailed him.

Could the curious, overpowering thraldom of his senses and captivation of his imagination be a sudden commingling of two human souls, the affinity of which he had heard, or was it the insanity that belonged to unripe years — namely, "love at first sight"? Ralph asked himself wrathfully, scorning the miserable deficiency in moral strength that succumbs to mere womanly beauty; and yet how often is Venus victrix, whom all the virtues in the world fail in conquering!

Ralph hurriedly, and somewhat unevenly, traversed the main road, thankful that the dusk hid the unwonted flush on his cheek; but as he lifted the latch of the gate that led up to his cottage, something seemed to draw him back; a feeling new-born, but full of strength, arrested his steps. It was a "dread," the dread of finding himself alone, with the memory of that woman's face that had bewitched him. After a short pause, he slowly wound his way to the little town near which he lived, and entered a long, low white house, with a big primitive garden, that owned gravel paths and queer-clipped yews, and grassy mounds bedecked with blood-red carnations, and tall lilies with graceful heads and golden bosoms.

As the evening wore on the bewildering emotion that the momentary apparition had produced faded partially from Ralph's memory; for within a window wreathed in lavish tangles of wild roses, with the subtle fragrance of invisible flowers stealing up from outside, he sat with his little sweetheart's hand close clasped in his, and by the light Hesperian gave, watched the black lashes kiss a blushing happy face. Only once the vision came back to him, and that was when a star-gleam fell on Lily's hair, flushing its soft blonde tints into the golden glory *its* head had worn. He shivered then, strong man as he was, with the thrill that memory brought him.

Who could she be?

He had asked himself the question a dozen times, and now, blaming

himself for his indulgence in a dangerous curiosity, but feeling himself helpless to refrain, he said,—

"I saw a stranger this evening in the willow copse. I wonder who it could have been?"

"Perhaps it was the new tenant of Seldon Priory. Was he short and stout?" Lily asked innocently.

Ralph Ashton shuddered. Short and stout! the words seemed desecration. He could not speak for a moment; then, in spite of his efforts, his voice positively shook, and he leant out into the fragrant dusk as he answered,—

"It was a woman, little one, and rather a pretty one."

Then he despised himself horribly for the petty meanness that could descend to falsehold, when he remembered that faint praise damns more than censure.

"*Rather a pretty one*," he reiterated inwardly.

Maddening, bewildering in her beauty, he should have said; but he *dared* not speak his *soul* beneath the pure and calm and holy starlight, that contrasted so startlingly with the fierce human passion that stirred him. Besides, his little sweetheart was within his circling arm, her dainty head upon his shoulder, her loving eyes raised to his own.

"It was the actress who plays the chief part at the theatre," cried Lily, with animation. "The company only arrived to-day, and I saw her. She *is* beautiful, Ralph!"

Ralph looked down at her. His nature had one weakness that amounted to a blemish — his feelings were slaves to his eye. It might have been that he was a born artist, and that his perception of beauty was keener than other men, and ruled his imagination more than mere material form and coloring should do. But there was an innate refinement and delicacy in his organization that prevented his worship of the beautiful lowering him to sensualism.

Lilly's utter innocence of envy or jealousy of a woman tenfold lovelier than herself, her pure white face, the sweetness that dwelt on her features, impressed him.

"My little sweetheart," he whispered softly, pressing a fervent kiss on her rosebud lips.

And a little later he went to rest with Lily's Madonna face kept determinedly before him; but when human resolution had melted away in sleep, it was the actress who haunted him all through the night in long and feverish dreams, while houris, with golden hair and languorous eyes, ravished his soul with kisses, while they rent his flesh with cruel claws.

The big black-and-white posters were all over the town: "*For two Nights only!* ROMEO AND JULIET. Juliet, Miss EVELYN ORMONDE."

"Two nights only!" Ralph Ashton repeated mechanically. For full ten minutes he had read and reread the advertisement.

Evelyn Ormonde! That was her name — the name of the woman who had a face that would drive men mad — a face that had haunted him through his dreams, and was haunting him now as he stood there,

his pulse throbbing, his cheek glowing, and his hat cast aside that the air might cool his hot forehead.

This was, then, the last night. Should he go to the theatre, and just once more feast his eyes on a beauty that he had not pictured even in imagination? He hesitated. Somehow, with the fresh fragrance of the summer day, with the song of birds and the scent of the clover, came the memory of his little sweetheart. How sweet she was! how loving and *trustful!*

Ralph Ashton strode back to his cottage resolutely. It was the last night of Evelyn Ormonde as Juliet; but he passed the hours alone with his books.

It was quite in the beginning of summer that he had leant against the bay-window of the long, low, white house -- the window all tangled with perfumed branches of rose and honeysuckle — and had asked his little sweetheart to be his wife.

It was the month of August now, with gentle winds of the golden weather playing over the primitive garden, and sweeping the fluttering leaves in rainbow heaps under the stately oaks that fringed the main road's side. The hot sun was scorching the nodding blades of the tall grass down in the adjacent valley, and sending fierce beams right through the emerald boughs, and gilding the ripples of the little mill-stream. The sweet roses were red and blooming like Lily's lips, and Ralph Ashton was her earnest lover still, and not tired of whispering how dear she was to him. He spoke the truth too. There was no deceit in his breast, nor falsehood on his tongue, when he reiterated again and again the vows that made her pure, pale face grow rosepink, and her heart beat wildly against his own.

Lily's smile filled him with great content, and in her love he found the "rest" that he had longed for all his life.

He had forgotten the actress, and the strange and powerful influence her face had cast over him had vanished like an unholy dream beneath the infinite tenderness of his betrothed.

Then one day the black-and-white posters reappeared in the little town — a return visit of the company that had played *Romeo and Juliet.*

And again Juliet was Miss Evelyn Ormonde. This time Ralph Ashton did not hesitate to go to the theatre. He went quietly, calmly as a spectator, laughing in self-scorn at the passionate emotions that had swayed him before. He went defying that woman's face. He sat spellbound, white and helpless. Juliet was perfect throughout. Juliet in the balcony scene was passionate, beautiful, irresistible.

It was not difficult to get acquainted with the leading lady of a second-rate company; and Evelyn Ormonde had too often read signs of her power on human faces not to recognize her influence as Ralph Ashton's eyes met her own. She discerned at once that this man had a fervent but repressed nature, and that no woman had hitherto called out all that his heart could feel.

And Ralph recognized that it was useless to struggle with the storm of passion that had been evoked, and that, come weal, come woe, Evelyn Ormonde was his Fate.

Part II.

It was in the middle of autumn, and the oak-trees stood up gaunt-armed and shorn of their natural beauty, while the red leaves kept drifting down and down, and dying in the pale yellow light, and the tall white lilies and blood-red carnations grew perfumeless and withered. Only Ralph Ashton's love and longing for the beautiful actress waxed hourly warmer and stronger.

And Evelyn Ormonde?

There was ample encouragement in her eyes, and yet Ralph seemed to feel that there was something unattainable about her — that he was but an outsider after all. She leant upon his arm, and listened with bent head to his low and incoherent whispers, and each moment laid his whole heart and soul more under her Circean spell, until he forgot everything — honor, truth, and fealty — forgot all but her.

And when he left her at the door of her tawdry lodging, the actress, flinging herself in a chair, would half close her lovely violet eyes, and mutter, with a little laugh,—

"It is my nature to try and make men care for me, and when they do, I hate and scorn them for being such fools."

The time went on; the dreaded Anthesterion when his wedding was to be, drew near, and Ralph's heart sank lower and lower.

He sat evening after evening in his stall at the little theatre, looking in Evelyn Ormonde's sparkling face, with its passionate eyes and vivid lips, until he confessed to himself that none lived on earth who could dislodge that glowing image from his soul. Strive as he would, he knew that, without this woman, his life would be incomplete. Vainly he tried to believe that he was as good as married in Heaven's eyes, and wrestled bravely with the new love that seemed to him a sin. Uselessly he essayed to limit his thoughts to Lily. All he could do was to be doubly gentle and kind to the little sweetheart he wronged so deeply.

In a brief time Ralph grew curiously haggard and changed. It was the day before the company were advertised to leave, that he came face to face with the actress in a quiet part of the town. It was growing late, yet by the waning light she could see how ill the man looked, and, touched by his appearance, her manner grew softer than it usually was, while she put her hand into his and glanced up anxiously at his face.

Ralph stood before her motionless, tongue-tied, only his eyes telling her what he felt.

"What ails you?" she asked, and her voice sounded lower, more tender than it was wont to.

"What ails me!" the man almost gasped. Then he gave a short bitter laugh that struck out sharp on the silent air. "What ails me? As if you did not know the mortal ailment that is sapping my life's happiness, nay, my life itself! I'll tell you, if you don't know!"

And, bending forward, he seized her hands feverishly, while his haggard eyes flashed almost fiercely into her own.

"It is love for you, Evelyn Ormonde, that is killing me, sending

me to my grave surely. No, don't tell me I am mad! I know it. Don't tell me I have lost sight of truth and honor and all the feelings that a man holds most precious. I know it, but I cannot help it! I would have kept my misery to myself; but your presence has bereft me of self-control, and left me nothing but a poor pitiful fool!"

He let go her hands and turned away, shaking in every limb.

She could not help seeing the strong muscular frame quiver. She was not a good woman, this Evelyn Ormonde. Perhaps she had played at love too often to feel it; but in the dusk shadows just a faint smile, a smile full of mockery and triumph, crept over her perfect lips.

The two were in the shade of a large leafless trunk; the woman he had a mad passion for, was within his reach. Conscience, truth, honor were naught with the beauty of her sunlit hair and gleaming eyes near. His hands grew cold as death, his temples burned as with a thousand fires, and, stooping, he gathered her to him and kissed her wildly; and all the while, even through the delirium of his brain, a great wonder filled his soul that such lips were yielded him.

Alas for his little sweetheart!

Evelyn Ormonde never rebuked him. She laid her lovely head on his breast, and her eyes — violet, languorous, irresistible eyes, in whose depths many a heart had been lost — looked up into his.

"If love for me was killing you, will my love for you bring back the color to this poor white face?" she asked softly, as she passed her hand caressingly over his cheek.

It would have been difficult to recognize Ralph's low and languid accents of a few days back in the fervid tones that breathed into Evelyn Ormonde's ear his mad happiness, his infinite hope.

And the actress hearkened to his words with a brilliant color mantling over her fair round cheeks.

"Will you be my wife, Evelyn?" he asked her after a silence, in which, without assurance in language, she had persuaded him that his passion was returned.

She started. Was a marriage with this man — evidently a poor man — to be the end of her ambition, of her longing for wealth? She laughed within herself at the notion of self-sacrifice; but she slipped her hand into his, and once again lifted up her eyes softly to his face.

Ralph Ashton, in his fool's paradise, clasped the white hand close, accepting it as a mute, but all-sufficient, acquiescence to his question.

* * * * * * * *

Lily sat, her loosely-clasped hands lying listlessly on her knee, an expression of sadness on her fair young face.

Black clouds were rapidly chasing one another in the sky, or gathering in opaque sullen masses, as though in solemn conclave, here and there; and Boreas shook with no gentle hand the windows of the old white house. There was not a single glint of green visible; but leafless trees and shrubs and the tall grass lay wrapped together beneath a broad, white, winding sheet. The child's thoughts were not of gloomy weather, for what signified externals to her when sunshine had left her within? The black clouds, black as ink, hanging omi-

nously above were not so dark as the shadows of fear and mistrust that trailed their forms over her heart. Her blithesome, sanguine nature was fled, and the faith that had been so implicit was deserting her fast.

Though quiet and less demonstrative of late, her loving eyes had not failed to note the change in her betrothed through the latter days. She fancied that he was colder, that some one had stolen from her the love that was her all, but who?

Innocent and unsuspicious, she had believed Ralph's assertion when he gave his love of Shakespeare as a reason for his frequent visits to the theatre.

She sat by the window hour after hour. She had sat there throughout the long afternoon, communing with herself and oblivious of time. And now the evening had closed in wild and wet, and as she listened to the pelting rain and howling wind, she fell to wondering whether the elements were not weeping with her over the blissful days that would come no more.

Ralph was tired of his little sweetheart. This was the refrain of her thoughts; and so painful was her reverie, that she failed to hear even the step that she had learnt to look upon as the music of the spheres. She started when a hand touched her shoulder gently, and through the gloom she saw Ralph's tall figure standing by.

"Ralph!"

How piteous it was — the child's voice, so soft and low, almost inaudible from the pain at her heart!

Ralph shivered slightly as she spoke. He could not see her poor little white face, but he could hear the tears in her voice. She tried to speak firmly and quietly, but she could have thrown herself at his feet, and besought him to be merciful — to spare her such poignant sorrow, to pause ere he sacrificed her young life for the sake of — what? She did not know what. She only felt that something — some horrible barrier — had risen up between her dear love and herself.

"Ralph! what ails you?"

The very words she had said — the woman whose beauty held him in a spell. At thought of her he grew cold and hard.

"Nothing," he answered; but he did not take Lily in his arms, and bid her give him her trust again.

"I do not blame you, if you have ceased to love me, Ralph," the trembling little voice went on, and she choked back a sob. "Perhaps it is better I should know it now than later, Ralph."

In the shimmering dusk he could just see her lips quiver and her eyes look doubly large set in the pallid face.

"Later, when you were my husband, Ralph, and want of love would be a sin."

"Never!" he interrupted hastily; "as your husband no woman could have tempted me. What! because I am weak and fickle, do you deem me devoid of all honor and faith?"

She never dreamed of resenting the indignation that rang in his voice. She glanced at him. He looked happy, far happier than he had done for many days.

"Ralph, have you met any one?" she asked hesitatingly; and

her hand was pressed down on her heart to stop the pain, the dreadful pang that shot through her, while she waited motionless, breathless for the reply. It came.

Ralph Ashton threw himself on his knees by her side.

"I have!" he said, in a husky voice, which he strove to steady; "I have; but don't blame me, little one. For God's sake, don't let me think my fickleness — my wickedness — will pain you much. A little, I know it will, for you have loved me, Lily — loved me far more than I deserved. *She* came upon me like a Fate, and from the first moment I looked on her face I lost my head. I wrestled with myself — I tried to think only of you — but the spell of another was over me through all, through all! Then we spoke, and, maddened by the sight of her, carried away by the knowledge that none but the distant clouds and sighing winds were witness, I was wicked enough to tell her how I loved her — and — and she said she loved me and would be my wife. O child, can you *ever* forgive and forget?"

"God bless you, Ralph, and *her*— the woman you love!" fell faint and fluttering on Ralph's ear; and he felt her tiny clasped hands rest lightly on his head, like the touch of angel's wings.

The next moment his little sweetheart had glided away in the darkness.

Part III.

In less than six months Ralph Ashton learnt that he had been but a toy — a miserable plaything — one of many fools that the lovely actress lured to her side and forsook without a pang.

She was a Bohemian to the backbone, and marriage was a word distasteful to her ears. Like a superb butterfly, she fluttered through the world, sunning her exquisite wings in the sunshine of men's admiration. Diamonds, carriages, gold — these were her notions of happiness; and Ralph — poor, save in personal and mental gifts — found his idol slip away from his grasp without having the power to hold her fast.

Passion thrown back on itself — faith in woman's nature destroyed — showed their work on his face when once more he went back to the place, where, for the sake of a glittering phantom, he had cast aside the love that would have clung to him always.

Somehow the old familiar scenes brought him an intense longing to look on his little sweetheart's face once more — only to look. He never dreamed of asking again for the heart which had been so freely given, so cruelly tossed aside.

The shadows were trailing down in black bars when he crept to the gate of the low white house, and stood there miserable and repentant. There was unusual stillness around — no sound save the monotone twitter of a few birds in the branches of the old trees. His desire to see Lily grew intense, ungovernable. The door stood slightly ajar, and, passing quickly through, he strode noiselessly into the room. The old familiar room, fraught with associations, made him reel like a drunkard at the threshold.

Under the rose-hung window lay his little sweetheart.

He saw her again — but how? To the day of his death he would never forget her face as he saw it then. It was slightly turned from him, and her long blonde hair strewed the pillow; but as a stream of half-light fell, he knew well enough what was written on those features.

Her father — a quiet, taciturn man, sitting by her side, his face bowed on his hands — looked up, and, going towards the intruder, tried to force him back.

"You are come at last to see her die!" he muttered hoarsely. "Look on your work, and then go, and my curse go with you!"

Ralph shuddered, and, throwing off the old man's grasp, strided to the couch. Until that moment he had never known how he loved her. His touch, soft as it was, woke her, and, with a wild cry of joy, Lily started up, weak and frail as she was, and, throwing her white wasted arms round his neck, clung to him with her little hands, imploring him not to leave her again, asking him why he had come so late.

So late! Those piteous words! As he held her in his clasp, and saw the cruel lines on the face he had left fair and bright and full of life as a child's, he felt the full bitterness of her piteous reproach.

Why — oh, why had he come so late? She was dying, and he had killed her. The child that had loved him, perfectly and unselfishly, had received her deathblow when he told her of his mad passion for that other woman.

That other woman! He shivered in self-hatred and self-scorn as he thought of her.

His poor little sweetheart! Those hours, when she lay with her head on his shoulder, fading away like a flower gathered before its fullest bloom, were torture to him.

On a bright, clear night Lily died, her hot hands clasped within his own; her eyes looking up to his until the very last ray of light was quenched within them. Died! The morning dawn rose in the east, and cast a golden radiance on his little sweetheart's face, the herald of a day to which she never awoke.

POLITENESS AT HOME.— By endeavoring to acquire the habit of politeness, it will soon become familiar, and set on you with ease, if not with elegance. Let it never be forgotten that genuine politeness is a great fosterer of family love. It allays accidental irritation by preventing harsh retorts and rude contradictions; it softens the boisterous, stimulates the indolent, suppresses selfishness and by forming a habit of consideration for others, harmonizes the whole. Politeness begets politeness; and brothers may easily be won by it to leave off the rude ways they bring home from school or college. Sisters ought never to receive any little attention without thanking them for it; never to ask a favor but in courteous terms; never to reply to their questions in monosyllables, and they will soon be ashamed to do such things themselves. Both precept and example ought to be laid under contribution, to convince them that no one can have really good manners abroad who is not habitually polite at home.

A Remonstrance.

I.

HAVE they waxed fat — these Irish serfs — or love they sloth or sin,
Or have they too much joy of life, that you make such a din
About a dance in a green lane, when day's sore toil is o'er;
Or must the music of our sires in Erin sound no more?
I've seen them supperless lie down, their day's work sixteen hours;
Alas! those peasants' clay floor couch! — their lords have silken bowers —
Their little loved ones scarce half clad,— small hope they had of joy,
One only earthly bliss of song, for all their ills annoy.

II.

And shall there be no dance or song? — wolves howl and puppies snarl,
And blasphemy begrimes the mouth of each foul Saxon carle;
They curse God and his throne of heaven, and holy place on earth,
Those Britons — but we Irish serfs ask only leave for mirth.
They've robbed us of the land we tread, of very air and water,
With force and fraud and laws and lies, souls scaith and bodies slaughter;
But they were foes in word and deed, what recked we for their scorn?
But this sore blow from best of friends, 'tis this which can't be borne.

III.

God made our Isle a joyous land, our sires a joyous race;
And they were grateful many a year by deeds of love and grace:
The foe came in an evil hour, with ill-producing fate,
And sowed in Christ's fair field of love, the seeds of crime and hate;
As far as mortal man hath power to turn God's earth to hell,
Did England, fount of earthly ill, and her bad work sped well.
The land once happiest of all lands, now more than all's undone,
Such misery, mankind nowhere knows beneath th' all seeing sun.

IV.

Know ye not God made earth for man, with all its wealth and beauty,
And heaven's reward hath He decreed to misery? — No, to duty!
He gave us souls, and made us men, and bade us as men live,
And one another love in joy, and life's joys mutual give.
Our dead day was one blaze of glory — we've but the faintest gloaming,
Yet may it light us thro' the night unto the dawn acoming;
Why blink the starlight and the twilight, since we've no sun's nor moon's,
Let's keep to guide and fire and light the old songs and old tunes.

MACEAGHAIN.

THE venerable Archbishop Alemany has left San Francisco, returning to a house of his Order — the Dominican — in Spain.

The Fourth Estate.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE said that a picture is something between a thought and a thing. It is not a thought, because it is visible to the eye. It is not a thing, because, beyond a combination of lines, lights and colors, it has no existence. So we may say that a newspaper is something between a voice and a book. It is not a voice, because it speaks inaudibly. It is not a book, because it is a mere sheet or leaf, which is scattered broadcast every day, or once a week. He that writes a book studies long, and weighs and writes and rewrites, and lays up his work till the whole is finished. He prints it, and is a successful author if he sells a thousand copies. Many buy, and do not read; many read half, and never finish; many read and do not understand. The sphere of a book is small; and its fate is the shelf, dust, and oblivion. But a newspaper is like a knock at the door morning by morning, or Saturday by Saturday. It is so short that even the idle will read it, and so plain, that even the simple can understand. It speaks to thousands at once. Mere curiosity will make men read, and mere dulness will make them talk of what they have read in their newspaper. It thinks for them, and they reproduce it in their talk at breakfast and dinner and supper. It becomes a voice, and spreads wide. There is no more prompt, direct, intelligible, and certain way of speaking to men in this nineteenth century than by a newspaper. Books move slowly in a narrow circle, voices are heard only in a church or in a lecture-room; but a newspaper speaks everywhere, whithersoever it floats by sea or flies by post. "The thing becomes a trumpet." It is the nearest approach to the living Voice which is universal. After the voice of the Church comes the voice, or rather the voices, of the Newspaper Press. They are clamorous, discordant, defiant, worldly, evil, and often godless.

Cicero, in his description of an orator, draws out the picture of a man of universal culture. Somebody said of a lord chancellor, a great orator, in the last generation, that if he had known a little law he would have known a little of everything. The rector of a college tells us that the "highest outcome" of certain studies in Oxford "is the able editor." Under protection of the anonymous press, such authorities instruct the public upon all that concerns their highest interests, with a dogmatism and an assurance proportioned to their ignorance of the subject they are assuming to teach. In the schools of Oxford, he says, is now taught in perfection the art of writing "leading articles." *Non meus hic sermo.* No one but a head of a house could write this under pain of vivisection. An editor, therefore, may be a dogmatic teacher, and a destructive critic, as majestic as Jupiter Tonans, and as mischievous as a whitehead torpedo, proportionally to his ignorance. We prefer Cicero's description of an orator, or even the malicious photograph of Lord Brougham.

An editor's task is very onerous, and its moral duties are very grave. His office is rather that of a ruler or judge than of an author

or of a professor. For any man to be master of all the topics which fill a newspaper is impossible. Whewell could write on most things, from a philosophy of the inductive sciences to a history of Chinese music; but the *Times* of to-morrow will contain heterogenous matter which no man can profess to know. Book learning is not enough. Contact with life, and knowledge of men, a watchful noting of events, and a discernment of the signs of the political horizon, are necessary for any one who would think for his contemporaries, and speak to those who cannot think for themselves.

An editor, moreover, needs the impartiality of a judicial mind; and all the more, inasmuch as he speaks, like the Homeric deities, out of a cloud. Anonymous writing is a dangerous trade. Few men can resist the temptation to write under a mask, things which they would not say with open face. It is, perhaps, necessary that there should be an anonymous and "viewless" judge, sitting in an unseen tribunal, who may watch over the *minora moralia*, the lesser moralities of life, of which legislation and the courts of Westminster take no cognizance, because they can enforce no jurisdiction. But it is a dangerous tribunal, and may become like the secret societies which tell off assassins to destroy. Unless an editor be upright, just, and forbearing, he may be used to violate the laws of charity and justice, and to break in upon the sanctuary of private life. The ravenous appetite for personal gossip which makes havoc of society is passing into the press; a sure sign of a lowered tone among those that read. For no man would write what no man would read: the demand invites the supply, and the supply stimulates the thirst for detraction.

But there is one more quality of the judicial mind needed for an editor. It was said of a living statesman that his mind was like the proboscis of an elephant. It could pull up a tree, or pick up a pin. An editor has to judge of the relative magnitudes and values of articles, and letters, and critiques, dear to their authors as Aristotle says children always are to parents; and, as we may add, often in the measure of their deformities. It was said of St. Francis of Sales that his way of rejecting a request was so winning that he gave more pleasure when he refused what was asked of him than when he granted it. People rather liked it. Clearly St. Francis of Sales never edited a newspaper, and never had to deal with disappointed authors.

But to pass from editors to readers. What a newspaper reader is, it is hard to say; for there are as many kinds of readers as there are of fishes — from a shark to an octopus. First, there is a division on the principle of taste. For instance: there are some who will ravenously read everything but the advertisements. There are those who will fastidiously read the advertisements, and nothing else. There are the monied men who read the city article only, and do not know what Dulcigno is; and others who carefully read the Police reports, as the chief events of the times. Some unwisely read and believe all that "Our Own Correspondents" write, especially the "News from Rome." This, however, is a small class, chiefly of elderly ladies, and expositors of the Apocalypse. Others, again, revel in Coroner's inquests, in the dearth of new novels. We remember an inexperienced young man who

was sedulously reading out to Lord Stowell the latest political news, till he was stopped by, "Can't you find me a good murder?" Some readers buy a *Times* at Euston Square when starting for Inverness, and are found next morning at daybreak still devouring it. Finally, there are those who converse only with the great spirits of Olympus who breathe to us in the leading articles; and a large class who revel in the outer darkness of personal scandal and all uncharitableness.

The next division of readers may be made on the principle of discernment. Some believe everything their newspaper tells them; and some, to show their superior information, believe nothing. The former is a large and amiable class, dying out, we fear. "How can you doubt it? I saw it in the newspaper." This was a peaceful race who lived out of the strife of truth and falsehood, of fact and fiction. What did it matter to them? If it was so, it was so; if not, not: and their daily life was all the same. These are the readers chiefly to be found in rural homes. The world goes round daily, and they with it; but they feel no motion, and believe it to be at rest. The latter class are less happy. If St Augustine is right in defining faith to be a *pius credulitatis affectus*, then the superior incredulity of those who know that the newspapers are always wrong must be distinctly impious, and in no way soothing to the mind. In truth, such readers lose all the placid enjoyment of slumbering over their newspaper. They cannot settle and draw honey from its harmless fictions. It is life and death to them to be trumpeting and stinging like gnats, consigning the whole staff, from the able editor down to the folders, to the limbo of idiots This hyper-discernment is a misery to the gifted owner. He robs himself of many a gleaming and tranquilizing vision, which allays irritation of the brain, and is, after all, as true as the greater part of the telegrams which now rule the world. If we say that the great Tempter who has seduced mankind into an impious incredulity of what newspapers tell us is Baron Reuter, we do so with instant reparation to avert action for libel — that is, if the Baron be really extant in the flesh. We take him to be a mythical personage: the God Pan of the Newspaper world, at once everywhere and nowhere, as changeful as Proteus, and as little bound to truth. During the Russo-Turkish war, telegrams were dated from every point of the two strategical positions. But they all came from Vienna. They were identical in words, but they appeared next day in all the party colors of Russophiles and Turcophiles — *frontibus adversis pugnantia* — as they had been made up for the various palates of the opposite worlds of readers.

And this touches a sensitive part in the great empire of newspapers. It is not the supply that creates the demand, but the demand that creates the supply. And here we find that at last an editor has many masters. It is bad enough to serve two. Woe to the wight who must content many. If he does not cater to their taste, or their discernment, or their curiosity, or their fancies, they can starve him. Picture to yourself Count Ugolino starving in an editor's room. It therefore seems to us that a newspaper reader is a formidable dispenser of life and death, like the householders in Edinburgh, who had the right of gallows in the back courts of every tenement.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP, in *Merry England.*

The Dominion Government and the Indians.

A VENERABLE missionary of the North-west, writing to the Toronto *Mail* about the origin, life and customs of the Indian, says: "The Indian claims sovereignty over these plains. Until what we call civilization came near him, he trusted in the Spirit, though shrouding his adoration under hideous practices. We missionaries of the Oblate Order deemed it our duty to bring him the word of a Higher Being, of a loftier conception of the Divine Essence than the warmth and brightness of the sun; and a purer Faith than the worship of his minor deities, whom he is forever placating by offerings, by fastings, by incantations, and by the practice of the Medicine, which is sorcery. I do not say that we have accomplished all we sought to effect, for he is wedded to his gods; but I do say that we have raised him up in the scale, and struck from him some of the fetters of barbarism. When the buffalo roamed in myriads, and smaller game abounded, the Indian was happy in his way. But when the waves of civilization began to wash the plains, he found himself menaced by death. His food disappeared as settlement advanced, and the railroad is fast completing the awful tragedy of his extinction.

"Is it wonderful that he should resist? He knows nothing of the doctrine of survival of the fittest, or of natural selection: but he does know that sentence of death has been passed upon him, and his heart is heavy with anger. Civilization, which ought to provide for him in his last hours, simply starves him. Parliament, the tax-payer, grumbles at a million a year for Indian appropriations, and the Government (I am not speaking of political parties) stints him. True, it gives him a reserve and a plow, and bids him go farming; but what would become of the politicians, if they were given bows and arrows, and told by the Indian to live by chase or die?

Feed or Fight.

"Let it be thoroughly understood in Eastern Canada that the Indian knows he is doomed, and is not inclined to go without a struggle. In the United States, the Indian question has been a problem for years. Canada hitherto has not been troubled by it, simply because the Indian has had plenty of room on the prarie and plenty to eat. But you are now driving him into nooks and corners, and compelling him to accept your miserable dole of rations, or perish; and his manhood, the instinct of self-preservation, urges him to resist. What is the universal plaint of these poor people? 'I was happy,' says Poundmaker or Crowfoot, 'until the white man came. He has deprived me of my means of subsistence, debauched my women, made my braves drunken, left us to die like dogs. Why should I die that he may possess my land?' We should call this patriotism in the Swiss and Irish, or the English, but in the Indian's case it is pagan stupidity.

"Two courses lie open to the Government. It must feed the Indian or fight him; and if Eastern Canada sets any value upon the North-west,

feeding will be the better, and, in the long run, the cheaper plan. There are 40,000 treaty Indians here, and probably 12,000 non-treaty Indians, including those of the far north. As the American Indians immediately south of the line must also be taken into account, for they come and go at will, it is within the mark to say that the Dominion has 50,000 Indians on her hands in this region.

"I do not say that Louis Riel will succeed in inciting a general Indian insurrection just now, but I know, as well as I know of my own existence, that before this race perishes from systematized starvation, it will make a last effort to live; and there shall be woe and weeping on that day. Let Parliament chose between feed or fight. At the present juncture, when all the tribes are wildly excited, peace can only be secured by a more generous treatment of them. Prudence, not to speak of the Christian virtue of charity, demands that the policy of hunger be set aside, and the Indian fed at least as well as we feed our dogs. He is a fellow man. I take it that the Father who cares even for one poor sparrow, must love this human being whom we are now murdering, and that He will in His own way, and in His own time, punish our awful crime. I have much more to say upon this subject, but it must wait until another day."

Louis Riel's Irish Blood.

La Vallee d' Ottawa, a French paper published at the capital, has an article showing that Louis Riel is Irish in descent. It says, on the authority of M. l'Abbe Tanguay: "Louis Riel, far from being of French origin, is of Irish descent by his paternal ancestor, who came to Canada at the end of the seventeenth century. He was named John Baptist, and saw the light first in the parish of St. Peter, city of Limerick the house of his parents, John Baptist Reel or Riel and Louisa Fountain. In 1704 this Jean Baptist Riel married at Ile Dupas, diocese of Montreal, Louisa Cottu, aged twenty, daughter of Francis Cottu and Jeanne Verdon. Of this marriage were born six boys, the eldest of whom, Jean Baptiste, married Louisa Frapier. All these children were surnamed 'L'Irlande;' and in the deeds one can read *Jean Baptiste Riel de l' Irlande*, and this name passed to their descendants. The elder, Jean Baptiste, who was baptized in 1705 at Ile Dupas, was the grandfather of Jean Baptiste, who, in 1810, left the parish of Berthier to settle in the North-west. Married to a half-breed woman he had in 1817 a son baptized under the name of Louis at Ile a la Crosse. This last mentioned, married to Julie de Lagimaudiere, is the father of Louis Riel, head of the insurrection."

Career of the Insurgent by one who Knows Him.

A gentleman who now lives in Boston, but who formerly resided in Canada, and attended the college where Louis Riel, the insurgent, received his education, gives this glowing description of the doughty chieftain of the half-breeds: —

"Out of the half-hundred contentions with barbarous or semicivilized nations which England has had on her hands during the memory of men still living — contentions, by the way, in which dilatory diplomacy played a very minor part — there has probably come into view no

character entitled to more of our respect and admiration, than the leader of the North-western half-breeds. Singleness of purpose, and steadfastness in devotion have ever marked his course. It matters not, in considering his claims to our regard, that the people, for whom he is struggling, are few in numbers and of a lower order of humanity. On the contrary, they are all the more entitled to just treatment, and this no one will say they have received. The American citizen, to employ a slang phrase, "knows how it is himself" about Indian affairs. Of all the causes of decline in the Indian, it may be said that indulgence in intoxicants is the most pernicious; and early in his career Riel set his face as a flint against the payment of the hunters in this commodity. Bad rum in exchange for good pelts was an arrangement peculiarly satisfactory to the Hudson Bay Company, and one that it relinquished most reluctantly. This piece of prohibitory work on Riel's part was thorough, and in its effects, most salutary. During the agitation of the reform, he displayed qualities well calculated to endear him to his followers. This modern Logan frequently, on occasion, addressed his motley assemblages, composed of bucks, half-breeds, French habitants, and other incongruous elements of border and backwoods population in French, English, and in his own vernacular, as the case might require. Thus is explained in a great measure the promiscuity of his following, and the personal popularity of the man. And good reason have these rude foresters to love and to confide in their leader. He has always made their interests his chief study. Many years ago Fr. (now Bishop) Tache, ministering as a missionary with the Indians, took note of a young lad, one of his flock, discerning in him elements of character which the zealous priest fondly believed could be developed to the especial profit of the tribes. In his mental vision he already beheld this son of the soil in sacerdotal robes, performing the rites of mother church for his brethren by natural and spiritual birth. To effect a result so desirable to the good priest, he attached the boy to himself, and for years Riel served as acolyte, and in other ways assisted the good missionary in his arduous labors. In time Riel was transferred from the wilderness to the ancient city of Montreal, where he pursued a collegiate course, and even had honors conferred on him in one or two departments of study. It was noticed that the instincts of early life had not been destroyed nor weakened by his subsequent associations with the whites. A favorite pastime of his during hours of recreation was the shooting of small game, both furred and feathered, with bow and arrow — an exercise in which he was particularly expert. He was quick to resent any actual or fancied grievance, and could more than hold his own in any encounter with fellow-students, whenever occasion arose for him to defend his rights. It was not destined, however, that Riel should become a priest. In this the hopes of his patron were disappointed. But good results did, nevertheless, accrue to the pastor's flock through the training and culture the future popular chieftain had received. As a cleric he would have been debarred from vindicating with the sword the violated rights of his confrères. Being a layman, he could employ force, and force is a cogent argument to the Britain and his descendant. The

first fruits of Riel's abilities and devotion were secured early in the last decade, when the Canadian Government was reduced to the necessity and humility of appealing to Bishop Tache to mediate with the aroused Indians for a pacification. Through the influence of the prelate, who was hastily summoned home from Rome, where he was attending the Vatican council, a peace was patched up, but its terms have been since violated time and time again, and new provocatives added. And now the Canadian Government will have to look elsewhere for aid than to the bishop."

Two Canadian Archbishops on the Half-Breeds.

Two Canadian archbishops have expressed themselves in no ambiguous language concerning the injustice of the war which the Dominion Government is now waging on its discontented subjects in the North-west territory. The first pronouncement is from the pen of an Irish Canadian, the Most Reverend Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, in his recently published novel, "After Weary Years." In that work, written before the date of the present outbreak, he says: — "Short as is our national history, it has an unworthy page or two. The thoughtless action in connection with the Red River difficulty was, we are willing to believe, an error of judgment; but the heartless ostracism of men, who banded together to defend, as they thought, their rights against an invader, is without excuse. Riel will one day hold his place in the history of Canada as a brave patriot who mistook, it is true, the intention of the Ottawa Government, and the death of the unfortunate Scott will cease to be called a murder."

In a foot note Archbishop O'Brien adds: — "Scott was legitimately condemned by the legitimate authority of Red River, viz., Riel's provisional government. The miserable pandering of politicians to the wretched Orange faction of Ontario in this case is a foul blot on our country, and probably the cause of the present trouble in the North-west."

Archbishop Tache, by whom Riel was brought up, loyally deplores the disloyalty of his protege — both of the prelates are sincerely and enthusiastically devoted to the Government of their country — but explains the French Canadian discontent very clearly. So long as the English were decidedly in the minority they accepted gladly the services of their French neighbors in defence of the British flag. "That flag," he says, "would not be floating in Canada were it not for the loyalty of the French Canadians." In proof of this he referred to the time of the American Revolution, when the French Canadians refused to aid the Americans even at the request of France. His ancestors were attending college then at Quebec, and in their college suits turned out to defend their adopted country and save the honor of the British flag. His father served in De Salaberry's regiment in the war of 1812. "It is now long," says the Archbishop, "since the very word 'Canadian' was pronounced with contempt by English and Scottish people because it was associated with the French. Now the meaning has been changed, and instead of being referred to as French Canadians, we are simply spoken of as 'the French,' and it is not long since a member of the Local Parliament referred to us as foreigners.

After having fought and died for the country for generations, is it not hard to be insulted on all hands, to be told we are disloyal, to be represented as having no interest in the country; in fact, to be called foreigners? I believe two-thirds of the population in Ontario actually think we all come from France, instead of remembering that we were in this country before them. There is one important point which seems to be lost sight of entirely, and that is that our religion binds us to loyalty, and it would be directly against our religious principles to go into rebellion."

[Riel has surrendered to the Canadian forces. It is thought that he is insane].

Home Rule.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY wrote in the February number of the *National Review* an appeal to the Tory Party to grant Home Rule to Ireland. Simultaneously with the publication of the *Review* the article appeared in the columns of this journal. It attracted a great deal of attention, coming as it did from the pen of a veteran politician who had experience of the dock as a disloyalist to the Empire, as well as of the Prime Ministry as a trusted servant of the Imperial Crown. Sir Charles was not in want of precedents to give reason to his appeal. It was the Tories granted Catholic Emancipation. It was they who most successfully attempted to settle the Education Question, and they also it was who admitted the principle of household suffrage in Ireland. Why should not the Tories grant Home Rule? This was the argument of Sir Charles Duffy's remarkable article, and it was pressed with all his well-known practicality on the Parliamentarians of the Tories with the strong point that Home Rule for Ireland would detach from the Liberal Party their customary Irish contingent, and restore the supremacy of Conservatism. Sir Charles' article was answered, not merely in one, but in two essays of last month's *National Review*. One of the essays purported to be from the pen of a Liberal. The other is entitled, "The Future of the Conservative Party, by an Imperialist." It is notable that the Liberal's contribution betrays more signs of fear lest the Tories should yield to Sir Charles' appeal than does the article of the admitted Tory manifest terror of Home Rule. "The Imperialist" of the *National Review* puts before its readers, his ideas of the Conservatism of the future in such a way as to give his article the semblance of a party manifesto. He says that with regard to Ireland England finds herself on the horns of a dilemma. She must either govern Ireland by coercion as she is doing, or by granting Ireland's reasonable demands. A period of coercion has always been succeeded by a period of concession and just as Sir Charles Duffy appeals to the Tories of the Empire to grant Home Rule to Ireland, even from motives of self-preservation, the "Imperialist" of the *National Review* calls upon the loyal Catholics of Ireland — "the sober Irish Nation" — to give a proof of their wisdom by moderating the Irish case from a call for Separation to a work-a-day demand for Federation.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

BABY CLARE.

My heart goes o'er the sea
To a kingdom far away;
For chains of love enthrall
My spirit there;
And songs of merry glee
Resound there all the day;
And tyrant over all
Reigns Baby Clare.

No monarch in his pride
Of all the realms of earth,
E'er sat upon his throne
So free from care;
Nor governed far and wide
With rod of love and mirth —
Such power belongs alone
To Baby Clare.

The march of men and years,
The cares of rank and state,
The thorns within the crown
That mortals wear —
These never rouse his fears,
Nor make him look sedate,
Nor win a smile or frown
From Baby Clare.

And yet you ask me why
This little one should reign
With undisputed rod
And happy air.
I know not — fain would I
Endeavor to explain
The power of the rod
Of Baby Clare.

The secret may be this:
When mother went to seek
That beauteous home above
Where all is fair,
Our darling's parting kiss
Half summoned her to speak,
And answer back the love
Of Baby Clare.

But then, before she died,
My mother wrote to me,
(Her loving words enthrall
Me everywhere):
"From morn till eventide
Resounds your brother's glee,
And tyrant over all
Reigns Baby Clare."

College Brignole Sale, Genoa, Italy. H. C. Phelan,

Daniel Webster, about three years before his death, wrote the following good advice to his grandson: "You cannot learn without your own efforts. All the teachers in the world can never make a scholar of you if you do not apply yourself with all your might. Be of good character and behavior, a boy of strict truth and honor and conscience in all things. 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.' God has given you a mind and faculties, and He will surely call you to account. Honor and obey your parents; be patient under restraint; look forward constantly to your approaching manhood; and put off every day all that is frivolous and childish."

Some person reported to the amiable poet Tasso that a malicious enemy spoke ill of him to all the world. "Let him persevere," said Tasso, "his rancour gives me no pain. How much better is it that he should speak ill of me to all the world than that all the world should speak ill of me to him."

THE WALKING TREES.

CHAPTER IX.

AT HOME WITH KING STORM.

AWAY went Leo and the rain-children over the mist hills and down into a dim, gray valley, where nothing was seen but long shadows, and paths of pale light streaming across the wilderness.

"What strange place is this?" asked Leo, shivering.

"This is the Calm that comes before the Storm," said the rain-children.

"I don't like it at all," said Leo. "It is a dreadful place. I'd rather we could get to the Storm at once."

The rain-children answered by a shower of laughter.

"Perhaps you may not like him so well when you come near him," they said.

"Why?" asked Leo. "Is his Majesty so very awful?"

"Rather," said one of the rain-children; "especially in some of his moods. If you happen to meet him with a hurricane on his shoulder, I advise you to look out for squalls!"

"How are we to get near him, then?" said Leo. "I thought we were going to visit him and have some fun."

"Our only chance," said the first rain-child, "is to watch our opportunity, when he is either sound asleep or away from home. We may manage to catch a glimpse of him, and that will be enough for you, I can tell you; but I should like you to see his palace, and some of our friends who live in it."

At this moment flecks of soft, golden haze appeared, shimmering across the distance, like a wreath of sunset clouds, containing linked figures in a band, moving sweetly and swiftly along the edges of the gray wilderness.

"What is that?" asked Leo.

"Oh, those are some of our friends the breezes, going off on an expedition," said the second rain-child. "Do you see them kissing hands to us?"

"I am afraid the old gentleman must be at home," said the first rain-child; "for when he is abroad the breezes generally stay within and amuse themselves."

The breezes disappeared, and Leo and the rain-children travelled on, till the gray desert with the pale paths which Leo disliked so much was left behind, and glittering hills, with sharp peaks quivering in light, began to rise gradually all around them. Climbing these glassy hills, and winding by slippery ways up into the fierce, shining mountains, the little party got along, the rain-children helping Leo; pushing him from behind and pulling him in front, when sometimes he could no longer keep his feet on the difficult paths. At last, when with great effort they made their way up to a lofty height, a magnificent spectacle suddenly burst on their view.

A splendid palace, built of gigantic crystals, rose upon the mountain, soaring out of it, as if the glittering mountain itself had been

shaped into a dwelling for a king. The transparent walls and pillars and domes seemed to possess an extraordinary life of their own; for as Leo gazed at them, he saw a continual movement, as of rushing air, going on behind their polished surface. It was like *seeing the wind*, Leo thought, and he trembled to think of what might happen if some accident were to make never so small a break in the glassy walls, letting all that imprisoned power burst forth.

"I wonder the place doesn't blow up," said Leo to the rain-children. "If you shut up steam in a bottle, it will break the bottle in pieces. My papa showed me about that; and I'm sure these walls don't look as strong as a bottle — more like soap-bubbles that I can blow out of a pipe! Why all that storm doesn't split them into bits, I'm sure I can't think — can you?"

"That isn't Storm at all," said the rain-children. "It is only his breath. Storm himself is the king, as we thought you understood; and all that puffing and rushing of air within the crystals shows that he is at home. Every breath he breathes flies through walls, pillars, and roofs of his palace, just as your blood rushes through your veins from your heart."

"Dear me!" cried Leo. "How very strange!"

"When he goes off on business, of course he takes his breath with him, and then the palace is a beautiful, quiet place, quite safe for people like us to explore."

"I wish he had happened to be away from home," said Leo. "Does he often go? I should think he must; for our world is a very stormy place, and ought to keep him pretty busy."

A little drift of the rain-children's laughter broke on Leo's ears at this.

"Do you imagine he does all that work himself?" they said. "No, indeed; he has different sorts of people to do ordinary business for him — gales and winds and squalls and stiff breezes. The gales are tremendous fellows, some of them might pass for the king himself; and he entrusts to them a great deal of his weightiest business."

"Oh, yes, indeed!" said Leo. "Now I think of it, I have heard my papa say, when the trees were roaring and bending round our house of an evening, 'Those are the equi — equi —' oh, dear! what was the word, I wonder?"

"We don't know what you mean by equi," said the rain-children.

"I have it," cried Leo: "noctial!"

"What is 'noctial?'" said the rain-children.

"Equinoctial gales," said Leo. "They are some of your people, I suppose. They come about our place now and again."

"You can call them what you like," said the rain-children. "We don't know anything about that."

"Well, go on," said Leo.

"Then there are lots of winds," said the rain-children. "North-winds, south-winds, east-winds, west-winds: and they also do a great deal that saves trouble to the king. The squalls are exceedingly mischievous, and accomplish more by their tricks than by their strength. Altogether, it is only when some very terrific work is to be done that King Storm himself condescends to come out and do it."

"Well, I must say," said Leo, "it is too hard to arrive here at the very door and not get in. I wish you would try and gain admittance to the palace."

"We may try," said the rain-children; "but I warn you, we shall meet with rough usage."

"Never mind," said Leo, "that will only be fun."

They now began to draw nearer to the palace, and as Leo looked it brought to his mind a scene, described to him by his uncle, of dawn among the Himalaya Mountains. The most lovely hues of rose and violet tinged the glittering turrets and pinnacles, and a deep purple shadow lay under the arch of the gigantic drawbridge which sprang like a bridge of glass over a vast gulf of nothingness between the travellers and the palace. Leo led the way boldly across the drawbridge, and blew a silver bugle which hung by the crystal gate.

Four great twisted pillars of crystal, guarded the gate, and as Leo heard the piercing music of the silver bugle winding away into the airy distance, he observed how the Storm's breath was rushing through the twisted pillars, so that they seemed to move and palpitate with life. The gate itself seemed nothing but a sheet of glass, and yet when Leo pushed it he found it strong as iron and impossible to break. The rain-children stood by, and laughed at him while he hammered on it with both his little fists.

Presently a rushing sound was heard, and forth from an inner archway burst a troop of airy creatures with long, streaming hair, and wildly floating mantles, who dashed down the glittering path to the gate, wrestling with each other, pushing, struggling, tripping each other up, every one elbowing his neighbor and trying to get first to the gate of clear crystal at which the six dark, heavy-looking rain-children and the little human, rosy-cheeked boy were standing, waiting to get admittance to the palace of King Storm.

"You can't get in! you can't get in!" shrieked the wind creatures, pushing against the gate. "The king is in a fury, just getting ready to set off with a cyclone."

"A cyclone?" said Leo.

"Certainly. Did you never hear of a cyclone?"

"Oh, yes," said Leo. "I remember now. It is a terrible hurricane that tears up trees and houses by the roots. My uncle told me about one that happened while he was in India."

"We had better not stand here talking about it much longer," said the rain-children, "unless we intend to be blown into fragments. Let us lie flat on our faces until the king comes out and goes past."

"That would be wise, indeed," said the wind creatures, who then separated themselves into bands and frolicked about in the air at either side of the crystal gates. Leo and the rain-children, in the meantime, laid themselves flat, much against Leo's will, who would rather have stood bolt upright with his hands in his pockets, and his eyes fixed on the opening through which the great Storm King was to make his appearance. As it was, he contrived to keep a corner of one eye open, and peered upward with it in the best way he could. Suddenly was heard a frightful crash, like near thunder, and Leo, making

a great effort to look, caught just one glimpse of a gigantic face, pale and fierce, as if with passion, eyes and nostrils streaming white fire; the next moment a monstrous foot was planted right beside him, and the brave little boy felt a shock which threw him into a swoon. When he recovered his senses, Leo found the rain-children picking him up, and the wind-creatures frolicking about and holding their sides with laughing, while the crystal gates stood open, that Leo and his companions might enter, with welcome, into the palace. The Storm King was gone, cyclone and all, and his retainers were quite ready to hold a revel in his absence.

The wind-creatures joined hands in a circle round their visitors and swept them through the crystal gates, and up the sloping, glittering path, in under the open archway that led into the palace.

There Leo was struck dumb with amazement at sight of the vast airy halls that spread on every side as he entered. Down from roofs, which were so high he could not see them, wound light, gleaming staircases twining round crystal pillars like those outside, only the pent-up breath of the Storm King no longer kept restlessly rushing through them. And as Leo strained his gaze upward to the soaring staircases he beheld wonderful figures descending by them, some tall and powerful-looking and like strong warriors, others fair, delicate, and smiling, like playful girls."

"These," said the rain-children, "are King Storm's retainers, who have been away about his affairs, and are returning and coming down here to rest themselves in his absence."

"Dear me!" said Leo; "have they got a hall door on the roof of the palace? I have heard it said that when flying machines come into fashion all the hall doors will be made on the tops of the houses. Have they got flying machines up here? — But, oh, how silly I am — of course they are all flying machines themselves."

"I should think so," said the rain-children, "and besides that they are extremely pleasant creatures. I advise you to join in their dances and amusements. They will like you the better for it, and you will have much more fun."

As the rain-children spoke, Leo saw the halls fill quickly with wind-creatures, gales, winds, stiff breezes and mild breezes — all floating about, laughing and chasing each other, or wreathing themselves in long chains, which the others broke through when they met them. Leo felt himself caught up among them and whirled hither and thither at their will, till his head was so dizzy that he did not know where he was, or what wild thing could be happening to him. Presently they began to dance to a sort of strange, murmuring music which came from the movement of the dancers. It was like the sighing and piping of the wind on a rough evening at home, and Leo tried to think about that, and to make up his mind as to what was the cause of the likeness; but his head was spinning madly, and his breath was taken away, and he even felt as if dying in the struggle and confusion.

I do not know what would have become of him, only that a kind young breeze caught him in her arms, and snatched him out of the crowd of the bewildering dancers. She carried him away into an

empty hall, where he recovered his breath, and was able to speak to her. She was a charming young creature, with a sweet, rosy face, and a pale gleaming of gold about her dress.

"Oh, thank you!" said Leo, "you are very kind," as she fluttered round him and breathed on his head and hands. Her breath had the most delicious perfume of violets, and Leo felt pleasantly refreshed as she hovered about and kissed and petted him.

"Some of our friends here are rather rough," she said, "though they mean no harm. Now, if you come with me I will show you some things which may amuse you."

Leo followed her through the vast halls, till they came to one which was lined with crystal pillars, and between the pillars there seemed to be dim pictures, wide and dim, with lights and colors struggling in them, as if out of a deep and wonderful distance.

"What strange pictures!" said Leo, peering at them; "I cannot make out what they are."

"These are not pictures, but visions," said the breeze. "If you gaze at them steadily, one after another, you will see a good deal of what is going on at our hands in different parts of the world."

Leo walked slowly round the hall, staring at each in turn. At first he could see very little, but after gazing earnestly for some time, he found that each of these seeming pictures was indeed a strange piece of reality laid before his eyes.

After peering attentively into the first for a few moments, Leo clasped his hands and screamed aloud.

"What do you see?" asked the breeze.

"Oh, I see a dreadful dark sea at night!" cried Leo, "and a vessel driven about and going to pieces in the raging storm! The waves are foaming, and people are swallowed up in them. Oh, it is frightful! Cannot we do something to save them?"

"No," said the breeze, sadly, and drew Leo away to the next picture or vision.

"What do you see now?" she asked again.

"I see a beautiful bright ocean," said Leo, gladly, "and such a glorious ship with its sails spread, moving so swiftly across the shining waves. People are waving their handkerchiefs, and laughing, and clapping their hands. I suppose they are coming safely in port."

"Yes, indeed," said the breeze, "and that is pleasanter than the last. The next is very frightful, and you must not take more than a glance at it."

It was terrible, indeed. In the darkness of night a house was on fire, and the wind was blowing the flames wildly and increasing their fury. A red glare shone on upturned faces below, and some of them were full of agony and fear. Leo covered his face with his hand, and the breeze drew him on, leaving the horror behind.

After this there was a forest of gigantic trees, torn and lashed by the tempest; followed by many other pictures of different scenes, peaceful or terrible, in which the wind had an active part. Last of all came a delightful garden, full of the most lovely flowers of every hue, tended by a band of delicate creatures, so like his present kind com-

panion that Leo knew at once they must be breezes. Over this pleasant vision he lingered a long time, watching the breezes gently picking the dead leaves from the blossoms, fanning the buds open, and taking the scent from the hearts of the flowers upon their breath to scatter it sweetly over the place.

But at last he grew tired even of this, and the breeze said to him:

"Should you like to return to the dancers, or is there anything you wish particularly to see or know about?"

"I should be glad if you would take me up one of your wonderful winding staircases," said Leo. "I would give anything to see what you have got at the top of it."

"Come, then," said the breeze, smiling and sweeping the little boy on before her; and they began to mount a staircase close at hand which twined round one of the crystal pillars.

Up and up they went, the breeze fluttering behind Leo, and wafting him over step after step, so that he had no need to clutch at the glittering balustrade as he had fully intended to do. Higher and higher they went, losing sight of the halls below and as yet reaching nothing; and Leo thought of a picture he had seen of the angels ascending and descending on Jacob's ladder in a dream.

"This is reality though," thought Leo, "and I am going up myself, instead of merely looking at the angels."

Just as this thought passed through his mind, the staircase shook violently, and a convulsion seemed to have seized the whole palace.

"It is the king returning!" cried the breeze, in a tone of alarm.

Before she had time to say another word, a terrific crash seemed to split up the whole of creation. The shock threw Leo into a deadly swoon; and, as the Storm King re-entered his palace, the little boy was spun away into space, and remembered nothing more.

CHAPTER X.

THE SNOW'S KINGDOM.

THE next time Leo opened his eyes and looked round to see where he might be, he found that palace, staircase, drawbridge, and all had disappeared, and that wind-creatures and rain-children and breezes had deserted him. He was in a great white world, completely alone.

Oh, what a strange place it was! Nothing but vast plains of snow lying on every side of him. Was it really snow? He took up a handful and looked at it. Yes, it was snow. It did not melt, as earthly snow would do; but still it was snow. It did not shift and break up in fragments like the clouds, but his feet sank in it when he walked. He was certainly in a world of snow.

Away he went pattering through it as well as he could, leaving little dark footprints behind him as he walked. Now and again he stopped and listened and looked around. There was nothing floating, moving, soaring, or singing. All was silence, and flat, deathly whiteness.

Then he trudged on again. At last, feeling rather lonely, he

called out loudly, at the top of his voice; but nothing stirred, and no answer was given. To keep up his heart he sang and whistled, and tried to assure himself that he was not at all afraid of these dreadful white wildernesses; but with all his bravery, it must be owned, that his teeth began to chatter and his knees to shake.

"If there was going to be any end of it, you know, or any one to speak to!" said Leo to himself.

At this moment, he saw the first glimpse of some new forms in the whiteness — tall, bristling, glittering things that stood together in a vast spreading crowd, like a forest of icicle-trees. As he drew nearer to the strange appearance, he saw that this was indeed a magnificent frost forest, with spreading palms and pluming ferns.

"Oho!" said Leo to himself; "this is the place we see on the window-panes in the frosty winter mornings. I often wished I could get into it for a while; so here goes!"

And he plunged bravely into the middle of the ice trees, pushing his way carefully among them, and sometimes pricking his fingers with the jagged edges of the frozen leaves. As he went deeper and deeper into the glittering thickets the most exquisite colored lights came gleaming out of the distance, exactly like the glowing rays he had often seen lurking in crystal ornaments in the drawing-room at home.

These beautiful darting lights almost blinded him, and so he was hardly sure whether or not he really saw curious little snow-white figures of children, lying sleeping along the branches of the trees, and sitting perched among the bows with their knees drawn up to their chins, and their wild, pale faces smiling down at him.

"I often wondered if there were really live people hiding in these forests," thought Leo, "and now I know there are plenty of snow-children here, at all events."

And he stopped under a tree and looked up.

"I say!" he cried. "What jolly good slides you must have there on the barest bows; I wish you would help me up to you. The trunks are all so slippery that I cannot reach a place to put my feet!"

But in answer to this, the snow-children who were awake perching in the branches only answered: —

"We can't come down until thawing time begins." And they laughed in a way that sounded like crackling ice.

"When will that be?" asked Leo, of a sweet little snow-maiden, who was peering down at him with merry bright eyes, looking out of a cluster of icicle ringlets.

"When the Snow Queen turns in her sleep," answered the little girl, gaily.

"When will that be?" asked Leo.

"How should I know?" said the snow-girl.

"Go away! go away!" shrieked a whole flock of the snow-children, looking down at him, and shaking their little fists. "Your breath is beginning to melt us. The tears are already running down our cheeks!"

"Dear me!" said Leo; "how very strange!" and he saw that

his breath was puffing before his face like steam; and he was too much surprised to do anything but stare upward at the children, who soon brought him to his senses, however, by pelting him with icicles till he fled like the wind.

As soon as he stopped to take breath, he found that he had come to a very large clearing in the forest. Here was a lovely plain of untrodden snow, broken only here and there by beds of glittering ice-flowers. In the centre of all stood a transparent palace built of ice.

Up and down, and round and round the palace, walked bands of snow figures, with long trailing robes, and heads leaning on their breasts. Their hands were folded, and they looked like people who were patiently waiting for some wonderful event to take place. None of them took the slightest notice of Leo Their noiseless, wreathing movement had the most beautiful and awful effect, and the colored lights fell gleaming from the ice trees and jewelled all the palace walls.

Leo wandered about and tried to attract the notice of the snow-people by plucking their skirts. When this had no effect, he marched boldly into the palace to discover what he could.

There were halls and pillars of ice, and carpets of snow.

"One would need to have frost-nails in one's shoes like the horses to walk here," said Leo; and he tried in vain to ascend the staircase, coming slipping wildly back again at every step he made. At last he gave up the attempt, and began to consider about crossing the glittering hall. He bethought him of a plan, and taking a flying race from outside, he went gliding along the pavement just as if it had been a slide at home. In this way he dashed suddenly into the chamber of the Queen of Snow.

There she was lying on her couch, covered with white draperies, and fast asleep. She was far the most lovely creature that Leo had ever seen — so calm, so pure, so fair, so mighty — with her beautiful face upturned, and her noble head pillowed upon her arm. Round her, crouched upon the floor, sat twelve bowed figures, as motionless, though not so lovely, as herself. Well, whether it was that her time for moving had come, or that Leo's violent arrival had disturbed her, I cannot say, but just as he entered the door, she heaved a sigh, and the Snow Queen turned in her sleep.

Instantly a sound as of weeping was heard, a rushing and trickling like showers of sudden tears. Everything was in a wet state round Leo, and when he hurried away to see what could be happening outside, he found the ice-forests and the snow-lawns all dissolving away. The little snow-children came flying out of the frost-forests and danced round Leo, while they were all gradually melting and trickling into nothing before his eyes. While he stood there among them, lost in amazement, he perceived that his old friends the rain-children were frolicking in the crowd, and more surprising still, that the wind-creatures were also appearing, coming crashing through the ice-forests in the most boisterous manner. Very soon they were all capering together in the maddest way, forming flying circles round Leo, who was dragged about with them and felt that he was sinking, sinking, as everything was whirling and floating around and beneath him.

"We are all of the same family!" said his old friend the first rain-child, nodding at Leo; "and we often work together."

Just with this there was a loud report and a hissing noise, and a flaring light. Leo looked round wildly, and beheld capering overhead a fierce-looking being, brandishing a red-hot, two-pronged, gigantic fork in its claw. Before he had time to scream, the terrible weapon was thrust into the skirts of Leo's little knickerbocker jacket, and as he went whirling through the air he heard a chorus of mocking laughter, and the cry, —

"Hurrah! hurrah! he's off with the forked lightning!"

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

How it was that the forked lightning flung him straight down to earth again without breaking his bones, and more wonderful still, shot him right through the closed nursery window, without smashing a pane, Leo never could quite understand; but certain it is, that he felt himself suddenly pitched into his bed with a terrible shock, and had scarcely time to get his head up again to see the fiery heels of the lightning vanishing out of the window.

A thunderstorm was raging all round his father's house, and the little boy, though he was very sorry his adventures were over, could not but feel glad enough to be lying at that moment snug and safe in his bed.

His head was aching, and the next day Leo was found to have a slight attack of fever; no wonder, you will say, after all his extraordinary experiences and exertions.

When he was getting better, and his dear papa used to come and sit by his bed and put grapes into his mouth, Leo related all that had happened to him in the clouds.

He told his papa the whole story of his wanderings; but Nurse and Patty he would not take into his confidence. They would be sure to laugh, he said, and perhaps would refuse to believe him.

Papa did not laugh, but smiled pleasantly and patted his boy's little hands.

"Put it all out of your head for the present, Leo," he said, "and make haste to get strong. And when you are able to run and walk with me in the fields again, then you and I will talk this curious matter over."

"WILL you come over to my house after you git yer dinner, Johnny?" asked a small boy of a companion. "I guess not," said Johnny.—"Why not?"—"'Cause mother promised me, if I'd wheel the baby for a nour this mornin' she'd give me all the pie I could eat for dinner, an' I don't b'lieve I'll want to stir about much. You'd better hang round the side gate about three o'clock, and I guess you can get a job to run for the doctor."

Useful Knowledge.

BEETS.— Beets should not be cut before boiling. They need to boil about three hours. When cooked sufficiently, cool them a little in water, rub off the skin, and slice lengthwise. When eaten hot with butter they are much better than when eaten with vinegar.

FURNITURE POLISH.— Over a moderate fire put a perfectly clean vessel. Into this drop two ounces of white or yellow wax. When melted, add four ounces of pure turpentine, then stir until cool, when it is ready for use.

OATS.— The meal of oats is distinguished for its richness in gluten, and for containing more fatty matter than other of our cereal grains. To these two circumstances it owes its eminently nutritious and wholesome character.

BEEF STEW.— To utilize dry bread and cold beefsteak, toast the bread, cut the steak in pieces, put in frying-pan with small pieces of butter and water to cover it. Pepper and salt to taste. Boil gently ten minutes and turn it over the toast.

CHLORIDE of lime is of little use as a disinfectant unless in solution. The mere sprinkling about a place is ineffectual; but to wash walls, floors, and ceiling with it, or infected clothes, is one of the surest means of removing infections.

GOOD CHEAP CAKE.— Two cups of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder. In making this cake, and all others for common use, I use lard instead of butter or one-half lard, in the best of cake: cannot be detected if it is very sweet lard. Try it, you who have to pay high prices for butter.

WATER may be freed from organic impurity by chemical means, but the best way, to render it potable was pointed out by Hippocrates when he declared that suspected waters should be "boiled and strained." Mere filtration will not give immunity from infection, but advantage accrues from the use of freshly burned charcoal or spongy iron.

ACCORDING to a hygienic article in the *London Lancet* the appetite is a most misleading sensation, only remotely related to the actual demands of the organism. If we only ate more deliberately we should find half our accustomed quantity of food sufficient to satisfy the most eager cravings of hunger, and hence save ourselves from the evils of dyspepsia, or, on the other hand, a tendency to over increase in weight.

COLD IN THE HEAD.— Dr. J. L. Davis writes in the *Cincinnati Lancet*, that in a case of common cold in the head he has used the following with complete success: Half a grain of tartar-emetic is desolved in four ounces of water, and a teaspoonful of this is given every fifteen minutes for four doses, and then hourly, and after that every three or four hours. The disease is often cured in the course of one day.

MEATS AND THEIR ACCOMPANIMENTS. — With roast beef, grated horseradish; Roast pork, apple sauce; roast veal, tomato or mushroom sauce; roast mutton, currant jelly; boiled mutton, caper sauce; boiled chicken, bread sauce; roast lamb, mint sauce; roast turkey, cranberry sauce; boiled turkey, oyster sauce; venison or wild duck, black current jelly or red; broiled fresh mackerel, gooseberry sauce; boiled bluefish, white or cream sauce; broiled shad, boiled rice and salad; compote of pigeons, mushroom sauce; fresh salmon, green peas and cream sauce; roast goose, apple sauce.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST CHOLERA.— In view of the threatened invasion of cholera during the following summer, the following rules, issued by the Philadelphia Board of Health, will be found useful: Observe strict cleanliness in your person and clothing. Change your undergarments daily. Be regular in your habits of life, meals, exercise and sleep. Dress comfortable for the season, and avoid the night air as much as possible. Avoid the use of alcoholic drinks. Live temperately; avoid all excesses in eating crude, raw, and indigestible food, especially cabbage, salad, cucumbers and unripe fruits. A greater safety will be secured by boiling all water used for drinking purposes. Partake of well cooked beef and mutton, rice well boiled, and avoid pastry and laxative fruits. Take your meals at regular seasons. Avoid bodily fatigue and mental exhaustion. By excitement or violent exercise, you increase the susceptibility of the system to disease.

The Humorist.

THE King of Grease — Oleomargarine.

READING that is bad for the eyes — Volumes of smoke.

A NET that only big fish get into — The Cabinet.

WHY was Eve created? For Adam's express company.

A PUPPY'S joke is not very funny, but there's something waggish about a dog's tail.

A-HA! — how is it that a carpenter is seldom as good-looking as his wife? Why, because, don't you see, he is a deal planer.

"HOW do you define black as your hat?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the little wit.

"YOU need not be so crusty," said Todkins to his better half. "Better be a little crusty than not half baked," was the reply of his amiable spouse.

A PRIM old maid positively declined to attend a regatta after hearing that some of the competitors "hugged the shore," and that there were buoys in the water.

"AH! you flatter me," lisped a master to a pretty girl with whom he was conversing. "No, I don't," was the reply. "You couldn't be any flatter than you are."

A FOPPISH fellow advised a friend not to marry a poor girl, as he would find matrimony with poverty "up-hill work."—"Good," said his friend, "I would rather go up hill than down hill any time."

JUDGE — "The sentence of the Court is that the prisoner be confined to State prison for the remainder of his natural life."—"But, your honor — " Judge — "Not another word, sir, or I'll give you four years more."

THE craze on electrical study is beginning to bear fruit. "Are you the conductor?" asked a lady on an excursion train. "I am," replied the courteous official, "and my name is Wood."—"Oh, that can't be," she said, "for wood is a non-conductor."

DO you not think I would make a very attractive angel?" said a masher, with very large ears, to a young lady. "Well, no," she replied, pointing to his immense ears, "I think your wings are a little too high up."

"HERE'S something very rare, the identical Colt's pistol worn by the great Roland who was slain at Roncesvalles by the Turks." Customer: "But there were no pistols in that day." Antiquary: "I know, my dear sir; that's what makes them so rare."

A BOY asked his mother if all people alike were made of dust, and being told "Yes," took in the ethnology of the subject by saying "he supposed white people were made of a clean variety, and black people of coal dust."

"CAN you inform me how to get fat?" "Certainly: buy a five-dollar horse and wagon, and go around to the back doors after it."

A LIVELY air on a violin will sometimes set a whole flock of geese wild with delight.

Nine society girls out of ten are in love with a noodle, boodle or poodle.

A BROOKLYN clergyman says that liquors may soon be sold in skating-rinks and then "the result will be disastrous." We should say so. It is hard enough for a sober man to stand up now.

FOOTE, being asked whether the infant child of a very weak-minded father did not resemble its parent, replied, "I am not so good a physiognomist as to know whether the father is like the child; but this I know, there is a good deal of the child about the father."

WIFE (to her husband, who is arranging his papers) — "What have you got here in this parcel?" Husband — "they are the dear reminiscences of our wedding tour." Wife — "Oh, you sweet creature! Pray, what kind of reminiscences are they?" Husband — "They are hotel bills!"

A MODERN novel has the following passage: "With one hand he held the beautiful golden head above the chilling wave, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JULY, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE *Catholic Review* of New York, has presented a copy of the new Catechism to each of its subscribers. We have no doubt that many of the readers of that journal will peruse it with profit. Only would it not be well for all the Catholic papers of the country to follow the good example of the *Review?*

THE Very Rev. Canon Brosnan has received a subscription of £25 from the Duke of Norfolk for the O'Connell Memorial Church.

THE NEW CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY.—It is stated that the council of Catholic prelates who recently met in Baltimore for the purpose of selecting a place for the new Catholic university, decided that it shall be built in Washington, although the Catholics of other cities offered very large monetary inducements toward securing the university. The fact that Washington possesses the National Museum, the Congressional Library and other advantages, and is fast becoming a literary and scientific centre, caused the prelates to decide in favor of locating the university at the Capital. Rev. Dr. Chapelle of St. Matthew's Church, who was selected as one of the trustees, and who was among the foremost to urge the claims of Washington to the university, made a strong appeal to his congregation recently to contribute at least $50,000 to endow a chair in the proposed university. Father Chapelle has also selected and purchased a site for the new university. The property selected lies within a mile of the city limits and between the city and the Soldiers' Home. It is a piece of ground known as the Middleton estate, contains sixty-five acres, is well wooded, and on it is located the spring which supplies the Capitol building with water. The price paid for the ground is not stated. It is stated the new university will not interfere with Georgetown College, another Catholic institution, as the two can move in their respective orbits, and will aid rather than interfere with each other.

It is intended to commence with faculties of philosophy, science and theology, adding others in time. The great object of the institution, as set forth by Bishop Spalding in his discourse during the Plenary Council, is to educate a school of Catholic clergy equipped in all the knowledge of the age, so that the Church can have defenders able to meet learned scientists and brilliant agnostics with superior skill and culture. It is expected that the inauguration of a great school on the extended basis proposed will lead to liberal material aid, in addition to the $250,000 given by Miss Caldwell, of New York.

THE CANADIAN HALF-BREEDS.—As to Canada, the course which affairs are taking there affords another illustration of the well-proved, but grudgingly acknowledged truth, that the only way to get one's rights is to take them. The half-breeds might have grumbled forever without obtaining justice, but so soon as they rise in arms, the Dominion authorities are at once disposed to negotiate. If the negotiation comes to nothing, and the struggle goes on, I should not be very much surprised if so astute a man as Reil were to invite the intervention of France. This would be a very wise move to make; for although I do not for a moment suppose that the French Republic would, under any at present conceivable circumstances, despatch an expedition to the Canadian North-East, still France could hardly refuse to interfere, at least diplomatically, on behalf of men of her own race and lan-

guage, and (not that it goes for much nowadays) religion. Now, the countenance of some recognized civilized Power is just the one thing the insurgents want to make their success a certainty.—*London Truth.*

A LETTER from Constantinople mentions that an English Protestant lady there invited an Apostate Greek to preach in her house. All her servants were ordered to attend, but one — a Catholic — refused. On being asked his reasons, he replied: "I hear so many sermons from my own priest that I should consider that I was idling my time away if I heard any more. Your Greek servants can well attend as in the Schismatical churches they never preach. But my great reason for refusing is my objection to listen to apostates." The lady never invited the Greek apostate to preach in her house again; and shortly after the incident just described she was received into the Catholic Church, the faithful servant acting as her godfather.

THE OLD FRESH POND HOTEL.— The old Fresh Pond Hotel property in Cambridge has been disposed of by the Warren Institution for Savings, Charlestown, to an educational society of the Roman Catholics, which will at once convert the building into a convent school. This is one of the most elegant sites within 20 miles of Boston. The sale and transfer includes all the peninsula grounds above the brick ice houses on the east. The Sisters of St. Joseph are the purchasers. They commenced their labors in Jamaica Plain nine years ago, and have extended their labors to several other congregations in the Archdiocese of Boston. The mother House of the Order is to be located there. It is admirably suited for the purpose.

A TRIP THROUGH EUROPE.—An interesting lecture on "My Trip Through Europe" was delivered at Boston College Hall, Sunday night, May 22, under the auspices of the Holy Name Society of the Cathedral, by the Rev. Father Bodfish. The interest in the lecture was greatly enhanced by the numerous stereopticon views which were thrown upon an immense screen at the back of the stage. Father Bodfish began by describing his visit to Ireland, and carried his audience with him to all the principal points of interest in that country. The Lakes of Killarney, the House of Parliament, the Convent of the Nun of Kenmare, the Vale of Avoca, and many other views were strikingly realistic. From Ireland, the journey was continued to Liverpool and London, and from thence to France, where many historic churches, buildings, etc., were shown and described. The lecture closed by a brief tour of Germany and Switzerland. The lecture was very instructive to the large audience present.

THE IRISH AND THE GERMANS.— Miss Charlotte O'Brien writes: "It may be said that the Germans counter-balance the Irish. They do in wealth, in industry, in character, in ability, but not in political influence. The Germans spread themselves over the whole land. They are far richer and often more successful than the Irish. They are steadier, more shrewd, more plodding; but their aim is wealth, comfort, and happy homes. They live more apart from the national life; they have their German newspapers and they speak their German tongue, interlarded with Americanisms. Now, the Irishman is a brain particle; he gravitates to the life centres. He is cursed with the vice of thinking. He is too often the gifted maniac, but withal he is a man who in every country but his own takes the lead. In the States the Irishman is on the press, the law, in the army, in all professions — above all in politics; he is a very powerful leaven for good or evil in American life. German scholars are great lovers of the Irish language, and in Germany, as in America, Germans are ranked among the best speakers and writers of that ancient language. The Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, of New York City, having lost six hundred dollars in presenting an Irish opera, because of the indifference of the Irish people of that city, the Germans have undertaken to have the opera repeated so as to make good the loss.

PROGRESSIVE. — In the recent town elections at Southbridge, Rev. John H. Kremmin, pastor of St. Peter's Church, was chosen to be a trustee of the public library for three years. Charles Haggerty, Esq., a rising young Catholic lawyer of the town, was elected a member of the school committee; Mr. W. C. Callaghan was elected for the board of overseers of the poor, and Mr. John Ryan for the board of selectmen. All received hand-

some majorities, Father Kremmin leading the Democratic ticket, and obtaining eighty more votes than the opposing candidate, Rev. Mr. Danielson. This is the first time in the history of Southbridge that a Catholic has been elected for a town office.

THE "kettledrum" given at Mechanics' Hall in aid of Father Roche's Working Boys' Home on the sixth of May, was highly successful, to the great satisfaction of all concerned. It was attended by at least two thousand couples. The net proceeds of the festival will nearly, if not entirely, cancel the debt now resting on the site for the new building on Bennett Street.

A SCOTCH GIRL died of scarlet fever in the United States. Her clothes were carefully packed up, and her "kist" containing them, was sent to her native village. On its arrival at the station, there was the usual difficulty of conveying it to its destination; so there it had to remain, waiting for a friendly lift. Meanwhile, the infected kist formed a happy hunting-ground for the station-master's children, who, in due time, all fell ill with scarlet fever. At last the friendly lift came, and the box, a large wooden one, was carried home, and the contents distributed generously among the neighbors. Needless to say that an outbreak of scarlet fever in the village was the result; and as to the station, where people do congregate, and often have long to wait, it would simply be a centre, from which many a fever track would radiate, exciting the usual wonder, whence and how the fever came.

CATHEDRAL MISSION.—The most remarkable mission ever held in Boston, was that at the Cathedral of the Holy Cross. The rector, Father O'Toole, prepared the people by services every evening for a week previous to the mission. The Jesuit Fathers, Maguire, Langcake, McCarthy, Cavanagh, and McDonald, were in attendance from five o'clock in the morning, until eleven o'clock at night. They had assistance from the Church of the Immaculate Conception, St. Mary's, etc. The first week was devoted to the gentler sex, who crowded the vast Cathedral, from five in the morning, until ten at night. The communicants were five thousand. The second week was devoted to the men. The crowds were not so great, but the multitude filled the Church to its capacity, without placing seats in the aisles, as was the case in the women's week. Nevertheless, the men were determined to perform their duties, and well they did so. Young and old could be seen crowding around the confessionals before five o'clock in the morning. The mission was the grandest ever held in Boston. Some ten thousand good people partook of the Bread of Life. There were several converts. Confirmation was administered to some two hundred persons, who were deprived of that Sacrament in their early days. Rev. Father O'Toole, by his herculean labors, deserves the thanks and prayers of the Cathedral parish for his efforts in inaugurating and carrying into successful operation, the most successful mission ever held in Boston. *Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*

ABOUT two hundred and fifty tenants of the Fishmongers' Company, in county Derry, have entered into arrangements to become the owners of their farms. Four of the tenants, it is stated, purchased under mode A, by which they are bound to pay within three months the full money (about 14½ years' purchase); two bought under mode C, by which they agree to pay a fifth part of the purchase-money immediately, and the remainder in fifteen annual payments. The great majority of the purchasers adopted mode B, under which they will continue to pay for thirty years instalments which are a substantial reduction on their present rent.

LORD CHANCELLOR OF IRELAND.—Mr. John Naish, Attorney-General for Ireland, has received letters patent from the Queen creating him Lord Chancellor of Ireland, in succession to the late Sir Edward Sullivan. The New Lord Chancellor is a son of the late Mr. Carrol Naish, of Ballycallen, county Limerick, and was born in 1841. He was educated at Clongowes Wood College, which is conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, taking his Bachelor's degree in 1863. He was called to the Irish Bar in Michaelmas Term, 1865, and was appointed a Queen's Counsel in 1880. Mr. Naish was nominated Law Adviser to the Government of Ireland in 1880, and was Solicitor-General for Ireland in 1883, since

which time he has been Attorney-General. He was sworn a member of her Majesty's Privy Council for Ireland last year. Mr. Naish married in 1884, Maude, daughter of the late Mr. James Arthur Dease, of Turbotston, Ireland.

It is stated that his Holiness has resolved to raise to the dignity of the Cardinalate the Most Rev. Dr. Paul, Archbishop of Bogota. If the news be true, Archbishop Paul will be the first South American who has ever received that honor.

Irish Law Students, before being called to the Irish bar, have hitherto been obliged to "eat their dinners" at some English Inn of Court. That is, for three years they had to dine six times every quarter at the Inner or Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, or Gray's Inn. Dating back to the times of Henry VIII., this rule was probably due to the feeling that a man could not learn English law anywhere out of England. In practice, however, it has come to this, that Irish law students besides other expenses, have had to spend a week in London once a quarter during the three years previous to their "call." And when we remember that this regulation was enforced, and is enforced at the present time, even in the case of students who have no intention of ever being called to the English Bar, but are preparing exclusively for the Irish Bar. The law is about to be repealed.

The Royal Party.— No word spoken by the Prince during his stay in Ireland has been so well remembered as that little allusion he made to the people's hymn, using their own favorite catchword when he said (after the rough affair at Mallow) that he hoped God would indeed save Ireland. At dinner at Dublin Castle one evening it chanced that her highly-honored neighbor, a gentleman who must be nameless, made some depreciatory remark to the Princess about the people of his own land, which he doubtless thought was calculated to please the ear of a lady who could not be expected to approve of the rascal, Pat. "Well," answered her royal Highness thoughtfully, "*I think that the people of Ireland have been very badly treated.*" Is not the motto of the Danish flag, "My strength is the love of my people?" What could not Alexandra do for Ireland if she would but choose? The Prince and Princess seemed to enjoy their trip to Killarney quite as much as ordinary mortals are accustomed to do. The Princess showed a wholesome and healthy appreciation of, and delight in, the situation by preferring to walk through the Gap of Donloe, with the help of a stout stick, which she bought for the occasion, and will, no doubt, long remember the exquisite fairyland through which that sturdy shillelagh bore her company.

The man that talks the least, often does the most for God, for himself, and for his neighbor. Dead men's money builds many churches. After they are through with it, they tell Almighty God that He may have it. It is the charity of the living that we need in this world, says the *Catholic Columbian.*

Sir Charles Dilke, one of Her Majesty's ministers, delivered a speech the other evening at the Middlesex Liberal Association in favor of local government for each of the three countries. He said that local government reform was the keynote to all other reforms, and that such reform for England, Ireland, and Scotland should have regard to the diversity in each of the three kingdoms.

What was certainly a novel spectacle in Leeds, England, was witnessed on Sunday morning, when two of her Majesty's judges, who are at present on circuit at the Leeds assizes, attended divine service, not, as had been the custom of their predecessors in the Protestant parish church, but in the Catholic Cathedral. It may be added that Mr. Justice Day and Mr. Justice Mathew were not driven in state in the High Sheriff's carriage, as their colleagues usually are when they go to church.

Whiskey Drinking in Cars.— John L. Bair was the plaintiff before a Philadelphia judge Thursday in a suit to recover damages for an alleged illegal eviction from a train. In February last Bair was a passenger from Philadelphia to Gap Station. At Downington the conductor told him that he must either go into the smoking car or leave the train, whereupon he left the train, accelerated, he now alleges by the conductor's pushes. On cross-examination he admitted that he had two

drinks before getting on the train, and that he and two friends with him had a flask, from which they took one or more drinks on the car. The conductor and several of the passengers testified that the three men were drinking, and were noisy and objectionable to the other passengers. They paid no attention to the conductor's repeated remonstrances. Judge Arnold instructed the jury that people who drink whiskey in railroad cars must take the consequences; that the evidence convinced him that the three were drunk and disorderly, and that the conductor would have been justified in throwing them out through the window if necessary. The jury found a verdict in favor of the defence without leaving their seats.

A "HAND-FOOTED" INDIAN. — One of the passengers to Liverpool by the White Star steamer Republic on a recent voyage was an Indian youth named Weninch Boseth (the hand-footed), the son of Big Bear, one of the chiefs of the South Cree Indians. He came direct from the northwestern territory of Canada, and apart from the interest naturally attaching to his visit on account of his close connection with one of the leaders of the present rebellion in the dominion, will, doubtless, receive considerable attention, owing to his extraordinary accomplishments. Though born without arms, he has acquired such marvellous power with his feet, that he can use them as skilfully as the majority of people can use their hands. Owing to his deformity, his life would, in all probability, have been sacrificed had it not been for the earnest entreaty of his mother. It is due to her training principally, that the unfortunate young Indian now possesses such astonishing pedal dexterity. He shoots with bow and arrow, and is unerring in his aim, fishes with the net, sews with an ordinary needle, and sharpens a pencil.

VICES OF THE YOUNG MEN.— The report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice, for 1885, classifies the crime of the youth of both sexes (under 21) as follows: Murder, 74; attempted murder, 104; burglary, 179; highway robbery, 84; grand larceny, 72; larceny, 230; forgery, 18; arson, 4; manslaughter, 2; counterfeiting, 5; train wreckers, 3; mail robbery, 4; picking pockets, 8; suicide, 37; attempted suicide, 24. A band of a dozen boys is mentioned — all under ten years of age — who had voted to kill their mothers. One of them proposed to practice upon a servant girl at first, but she objected and the plot was discovered.

A CONSIDERABLE sensation has been produced in Austrian medical centres by the recent appearance in the drug-market of a new narcotic imported from Queensland, and at present only known to the trade by its somewhat queer native name of "pitchery-bidgery." It is the flower of a plant belonging to the solanacea order, and indigenous to Northern Australia — a sort of stunted shrub, from three to four inches in height when full grown, and bearing blossoms of a waxy texture, white in color and flecked with pink spots. These flowers are picked in the month of August, dried, packed tightly in canvas bags, and then subjected to a high degree of pressure, which imparts to them the consistence of cake tobacco. By chewing a small plug of this substance relief is speedily obtained from bodily fatigue, hunger and thirst. A larger dose of "pitchery-bidgery" produces absolute insensibility to pain, but does not subject the patient to any of the inconveniences resulting from treatment by ordinary anæsthetics. In common with the narcotics hitherto familiar to the faculty, pitchery-bidgery, administered in minute doses, acts as a simulant — in larger quantities, as a powerful sedative. But it is stated to possess the peculiar property of enabling those who take it habitually to withstand fatigue and undergo great physical exertion upon a low diet. Like the famous hashish of Monte Christo, it is said to be an effective and agreeable substitute for food and drink. Considering, remarks the *Telegraph*, the present cost of good butcher's meat and wholesome fermented liquor, it is probable that the general public will await the further developments of "pitchery-bidgery" with eager and hopeful anxiety.

SAND.— Persons who use warm water bottles and India-rubber bags would find a bag of sand far more convenient. The sand should be fine, clean and thoroughly dried, then put into a flannel bag covered with linen or cotton cloth, to prevent the sand from sifting out. The bag, may be quickly heated by placing it in an oven or on a stove. The sand holds the heat a long time, and imparts a more agreeable heat to the feet or hands than a warm water bottle.

Low Theatres.

REV. F. E. CLARKE, Protestant minister of Boston, deserves the thanks of the citizens for his manly denunciations, on a recent occasion, of the vile and demoralizing dime shows and low theatres. He felt that an indiscriminate condemnation of all theatres sometimes overleaps itself. While he meant to criticise those before which a danger signal should be hung, he confessed that he himself had not visited them, but he claimed a man need not enter a pesthouse or a small-pox hospital to know that those places should be shunned. While the average father and mother would object to having their daughters and sisters appear in the disgraceful dress of the stage, still they pay their money to see some other peoples' daughters and sisters in costumes that simply pander to lustful tastes. He referred to the pictures on bill boards about town at present of a hideous man with his head covered with patches, and said that if such a man was to appear at the church door he would horrify the audience, "and yet you pay to see the antics of such a character." He drew a strong picture to show that beneath all gilded pleasures was to be found vice, and not happiness, and he claimed that the drama, as presented to-day, was a gilded pleasure. The spirit of Christ, which was the soul of all happiness, could not be found in the company of thieves, harlots and cut-throats, who were generally the heroes in the low play house.

In connection with the above, we give the following remarks from *The Pilot:* Decent people throughout the country are interested in the war which is being waged in many cities on the vile pictures that are used to advertise certain plays. Rev. Father McGoldrick, of Minneapolis, took practical action last week by sueing out warrants against a bill-poster and a theatrical agent on charges of posting indecent pictures. Such offenders do much to justify the charge that the stage is immoral, and the respectable members of the profession should co-operate with all friends of decency in punishing those who so insult public purity.

THE GOOD NEWS comes from Rome, that the Very REV. DR. WALSH, of Maynooth College, has been appointed Archbishop of Dublin to succeed the late Cardinal McCabe.

U. S. CONSUL AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.—The Hon. Michael M. Phelan, of St. Louis, appointed Consul-General at Halifax, N. S., is the proprietor of our esteemed contemporary, *The Western Watchman*, of which his brother, the Rev. Father Phelan, is the able Democratic editor. Mr. Phelan is a scholarly man of high executive ability. He has filled many important offices in Missouri, and he will properly represent the United States in Canada.—*The Pilot.*

THE SUNDAY CHRONICLE is the name of the paper lately issued in New York. It is ably edited by our old friend, Peter McCorry, Esq. We are pleased to learn that it is succeeding to the entire satisfaction of both editor and manager. The paper is published at 21 Beekman Street, New York, at the low price of $2.50 a year.

MR. BLAKE, in the Canadian Parliament, says there were two hundred and fifty killed and four hundred and fifty wounded, in the Riel rebellion. He looked upon the recent events in the North-west in a light favorable to the sufferings of the insurgents.

VICTOR HUGO, the French author, died at Paris recently.

GREAT CONTRIBUTIONS.—We see it stated, that the sixteen Irish Bishops who recently visited Rome brought an offering of Peter Pence amounting to about £12,000, ($60,000). The Archbishop of Cashel, alone presented £1,600 in a purse embroidered with the episcopal arms. The sum which Ireland offers to the Holy Father every year, in Peter Pence, may be estimated at about £50,000 ($250,000). This magnificent contribution from a poor and persecuted country is due alike to the steady faith and generosity of the people, and to the apostolic zeal of the Bishops and clergy. What country can show such a record?

AT the request of the Apostolic Delegate, and other Archbishops and Bishops, Bishop Gilmore goes to Rome on business connected with the late Plenary Council of Baltimore.

From Holyhood to Glasnevin.

Pamphlet Memorial of the Great Rev. Dr. Cahill.

THIS little work contains a sketch of the life of Dr. Cahill; record of his death twenty years ago, Very Rev. Father Lilly's Panegyric, February 23, 1885, before an immense congregation in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Fifth Avenue, New York; also full details of the ceremonies attending the translation of the remains of the illustrious Irish Apostle in their passage from Holyhood Cemetery, Boston, to Glasnevin, Dublin. The pamphlet has some fine selections from his orations and letters. The introduction to the work is by the Rev. P. A. McKenna, the gifted writer and orator. The work is collated by an Irish-American journalist (Captain John M. Tobin), and nicely illustrated, having two portraits of the great man at different periods in his eminent career. Price 25 cents. For sale at all periodical depots.

A Wonderful Surgical Operation Performed in New York.

NEW YORK, April 29.— An unusual surgical operation was recently performed in Bellevue Hospital. Annie Finnell, 23 years of age, in July, 1884, was so unfortunate as to catch her hand between the rollers of a clothes mangle. No bones were broken, but the forearm was crushed and suffered deep laceration just below the elbow joint. The muscles were badly torn at the elbow. This was accompanied by the loss of tissue. It required several weeks to heal the wound, and the member was crippled. She was able to move her arm only with great difficulty, and practically lost the use of her fingers.

She entered Bellevue Hospital on February 17. Muscle grafting was considered the only method that could be employed that would restore to her use of the arm. A healthy dog was secured that was to furnish the muscle that was to take the place of the dead tissue. The young woman was put under the influence of ether and placed on the operating table. Alongside the operating table on another table the dog was laid, and ether was also administered to it. An incision was made in Miss Finnell's arm at the seat of the injury and the flesh laid open. The ends of the contracted and paralyzed muscles were cut off to give a raw, fresh surface. The surgeon by a quick stroke of his scalpel, cut open the thigh of the senseless canine. From the main muscle or tendon of the animal he severed a strip four inches long and two wide. Almost instantly and before contraction set in or its living influence deadened, the muscle was transplanted into the open arm of the woman. After this had been done the patient's arm was sewn up and bandaged, and to nature was left the rest.

The dumb animal that had furnished the living flesh was bandaged up and tenderly treated. Apparently neither patient or victim experienced any pain or suffered by the operation. The experiment has proven very successful. A little more than three weeks has elapsed since the operation was performed, but the young woman is now able to move her arm with little difficulty. It is a trifle less limber than before she met with her accident, but the surgeons expect that will wear off in time. She has also regained the use of her fingers, and marvels at the wonderful transformation.

How Our Fellow Catholics Worship in the Old Land.

THE Rev. J. J. Keane, P. P., writes from Rosmuck, Galway: — The Parish of Rosmuck, of which I am pastor, is over twenty miles long by ten broad, and a portion of it called the district of Camus is sadly in want of a little chapel, suitable for the celebration of Mass, and sufficiently large to accommodate my poor congregation. The house at present, and for many years past, used for this purpose, is a small thatched cabin about twenty feet long, by twelve broad and seven feet high, and owing to its elevation and exposure, is periodically stripped of its roof by the severe storms so well and painfully known in this cold, bleak, and unsheltered locality. Only about a third of the congregation find place in this humble chapel, the rest have to offer up their devotions outside, and — what is pitiful to see — for the most part of the year, kneeling on the bare ground under a drenching rain or hail-storm, and in accord with this poverty-stricken community, their clothing insufficient for protection from the inclement weather. For several years past we were hopeful that each succeeding one might enable us to enlarge and improve the house, but alas! from the extreme poverty existing, we have been repeatedly doomed to disappointment. The inhabitants of this barren and mountainous district are all, without exception, entirely depending on the produce of their little holdings, which

consist of from one to three acres of partly reclaimed bog unfit for cultivation. On this they endeavor to grow some potatoes for the maintenance of the family, but from adverse seasons, now so prevalent, the yield fails to support the wants of the household, and in consequence, acute destitution is of annual occurrence. This sad condition is perpetuated by matters beyond their control, such as the want of any kind of employment in the place by which they might earn something to alleviate their sufferings and erect a House of Worship; but the drawbacks I have mentioned have hitherto paralyzed our efforts. In this painful difficulty I confidently appeal to friends of the poor and afflicted for their sympathy and support, and I earnestly appeal to all to whom Providence has given the means, not to forget to assist us. The smallest subscription will be thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged. Post-office orders may be made payable to me at the post-office, Galway.

Speech of the Prince of Wales.

AT the annual inaugural dinner of the Royal Academy, London, the president, Sir Frederick Leighton, in proposing "The health of the Prince and Princess of Wales," said—"The Prince and Princess of Wales have but now given a proof of their wide interpretation of princely duty, and of the beneficent influence of princely graces. Whatever fruit may ripen out of the recent visit of their Royal Highnesses to the Irish people, time only can show. Yet this, at least, we may surely affirm, that the presence of the son and of the grandson of the Queen, alone in the midst of the grimmest refuges of Dublin destitution, drawn thither by a benevolent impulse and strong in a chivalrous sense of not unmerited trust, will be gratefully remembered among a generous and warm-hearted people" (hear, hear).

The Prince of Wales, in replying, said: "You, sir, have kindly alluded to our late visit to Ireland. I can only assure you that if that visit was a labor at all, it was a labor of love (cheers). We had, for a long time past, looked forward to once more visiting Ireland. It was said that in going there, we should meet with a kind and hearty reception, and such was the case, with very few exceptions. We received as kind and loyal a reception as it could be the good fortune of any one to meet (hear, hear). I wish to allude to only one subject more, a subject of great interest. We had the opportunity of visiting, although the time allowed us was too short to do all that we could have wished to do, those districts of the town of Dublin in which the houses, although they might have picturesqueness, were certainly not calculated to promote the happiness and welfare of the inhabitants. This reminds me that I have had the honor of serving for upwards of a year on the commission which has for its object the improvement of the dwellings of the lowest classes of this country. I will not anticipate our first report which will be shortly issued. I will only say before sitting down that not only has it been to me a sincere pleasure and satisfaction to have aided so important and valuable a work, but I have had the advantage of working with some of the most distinguished of my fellow-countrymen, some of whom are here to-night. Allow me to thank you once more, in the name of my family and myself, for the kind greeting which you have given us to-night (loud cheers).

Expected Advent of the Locust.

ACCORDING to Prof. C. V. Riley, the U. S. Entomologist, we are to experience this year a very extended appearance of the insect known as the Periodical Cicada, *alias* the "seventeen-year locust." Prof. Riley, who has made many original observations on this insect, and who seventeen years ago published an account of twenty-two distinct broods, and first announced that there is a thirteen-year race of the species, states that we shall witness this year the conjunction of two distinct broods, one a seventeen-year and the other a thirteen-year brood.

It is 221 years ago, or in 1664, since these two broods appeared simultaneously. The thirteen-year brood is located principally in the Mississippi Valley, reaching up as far as the mouth of the Missouri, and having its thickest centres in Union County, Southern Illinois, and in Kansas, Missouri, Georgia, Louisiana, Tennessee, and Mississippi.

The seventeen-year brood is one of the largest of all those known to occur, and will appear on Long Island, in Kings and in Monroe Counties, New York, at Fall River, in the southeastern portion of Massachusetts, in parts of Vermont, and very generally in Pennsylvania, Maryland, District of Columbia, Delaware, and Virginia, also in Northwestern Ohio, in

Southern Michigan, in Indiana, and Kentucky.

This curious insect, according to race, remains either for thirteen or seventeen years under ground, developing slowly, and sometimes burrowing far below the frost line. Prof. Riley says that they will begin to rise from the ground about the latter part of May in the more southern portions of the country, and early in June in the northern portion, and that the woods will resound with the hoarse rattling noise which the males make, the females being noiseless, a fact which the Rhodian bard Xenarchus recorded in his couplet:

"Happy the Cicada lives,
Since they all have voiceless wives."

The seventeen-year brood that is to occur this year has been well recorded for the years 1715, 1732, 1749, 1766, 1783, 1800, 1817, 1834, 1851, and 1868. Prof. Riley witnessed it himself in 1868, and while the underground life of the insect has been hitherto inferred only from the periodical appearance of the perfect insect, he has since then been able to establish it by direct observation of the development of the larvæ from year to year.

Encouragement of Catholic Literature.

A WRITER in the *Weekly Register* of London, makes the following earnest appeal: "Let us not content ourselves with 'beating the air' by writing exhaustive letters on what should be done, but let some influential Catholic come forward and institute a movement for spreading the literature which we already possess, and which, in my poor opinion is sufficient if properly diffused. Let us begin with the little children, for we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that their wants are the most pressing, the most necessary, the most sacred. Let our separated brethren see that our faith is not a dead faith, and that we shall not permit the absence of good works to falsify our holy religion. What is the use — I now appeal to practical people — of talking only where the work is ready to be done?"

The writer did not content himself with merely telling others that they ought to work as well as talk. He went to work himself, and tells how he did it, and with what results: "Purchasing forty copies of the *Catholic Children's Magazine*, I distributed them in a remote and poor district. Mark the result. I have received from poor parents applications for two hundred copies of No. V., with the pennies, and regrets that the necessity of paying the yearly 3*s*. 3*d*. together prevented their children from becoming 'working associates.' Judge by this what might be done in this regard in such cities as London, Dublin, etc."

Would it not be a good thing for some of our Catholic friends in the large cities to try the same plan? We will sell our MAGAZINE in quantities for gratuitous distribution, at cost.

The Josephite Organ and Mementoes at Mass.

WE do a service to our readers by showing them how their prayers and intentions may be kept on the altar daily for twelve months, and even for years. The society of priests, known as "Josephites," have an organ, *St. Joseph's Advocate*, 51 Courtland Street, Baltimore, Md., a pictorial quarterly of sixteen pages, quarto, printed in the finest style, and almost given away; the subscription being only twenty-five cents a year. How it manages to live, with its costly engravings, specially ordered and cut for it, and with heavy supercalendered paper to show them off, is explained in the following notification, which shows the trust of these Josephites in their great patron, St. Joseph: —

"NOTICE. — The name and address of every donor of $5.00 to this paper, and of every one procuring a club not under twenty, are preserved in St. Joseph's Literary Poor Box, that they and their proper intentions be prayed for daily, in the Holy Sacrifice throughout the year, the obligation ceasing at the end of twelve months in every case. Special benefactors (those notably helping still more) are kept on the Altar of God for years and mementoed by name."

Hear this: "The greatest favor a priest can show you, next to offering the Sacrifice for you, is to make a *memento* of you in the Mass. It is an honor and a great spiritual advantage to be named officially in the Holy Mysteries. It is like making a special presentation of you and of your necessities to our dear Lord, and to the Adorable Trinity."—*The People's Manual on the Holy Scripture*, page 113. And this is the language of saints and theologians.

St. Joseph's Advocate, in the interests of the Colored Missions, is the first of its kind ever started in the United States, and no other paper supplies its informa-

tion, whilst this information is of general interest. Take its pictures. The "Adoration of the Magi," "Taking down from the Cross," Perugino's "Madonna," and the late "Plenary Council," are well worth framing. St. Joseph, St. Jeremias the Prophet, St. Benedict the Moor (a black canonized saint), and Blessed Martin (an American colored saint), are also well illustrated, whilst several of the living and dead subjects, not a few great benefactors of the cause, and well known to thousands among us, are almost *photographed*, so striking are the likenesses. In this biographical line are Archbishop Gibbons, Rt. Rev. Monsignor Preston, Rev. Dr. Burtsell, Father Burke, and the late Father Farrell, New York; Father Sambo (an African black), Father Durbin, Kentucky; the late Father Boyle of Washington; Father Giessen, C. S. S. R., New Orleans; B. McCane, Manayunk; two Asiatic groups, with Father Kroot (in garb of a Turk); the Jesuit, Father Miller, of Baltimore, with three other deceased Baltimorians, Capt. Kennedy, Col. Boone, and John Murphy, publisher. A letter-press sketch of the life accompanies each portrait, whilst stories, news, reports from the missions, book reviews, original poetry, and editorials, with a few advertisements, fill up the balance of the little magazine, which has the full approval of the Ordinary, His Grace, of Baltimore. "Apart from the special object it promotes," says the *Catholic Standard*, "its admirable illustrations and interesting reading matter would make it cheap at double its subscription price." We say so too, and feel confident that many will thank us for this presentation of a rare opportunity to serve themselves and their deceased friends, while serving a most meritorious, indeed a holy cause. — *The Emerald*, Pittsburg, Pa.

Wife Beating in England.

It will astonish most people, even those who are well acquainted with the social habits of the average British workman, to hear that the latest development of his much-vaunted "cool, calculating, and methodical" character has taken the form of the establishment of a Wife-Beaters' Club. The existence of this novel institution was brought to light a few days ago in Aspull, near Bolton. It is a society of habitual wife beaters, who subscribe to a general fund, out of which the fines and costs incurred by the members for the prosecution of their favorite pastime are paid. The revelation was made by the wife of one of the members of the club. For a former assault, which has disabled the woman from work ever since her husband was fined; and, a separation agreement having been drawn up, he was ordered to pay her five shillings a week for her support. With this order he neglected to comply; and when the woman asked him for the money he "jumped upon her" and otherwise ill-used her. The unfortunate woman summoned him for the assault; and during the hearing of the case she informed the magistrate of the existence of the club, adding that the fine formerly inflicted upon her husband had been paid out of the club fund. On hearing this the magistrate very properly sent the offender to gaol for a month, without allowing him the option of paying a fine. Persistence by the magistrates in this course of dealing with wife beaters is the only means of stamping out this system of co-operative brutality in Bolton, since the imprisonment of every wife beater brought before them would effectually defeat the prudent intentions of the amiable members of the club, and deprive the institution of its *raison d'etre*.

A Brave Soldier.

Ave Maria: — Shortly after the late civil war, the Right Rev. Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, found himself compelled to seek pecuniary aid outside of his impoverished diocese. The Bishop's cathedral and residence, churches and schools, had been laid in ruins during the war; the South was impoverished, and he had no alternative but to seek aid from his fellow Catholics in the North. Those who saw the simple, saintly prelate during his travels will not soon forget him. Bishop Lynch was, in truth, one of nature's noblemen. In his collecting tour he visited Boston, and as usual the newspapers announced his presence and the object of his visit. The reading aloud of one of the notices in the press room of a large Boston daily, was the cause of some very bitter remarks from an employee, who said that "the —— Secesh had no business there; instead of getting money he should be driven out of the city," etc. Others coincided with the speaker, when one of the pressman, who had been in active service during the war, jumped up and said in an earnest, manly tone, "Hold on, gentleman; you don't know what you

are talking about. There isn't in Boston to-day, a nobler, kinder hearted man than Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, or one that better deserves the paltry dollars of which he is in need. As to myself, I am but a poor man; I have only $45 in money, but before night every dollar of it shall find its way into Bishop Lynch's purse. When I was in need, a prisoner, wounded and in hospital in the South, he visited me and helped me, and I shan't forget him for it. I won't hear him spoken ill of. If anybody doesn't like that, or wants any satisfaction from Bishop Lynch, he can take it out of me, if he can. You will find the old soldier ready to stand to his principles, and to back them up if need be." That settled the matter. There was no further demur in that press room, either to Bishop Lynch, or the object of his mission.

Thirty Thousand Russian Poles Ordered to Leave Germany.

LONDON, May 23.—Private letters from Posen and Silesia describe the present expulsion by Germany, at Russia's request, of Russian Poles from those provinces as being attended by the most cruel and heartrending incidents. Many of the Poles who are now being driven out have been settlers in German territory for many years, and had thoroughly identified themselves with local interests. Most of them went to Posen and Silesia to escape intolerable despotism at home. The decrees of expulsion issued by Herr von Pultekammer, German minister of the interior, affects about 30,000 Poles resident in Germany. Eight thousand of these have already been arrested without warning and conducted to the German frontier by Prussian troops. The remainder of the 30,000 consist of those who have obtained permits of settlement. The decree of expulsion gives these a short respite, in order to allow them time to settle up their affairs, dispose of their property, and otherwise prepare for extradition. Whole villages have already been depopulated, and their refugee inhabitants turned over to the Russian authorities at the German frontier. Numbers of the poor Poles are fleeing into Austria to escape enforced return to the land of their birth. The news of all this cruelty has cast the chill of despair throughout Russian Poland. It is all interpreted by the Viennese as a fresh evidence of the binding nature of the present connection between Germany and Russia, and of their united policy to entirely suppress the Polish nationality.

The Riel Rebellion.

THE impression prevails that General Wolseley quelled the insurrection in 1869. That it was put down "without the shedding of blood" is perfectly true; but that, as Wolseley stated in his order of the day, the collapse of the uprising was due to the dismay caused by the presence of his troops, is utterly false. It was Archbishop Taché, and not General (then Colonel) Wolseley, who put down the rebellion. The Archbishop was in Rome, attending the Vatican Council, when the insurrection began. The Premier of the Dominion begged of his Grace, by cable, to return and use his authority with the rebels in favor of peace. The Archbishop, on his return, undertook the office of mediator on condition that justice should be done to the half-breeds, and that all their grievances should be redressed. His condition was accepted; and he was authorized to promise the half-breeds that their demands would be complied with, and that a general amnesty would be declared. His Grace hastened to Fort Garry, told Riel and his followers what had occurred, and requested them to lay down their arms. The insurrectionary movement thereupon ceased; and when Wolseley and his troops reached the banks of the Red River, they found that peace was reigning. The solemn promises made to Archbishop Taché have been broken; and it is to enforce their fulfilment that Riel entered the field. We print elsewhere an article giving details of the causes, etc., which led to the outbreak.

JOHN HUGHES KELLY, son of Eugene Kelly, the banker of New York City, while bathing in the Sabinas River, forty kilometres north of Lampazos, Mexico, on May 9, with Daniel Milmo and a few other friends, was caught in a whirlpool, swept under, and drowned before Milmo or any of his companions could reach him. The deceased was the eldest son of Mr. Eugene Kelly. He had returned home on the 4th of October last, after a vacation of eighteen months, spent in travelling through Europe and the East. He left New York on the 10th of last April to officiate as groomsman at his brother's wedding, on the 23d ult., at Monterey, Mexico.

Personal.

JOHN KELLY, who has now been for two weeks at the sanitarium at Clifton Springs, is much improved in health. Mrs. Kelly states that she is the "boss" now, and insists that her husband shall be kept quiet. They selected Clifton Springs as a retreat for the reason that it was so far away from the politicians of New York, that the latter would be unable to annoy Mr. Kelly. Mr. Kelly takes a walk every morning with Judge Barlow, of Canastota, and is looking as well as ever. During the past two weeks he has slept more than he had for a month previously. He takes no medicine, but enjoys daily the sulphur baths. The tone of his stomach is becoming improved, and he anticipates being restored fully to his former robust condition. Mr. Kelly will remain at Clifton Springs during most of the summer. He declines to see politicians, and greatly enjoys the quiet of his retreat. He has recently undertaken riding on horseback.

Georgetown College Journal: Rev. P. F. Healy returned from New Orleans, where he had been visiting the great exposition, and reached Portland, Me., on the eve of Palm Sunday. His journey thither and back was made by sea, such travel always proving of benefit to him. To Father Curley, the venerable custodian of our museum, Father Healy sent a collection of the commemorative medals which have been struck in the Crescent City since the the opening of the exhibition. We are pleased to learn that our ex-President's health is steadily improving.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN has already received, as trustee of the Catholic institutions of the Philadelphia diocese, $740,000 under the will of the late Francis A. Drexel, the banker, who directed that after the payment of certain small specific legacies, one-tenth of his estate should go to a number of Catholic charities which he named. As the estate is said to be worth $10,000,000, there will shortly be paid over some $260,000 more.

THE Geological Society of London has this year assigned its "Bigsby" medal to a Catholic priest, Abbe Renard, of Brussels. The medal, according to the will of its founder, is to be given, irrespective of nationality, to any *savant* who has distinguished himself by geological research, and is under forty-five years of age. Abbe Renard's claim to eminence is in his succesful researches in fossil microscopy.

LORD MAYOR O'CONNOR, of Dublin, has issued an appeal to the Irish people at home and abroad, for funds for the erection of a suitable memorial to the late Dr. Cahill. Contributions may be forwarded to Lord Mayor John O'Connor, the Mansion House, Dublin, Ireland.

FRANCOIS XAVIER BEAUDRY, one of the wealthiest real estate owners in Montreal, whose death at an advanced age is reported, bequeathed the residue of his estates, which is expected to reach 1,500,000 dollars, after providing for four grandchildren and a son, to the order of Sulpicians, to found an orphanage for destitute French Canadian children.

THE VACANT SEE OF SAVANNAH.—A rumor comes from Baltimore to the effect that the Rev. John S. Foley, D. D., of that city, brother of the late Bishop Foley, of Chicago, has been recommended to the Holy See for the vacancy caused by the promotion of Bishop Gross to the Archiepiscopal See of Oregon City.

RECENTLY Very Rev. Father Scanlan, having direction of the Church in Utah, visited Butte, Montana, in company with another priest, Father Cushnahan, and during their short stay in the mountain mining region gave a very successful mission, having about seven hundred miners for Communion. This was a wonderful result, and speaks in great praise of the zeal and labors of the missionaries. Father Scanlan has left an indelible impress upon all Utah.

REV. THOMAS POWERS, who, for the past eleven years was connected with St. Stephen's Church, Boston, but who has recently been assigned to the Danvers parish, was presented by his parishioners on Tuesday, with a purse of $1600, as a token of their regard for him. The presentation occurred in the church basement on Hanover Street, which was crowded with friends and parishioners of the good father. Rev. M. Moran, pastor of the church, made the presentation speech, and Father Powers responded in graceful terms.

Notices of Recent Publications.

The Catholic Publication Society Co. N. Y.

WILD FLOWERS. By Ruth A. O'Connor. Price $1.

There are some very pretty pieces in this beautifully gotten up book.

THE EVE OF THE REFORMATION. An Historical Essay on the Religious, Literary, and Social Condition of Christendom, with special reference to Germany and England. By Rev. Wm. Stang. Part I.

Joseph A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ind.

A TROUBLED HEART, AND HOW IT WAS COMFORTED AT LAST.

An edifying and instructive story. It originally appeared in the *Ave Maria*, a sufficient guarantee of its merits. A good premium book for schools and academies. The book is well printed, and tastefully bound.

McGowan & Young, Portland, Me.

THE FACT DIVINE. An Historical Study of the Christian Revelation, and of the Catholic Church. By Joseph Broeckaert, S. J. Translated from the French by Edmund J. A. Young. Price $1.25.

We believe this is the first Catholic book of any importance that has been issued from the diocese of Portland. It is a good beginning, and we hope to see many of the same sort from the house of Messrs. McGowan & Young. The Prefect of studies at Woodstock College, Md., highly commends this work, and Bishop Healy gives it his approbation, and hopes it may find a great number of readers. What the publishers now desire, is a good sale to compensate for their labors in getting out the book in good style.

Benziger Bros, N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. Devotions for every day in the month, with suitable prayers, and a method of hearing Mass in honor of the Sacred Heart. Translated from the sixteenth French edition of Rev. F. Huguet, Marist, by a Sister of Mercy. Price, 75 cents.

This book, which has run through sixteen editions in France, and been translated into several languages, has never, until now, appeared in English. It contains a meditation for every day in the month, followed by a practical example illustrating some passage in the life of a saint or other servant of God, with a Practise and an Ejaculation. There is also a Meditation for the Feast of the Sacred Heart; prayers for Mass and Holy Communion; a Novena, a Litany, etc.; and as the book is arranged for thirty-one days, it can also be appropriately used for the month of July, which is consecrated to the Precious Blood. The book is marked by the spirit of fervent piety which distinguishes all the works of its author, and when once known, will, no doubt, become as popular here as it is in Europe.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York.

THE LIFE AROUND US: A collection of stories. By Maurice Francis Egan, author of "Songs and Sonnets," Preludes, etc., etc. 409 pages. Price $1.25.

The stories in this collection were written at various times during the last ten years, and appeared in many Catholic publications. Like every thing from his pen, whether in prose or poetry, the stories are highly interesting, and can be placed in the hands of our people without any danger to faith or morals. Mr. Egan is associate editor of the N. Y. *Freeman's Journal*, a paper that is doing good work for religion. There are nineteen stories in the book. We cordially recommend this book to our readers.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A PREMIUM edition, in one volume, of Miss Eliza Allen Starr's latest work, "Pilgrims and Shrines," is announced. Price, ten copies or over, each $1; fifty copies or over, 90 cents. Orders should be addressed to the author, 299 Huron Street, Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "A Rolling Stone was Never Known to Gather any Moss," Song, words by Frank Scott, music by Harry Sydney. "No Sorrow Yonder, Darling," Song, words by Miss Anna Warner, music, by Rev. George G. Phipps. "Life is Fleeting," Song, words by Hutchinson, arranged by B. M. Davison. "Alone in the Night," Song by D. F. Hodges. "Be a Man," Song and chorus by Victor Rigby. "Bloom in my Heart, Lovely Rose," Ballad, words by George Cooper, music by J. R. Thomas. "Mother's Charm," Song, words by H. G. Wheeler, music by J. W. Wheeler. "O Tell us Merry Birds,"

Vocal duet by C. A. White. "Our Sailors on the Sea," Song by Miss Ella Martyn. "O Hush Thee," Lullaby by Chas. A. Gabriel. "Come Home, Jamie," Ballad by same author. "You'll Never Miss Your Mother Till She's Gone," Song by Harry Birch. "The Waterfall," Song arranged by Miss Alice Seidler. "Memories Sacred and Grand," Memorial hymn, words by W. H. Putnam, music by Eben H. Bailey, three different editions for male voices, mixed voices and schools.

Instrumental: "Pomponette" by Augustus Durand. "The Silver Rhine Waltzes," by Joseph Meissler. "Polonaise,'" by Moritz Moszkowski. "Hungarian Dances," by Johannes Brahms. "Storm Waltzes," by George Thorne, for four hands. "Addie Waltz," by N. P. Lovering, Jr. "Augusta Galop," by Waldemar Malmene. "Moorish Gavotte," by Carl Riche. "Rooster Polka," by Louis Maas. "Stick to your Mother, Tom," arranged for guitar by W. L. Hayden. "Taltarello," by J. Duprato, revised by Calixa Lavallee. "Gasparone," Grand Potpourri, by C. D. Blake.

Book: "Henry of Navarre," Ballad for male chorus, tenor solo, and orchestra; words by G. B. Macaulay, music by Geo. E. Whiting. Published by White, Smith &. Co.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.— One of the most worthy charities of Chicago, and worthy of special mention for its unprecedented success in the short time since its organization, owing largely to Archbishop Feehan's liberality, is St. Mary's Training School for Boys at Feehanville, Illinois. The object of this institution is the training and education of destitute, homeless boys, irrespective of creed, color or nationality. The school has no fixed revenue, but depends mainly on charity for its support. The financial part of the enterprise has been most successfully carried out under the able management of his Grace the Archbishop, although the donations have been very small from voluntary contributions, only amounting to $164 on an expenditure of over $80,000. It may be well to study the great advantages here offered to the unfortunate young boys turned adrift on the cold charity of the world. The following statistics will be of interest: Number of boys in the institution January 1, 1885, 175; admitted during the year, 195— making a total of 370; discharged during the year 150; remaining in the school January 1, 1885, 220. The 220 boys in the school at the present time may be classified as follows: Scholars paying private tuition, 43; proteges of Cook county, 34; placed in the institution by guardians or relatives, 32; destitute, 70; Indian boys, 41. The tuition of the latter is paid by the government.

As showing the interest which the Holy Father takes in the Third Order, it is announced that he has requested all the Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic world to report to the Holy See, every three months, the progress of the Third Order in the different parishes of their respective dioceses.

CATHOLICISM IN THE EAST.— Notwithstanding the persecutions that have raged in China during the past year, the Faith has made even greater progress than in preceding years. In the twenty-five Vicariates or Apostolic Prefectures under the jurisdiction of the College of Foreign Missions in Paris, there have been no less than 16,185 abjurations of pagans, and 300 reconciliations of converts from heresy; 129,678 children or pagans have been baptized *in articulo mortis.* This latter act can be best understood by those who remember that there are 29 bishops and 693 missionaries amongst a Catholic population of 861,000 neophytes and 22,000,000 souls. The prayers of these children and the blood of French missionaries will, it may be confidently hoped, continue to draw down upon France that blessing which the events of every day prove that Catholic nation to merit. It is a consoling reflection that the country from which the bitterest enemies of religion spring, is the chief nursery of modern martyrs and confessors.

THE CATHEDRAL DEBT.— A grand strawberry festival in aid of the fund for the payment of the debt on the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, will be held in Mechanics' Hall, Huntington Avenue, on the 17th of June. The immense hall will be appropriately decorated, and the various refreshment booths will be presided over by the ladies of the Cathedral and other parishes. The tickets are 25 cents each for children and 50 cents for adults. It is expected that the Festival will be an immense success.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

VERY REV. HENRY AUGUSTUS RAWES, for the last five years Superior of the Oblates of St. Charles, at Bayswater, died lately at Brighton, England, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. He made his submission to the Catholic Church, and was received by the Rev. F. Grant, S. J., at Edinburgh, in March, 1856.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of Father Petcherine, a familiar figure in Dublin for many years. Father Petcherine will be remembered as the priest who was the central person in the famous trial in which the late Lord O'Hagan made his greatest speech. He was a Russian by birth, but had lived so long in Ireland as to be looked upon as a citizen of Dublin. Father Petcherine was for over twenty years chaplain to the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital.

REV. FATHER P. J. ROGERS of the St. Columbkille's Catholic Church, Brighton District, died on the 26th of May, at his parochial residence, after an illness of several years. Some months ago he went to Bermuda for his health, but he commenced to grow rapidly worse, and the priest with whom he was stopping, sent a letter to his relatives in Brighton, stating that he could not live long. His brother, Father James Rogers, started immediately to bring him home, but it appeared that the deceased started for home about the same time, and they passed each other on the way. He was fifty-four years of age, and was educated in All Hallows College, Ireland. Shortly after being ordained to the priesthood he came to Boston, and for three years was curate under Bishop Fitzpatrick at the old Cathedral. He then went back to Ireland, and upon coming to Boston again, was connected with St. Patrick's Church. He took charge of the parish in Brighton fourteen years ago, where he built a beautiful church. For the past three years he has travelled in all parts of the world for the benefit of his health, and at one time made a circuit of the earth. His funeral was delayed until the arrival home of his brother, when it took place on the 1st of June.

THE Archdiocese of Cincinnati mourns the death of the Very Reverend Otto Jair, O. S. F., one of the Vicars General.

SISTERS.

SISTER MARY ISADORE FISHER, who died recently at St. Xavier's Convent, near Latrobe, Pa., had served fifty-six years in the religious Order of which she was a member. She was ever zealous and faithful in the noble work to which she devoted her life and talents, and was successful as an administer. She was a Sister of Charity before entering the Order in 1846. During her active life she was located at different times in Washington, Baltimore, Frederick, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. During the declining years of her life she has enjoyed the retirement of St. Xavier's, passing away peacefully and hopefully after her long life of activity and usefulness.

LAY PEOPLE.

THE Hon. Matthew J. McCafferty, Associate Justice of the Municipal Court of Boston, died very suddenly of heart disease at his rooms, No. 28 Hancock Street, at seven o'clock, Tuesday evening, the 5th of May. He was apparently in excellent health and held court during the day. After dinner he went to his rooms. In about five minutes he rang sharply for assistance, and a servant found him panting for breath, but conscious. A physician was immediately sent for. The judge seemed to be conscious that he was dying, remarking, "This is my first, and I think it will be my last!" Dr. E. N. Whittier soon arrived, but the judge died in about twenty minutes. He lived in Worcester, and his remains were conveyed there. He was born in Ireland, June 17, 1829, and was brought to this country by his parents in 1831. He lived in Boston until he was twelve years old, and in 1841 the family moved to Lowell, and Matthew went to work in one of the

mills of that city, where he worked for four or five years, after which he learned the machinist trade in the Lowell machine shop. In 1852 he began the study of law in the office of Brown & Alger. Two years later he went to Worcester, where he worked one year more at his trade and read law evenings in the office of Hon. Peter C. Bacon. He spent three terms in Holy Cross College, and in March, 1867, was admitted to the bar at Lowell, and in June of the same year went to Worcester and there opened a law office of his own. When the war broke out the Emmet guards promptly tendered their services to the Government, and Matthew J. McCafferty, who had some time previously resigned the captaincy of the company, enlisted again and was commissioned second lieutenant. The Emmet Guards were known as Company C of the Third Battalion of Rifles, and were first assigned to duty at Annapolis under General Butler. After serving out the time for which the company enlisted, Lieutenant McCafferty returned to Worcester and was commissioned major of the 25th Massachusetts. After the battle of Roanoke a difference arose between Major McCafferty and Colonel Upton, which culminated in the resignation of the former, which was forwarded to General Foster, with the request, however, that the resignation should not be accepted until after the battle of Newbern, which was then expected to come off in a few days. The battle was fought and the major quit the service. At the outbreak of the war Major McCafferty took a decided stand, and urged his countrymen with all the eloquence at his command to rally in defence of the Union. He was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1866, 1876, 1877, and 1879. He was also a member of the Worcester School Board for three years, and an alderman of the city for two years. In 1880 he was the Democratic candidate for Congress. He was always a warm admirer of General Butler, and was by him appointed Judge of the Boston Municipal Court in January, 1883. Last fall he was the candidate of the People's party for governor. Out of respect to the memory of Judge McCafferty, the civil session of the Municipal Court was adjourned. The funeral took place at St. John's Catholic Church in Worcester, May 9. Right Rev. Bishop O'Rielly of the Springfield diocese and a large concourse of Catholic clergy were present. High Mass of Requiem was celebrated, Rev. Thomas Griffin of St. John's, celebrant. The funeral oration was by Rev. H. W. Brady, S. J., president of Holy Cross college. The funeral was attended by a large portion of the Worcester county bar, a delegation of the Massachusetts Legion of Honor, the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts Regiment Association, representatives of various Catholic societies and a large number of prominent citizens.

TIMOTHY CRONIN, who died recently at Long Hill, near Middletown, Ct., was 101 years and 2 months old at the time of his death, having been born at Middletown, Cork County, in January, 1784. He retained his vigor to such an extent that only a few months ago he walked three miles to attend Mass.

JOHN D. PARKS died April 18, aged 22, at East Cambridge. He was a graduate of Father Scully's school.

IN the death of his son, James F., Mr. P. J. Kelly, of Watertown, Mass., has sustained a great loss. Jimmie, as he was familiarly known, was a great favorite among the young men of his age. The large attendance at his funeral showed how much neighbors and acquaintances sympathized with Mr. Kelly in the loss of his son. May his soul rest in peace.

THE TERRIBLE JESUITS! *Western Watchman:* — Some Protestant papers have discovered that Riel's rebellion in the North-West has been fomented by the Jesuits, and that the half-breed leaders are Jesuits in disguise. Why do not our fighting parsons buckle on the sword of the flesh and go forth to meet them? The preachers have been promising us a war "compared with which all previous wars were child's play." Now is a good opportunity to open the ball. The Jesuits are in arms and eager for the fray.

Western Watchman: WALES made a speech at Carrick-fergus before leaving for home, in which he declared that the Irish Vice-royalty should be abolished and Ireland governed by the Queen through a Secretary of State for Ireland. The Castle is doomed. *Deo Gratias.* Now let Victoria add to her title "Queen of Ireland," go over to Dublin to be crowned, and open the Grattan Parliament in College Green. Then we will agree to prorogue the agitation.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIV. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1885. No. 2.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Maynooth College.— Sketch of the Penal Times.

PART I.

MAYNOOTH! Oh, what a magic word to whisper in the ear of the hard-working missionary priest! How many thoughts, long slumbering, does it recall, how many memories of years departed does it awaken, how many balmy recollections of the happiest days of his life does it bring forth in all their varied beauty! Is he laboring in the busy city of the States — his thoughts will instantly take wing at the mention of that dear old spot, and speed across the dark, blue Atlantic, nor stop until they have reached again that home of sanctity and of peace.

Yes, back from the din, the turmoil, and the unceasing roar of the populous city, to the quiet home wherein his piety was nurtured, his virtues cultivated; back to that sweet spot where the river of life flows calmly on, pure and unsullied. Is he toiling beneath the blue sky of the South, he pauses at the mention of that beloved name, and the faces of his early affection rise up before him in all that youthful glow which the wrinkled hand of care has long since swept away; or death, the ever busy enemy, has impressed with his unbroken seal. Does he cultivate the vineyard of his own dear island home, careworn and old, yet surrounded by a loving and devoted congregation; the tear may steal unseen down his hollow cheek as the thoughts of those early years, spent within that hallowed abode, throng back upon his memory; and the sweet voices of his long departed friends ring again in his ear, while the head of venerable grey may bend in humble supplication, as he, perhaps, alone remains to tell the *requiescat* over the grave of the last of his beloved classmen.

How deep and pure the love enshrined in the hearts of the children who have studied beneath the shadow of her maternal walls! In whatever clime — beneath whatever sun they seek to snatch the wicked and unholy from their sinful path, their heart still fondly loves to dwell on the happy recollections of their college days, and fain would they recall those calm, delightful moments, the peace and pleasure of which they may yearn in vain to ever find again.

To Maynooth, then, we shall devote these few pages; (and in g so are conscious of our utter unfitness to treat the subject as it rves) knowing well how welcome any information in regard to that d and flourishing institution will be to the thousands of devoted ldren she has sent forth from her gates to preach to all nations the saving truths of our holy religion. "Go ye, therefore, teach all nations," is the command they receive on the morning of their ordination, and how well they fulfil it, not only the faithful here below, but the glorious saints who have gained a heavenly reward through their ministry, still unceasingly protest before the throne of the Most High; beseeching Him to guide and guard those devoted soldiers of the cross, and to shed His light and grace around their Alma Mater.

In order that we may the better understand how matters stood when Maynooth College was founded in 1795, a short sketch of the preceding years of Irish history is necessary. We shall not, however, ask the reader to accompany us back to the time when Ireland groaned under the iron heel of Cromwell — the savage barbarity and puritanical butchery of those days are too well known to require recapitulation. Our sketch shall commence with the treaty of Limerick about a century before the Church of Ireland rose again from the dust, and Catholics were permitted to build and endow schools for the education of their children.

In this treaty, signed on the 3d of October, 1691, the Irish Catholics were guaranteed by Art. I., "such privileges in the exercise of their religion as are consistent with the law of Ireland, or as they enjoyed in the reign of King Charles II.," and that "their majesties, as soon as their affairs will permit them to summon a Parliament in this Kingdom, will endeavor to procure the said Roman Catholics such further security in that particular as may preserve them from *any disturbance* on account of their said religion." Art. IX. is as follows: "The oath to be administered to such Roman Catholics, as submit to their majesties' government, *shall be the oath aforesaid and no other*." The "oath aforesaid" was the oath of allegiance which ran thus: "I, A. B., do solemnly promise and swear, that I will be faithful, and bear true allegiance to their majesties, King William and Queen Mary; so help me God."

On the 24th of February, 1692, royal letters patent were issued from Westminster, in the name of the King and Queen, to confirm all the articles of the treaty. But the Ascendancy party, or "Protestant interest," as they called themselves, no sooner saw the last barque fade o'er the dim horizon of the ocean, with the Irish regiments from Limerick, than they openly announced that the treaty would not, and ought not to be kept! It was in vain that the King and government endeavored to do justice to the Irish Catholics. Any measure, save what the robber and murderer metes out to his helpless victim, was denounced as a daring wrong and grievance against what was called the "Protestant interest." Accordingly, on the Sunday after the return of the Lords Justices from Limerick, the titular Protestant bishop of Meath, Dopping by name, preached before them in Christ's Church, on the *crime* of keeping faith with Papists.

When the Irish Parliament, which was to preserve the Catholics

"from any disturbance on account of their religion," assembled in this year, a few Catholic peers and commoners took their seats, and, as M'Gee says:—"One of the first acts of the victorious majority was to frame an oath, in direct contravention to the oath prescribed by the ninth civil article of the treaty, to be taken by both houses. This oath solemnly and explicitly denied 'that in the sacrament of the Lord's supper there is any transubstantiation of the elements,' and as solemnly affirmed 'that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary, or any other saint, and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are damnable and idolatrous.' As a matter of course, the Catholic peers and commoners retired from both Houses, rather than take any such oath, and thus the Irish Parliament assumed, in 1692, that exclusively Protestant character which it continued to maintain, till its extinction in 1800." Thus the treaty of Limerick was broken, and thus the way was again paved for the bloody work of persecution. What a change! What a transformation from the Parliament which assembled but two years before under King James.

"When the shout of a people delivered, ascended and shook the broad banner that hung on his towers," *then* the Catholics had the power and used it generously, *now* the Protestants, and they were determined to crush, to rob, and ruin their vanquished Catholic countrymen by every means in their power.

Plunder being their only aim, their only religion, they began by confiscation. A commission to inquire into estates forfeited was established, and in a short time decreed that 1,060,792 acres were "escheated to the crown." Thus the last fragment of the patrimony of the Catholics was wrested from them. The second Parliament summoned by King William, in 1695, not only confirmed the existing penal laws, but added three new acts to the code of persecution. 1. An act to deprive Catholics of the means of educating their children at home or abroad, and to render them incapable of being the guardians of their own or any other person's children. 2. An act to disarm the Catholics; and 3. Another to banish all the Catholic priests and prelates. Thereby again violating the treaty of Limerick.

But when Queen Anne ascended the throne the penal code was still further extended with the intention of crushing forever the few remaining landed proprietors of the Catholic faith. A bill was introduced "for discouraging the further growth of Popery," as if the "Protestant interest" had not yet satiated itself. The fourth clause of this bill prohibits a Papist from being guardian of his own child; and orders that if at any time the child, however so young, pretends to be a Protestant, it shall be taken from its own father, and placed under the guardianship of the nearest Protestant relative. No wonder that Sir Theobald Butler, a Catholic barrister, living under protection, when pleading the cause of his oppressed coreligionists at the bar of the House of Commons should exclaim, "Is not this against the laws of God and man? Against the rules of reason and justice, by which all men ought to be governed? Is not this the only way in the world to make children become undutiful, and to bring the grey head of the parent to the grave with grief and tears?"

On the 17th of March, 1705, the Irish Commons resolved, that "informing against Papists was an honorable service to the government." Again, in 1709, an act was passed securing an annuity from his father to a child, a jointure to wives, and £30 a year to priests who shall conform. Another clause puts a price on the heads of prelates, priests and teachers, in the following manner: —For discovering an archbishop, bishop or vicar-general, £50; for discovering each regular and secular clergyman, £20; for discovering each Papist school-master, £10.

We have the testimony of an English Protestant historian, Cassell, that "The eighteenth century was the era of persecution," in Ireland, "in which the law did the work of the sword more effectually and more safely. Then was established a code framed with almost diabolical ingenuity to extinguish natural affection — to foster perfidy and hypocrisy — to petrify conscience — to perpetuate brutal ignorance — to facilitate the work of tyranny, by rendering the vices of slavery inherent and natural in the Irish character, and to make Protestantism almost irredeemably odious as the incarnation of all moral perversions." And again he says in regard to the penal code: "These laws were aimed not only at the religion of the Catholic, but still more at his liberty and his property." The greed for the property of Catholics was the sole incentive to persecution, and the action of the Parliament in 1727 bears this statement out. Application having been made to the king for the reversal of some outlawries incurred by several Catholics, and which had been most iniquitously obtained, and had reduced some of the most ancient, noble, and opulent families of the kingdom to absolute beggary, the Commons, fearing lest his Majesty would be tempted to grant the request, resolved upon a petition, wherein, among other things, they tell his Majesty plainly, and even with a kind of menace, "that nothing could enable them to defend his right and title to his crown so effectually as the enjoyment of those estates, which have been the forfeitures of the rebellious Irish, and were then in the possession of his Protestant subjects; and, therefore, that they were fully assured that he would discourage all applications or attempts that should be made in favor of such traitors or their descendants, so dangerous to the Protestant interest of this kingdom." This petition produced the desired effect. The king, in answer, assured the Commons "that he would for the future discourage all such applications and attempts."

"It was now there fell upon Ireland," in the language of A. M. Sullivan, "that night of deepest horror — that agony the most awful, the most prolonged, of any recorded on the blotted page of human suffering." The priesthood was proscribed and a price put on the head of the ministers of God. Dissimulation, hypocrisy, perjury and robbery were authorized by law. Men abandoned the pursuits of industry to amass fortunes by the more rapid and easy means of informing, and the Catholic population was trampled to the very dust.

We have seen that the trade of spy or "priest-hunter" was by a resolution of Parliament declared an honorable profession; and when such an authentic eulogy added to £50 per head could not procure a

sufficient number of villains in Ireland, nor induce them to brave the public execration that followed such a calling, the government scrupled not to hire unbelieving Jews to hunt and ferret out the heroic ministers of the priesthood of Christ. Among these, one Garcia, a Portuguese Jew, gained an execrable notoriety. Being skilled in disguises, "He sometimes put on the mien of a priest, for he affected to be one, and thus worming himself into the good graces of some confiding Catholic, got a clue of the whereabouts of the clergy." By means of this wretch, seven priests were taken at one time, together in Dublin, and transported; by similar means, the Bishop of Elphin, but lately consecrated at Rome, with the greatest secrecy, and now disguised under the garb and name of an Italian, was apprehended on his arrival in London, and after being told his real name, history, date and place of his consecration by a secretary he had never seen before, was imprisoned and transported in 1708. Ships, in some cases, were refused admittance into Irish ports, as they were known to have bishops or priests on board, though there was no one on the spot to identify them. Such was the system of espionage established by the government, even in foreign countries, that bishops and priests were never sure that the "evil eye" of the informer was not on them. Yet we find them like true soldiers of the cross, displaying an utter contempt for their own lives, in order to preserve the faith of their down-trodden countrymen. "When," as Dr. Renehan says, "the Act of 1709, proposing the oath of abjuration, and allowing no priest to say Mass until he had sworn that the Mass was idolatrous, had equalized the penalties and the danger of all non-apostolizing priests; then it was that the exiled bishops and clergy, with a generous contempt for life, a noble, heroic zeal not often equalled and never surpassed in any country, or at any time, returned fearlessly to the field of martyrdom."

These were the days that have given to us so many standing memorials of English persecution, which tell a tale more forcible than words could express. When at the "Corrig-an-Affrious," or "Mass Rock," is to be found so frequently, especially in the more retired districts of our country, the holy priest offered up the Saving Victim in stealth and secrecy; not knowing the moment the bloodhounds of the law might rush upon himself and his poor, defenceless congregation, and mingle their blood with that which has redeemed mankind.

How often have we stood beside that hallowed, moss-clad stone, and dreamed of this, the darkest, and yet the most glorious period of our history, when our sainted forefathers knelt, with heads uncovered, beneath the falling snow, to adore the God-Man, who was pleased to descend from the right-hand of His Father, for their comfort, strength and consolation. Or, when they freely poured out their life-blood to nourish the tree of Faith St. Patrick planted on Tara, or guarded as the apple of their eye, the good old priest, on whose sacred head a price was put, equal to that on the head of a wolf. And the words of our Protestant national poet were ever before our mind, in which he depicts this deep night-time of suffering and of sorrow:—

"Oh! weep those days—the penal days,
When Ireland hopelessly complained:

Oh! weep those days — the penal days,
When godless persecution reigned.

* * * * * * * * * *

They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest, and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run,
Upon the scent of wolf and friar."

These were surely the days in which were fulfilled, in their regard, the words of our Divine Redeemer when he forewarned his disciples that they would have to suffer trials and persecutions in this world, and to drink the bitter cup of affliction to the dregs. "I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves. Beware of men! For they will deliver you up in councils, and they will scourge you in their synagogues." "And they will put you out of their synagogues: yea, the hour cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doth a service to God."

But the barque of Peter withstood the stormy waves of persecution, and after three centuries of unexampled cruelty aad oppression, we find the Catholic Church once more arising from the dust to which the minions of the wicked one had trampled her, fresh and fair, as in the days when Peter and James and John were among her earthly members; or, as when our glorious Apostle, St. Patrick, blessed his Irish children, with his final breath, at the monastery of Saul, and the miraculous light and incense gave token of the ratification of that blessing in Heaven. Phœnix-like, she rises and spreads her pure and immaculate wings over our own green Isle; the doves of the temple are returning; the glories of the past are again at hand, —

"When the school and the temple gave light to our shore,
From clefted Iona, to wooded Lismore."

Churches, monasteries, and schools stud each shady valley; the tall spire lifts the sign of man's redemption to the skies from many a verdant hill; the matin chant and vesper bell are heard once more, and Ireland is fast regaining her glorious title, "*Insula sanctorum et doctorum.*" How vain, how foolish are the designs of man against the work of the Lord! How fast the creatures of his pride, the sects of but yesterday divide, crumble into insignificance, and perish! The Protestant Church, which was to have supplanted the vine of Calvary in Ireland, and which brought all the force of cruelty, butchery, and death to its aid, robbed us of our property, but never of our faith. And we find it to-day withering away in root and branch, while the older tree of Catholicity is vigorously putting forth new shoots and gathering again hundreds of benighted wanderers beneath the cool shade of its luxuriant foliage. Against the expectations of all human calculation, the faith, the virtue, the vitality, and power of the religion of Christ is still preserved to the Irish race; and we witness to-day a glorious triumph which proves uncontrovertibly that "*In hoc signo vinces.*" The cross, so often battered down by our persecutors, so often scoffed at, trampled and despised, has conquered once again; and the Irish Church, after three centuries of affliction and death, bursts forth from its guarded sepulchre full of beauty and life.

But we cannot part with those penal days without a word about the education of the clergy during this sad period. It has been already remarked that in the reign of Anne, a price was put not only on the heads of prelates and priests, but also on those of schoolmasters. The following extracts from the statute passed in 1709 are of curious interest, if only to show the means adopted to evade the previous laws. It complains in the sixteenth section that, —

"Several Protestant schoolmasters, to increase the number of their scholars, do choose to combine with such Papists, rather than prosecute such popish schoolmasters, and, to elude the said act, do entertain such persons professing the popish religion to be ushers, under-masters, or assistants, to teach and instruct youth in learning under such Protestant schoolmasters, who frequently thereby become negligent of their said schools, and leave the instruction of the youth, as well the Protestant as popish scholars, to the care and instruction of such popish under-schoolmaster, usher, or assistant, so by them entertained and allowed whereby popery doth continue to grow and is propagated in this kingdom."

Of course such a state of things could not be tolerated, and required a strong remedy which was unhesitatingly applied; for the section enacts that, —

"Whatsoever person of the popish religion shall publicly teach school, or shall instruct youth in learning in any private house within this realm, or shall be entertained to instruct youth in learning as usher, under-master, or assistant, by any Protestant schoolmaster, he shall be esteemed and taken to be a popish regular clergyman, and be prosecuted as such, and incur such pains, penalties and forfeitures as any popish regular convict is liable to by the laws and statutes of this realm."

And the penalties to which the regular priest was liable were *transportation*, and in case of return to the country, *death*, with drawing and quartering, as for the crime of high treason. By the twenty-first section of this same act, it was provided that every person "making discovery" of a popish schoolmaster, shall receive as a reward £10, to be "levied from the popish inhabitants of the county where the schoolmaster taught." And furthermore, any two justices of the peace were authorized to summon before them any "popish person of the age of sixteen years and upwards," and examine such person "touching the being, residence, and abode of any popish schoolmaster, who may be disguised, concealed, or itinerant in the country." And if such person refuse to give information he shall be imprisoned for one year, or pay a fine not exceeding £20 to the poor of the parish.

For more than half a century these enactments were put in full force, schoolmasters were hunted down, and when caught transported beyond the seas. If they dared to return the penalty of death awaited them, yet in many cases they even dared that for the cause of their country and religion. England, by prescribing schoolmasters, hoped to reduce the Irish race to a state of complete and brutal ignorance, in order that she might the more easily govern or rather trample it under foot. Knowing well that while education continued to exist in the country, her hold would never be secure, that learning and slavery are incompatible, she resolved to extinguish the flickering embers of that blaze which once cast a lustre over all Europe. The clergy, bound to the people then as well as now by every tie capable of binding human

hearts together, wielded a power which was most prejudicial to the "Protestant interest," and it was fondly hoped that when teaching was declared penal, and such heavy penalties hung over the heads of those who should be discovered acting in the capacity of schoolmasters, that body might be, in time, altogether annihilated. The fountain at which the young aspirants to the priesthood drank their first deep draughts being dried up, and the guides and leaders of the people thereby cut off, it would be a much easier matter to wear down the people by ill-usage, and force them to fly the country; so that the island might lie open to receive a new population of English Protestants. But in this, as in the extinction of the faith, did she fail. For,—

> "Within the lonely rath, and 'neath the mountain fern,
> The schoolmaster and scholars met feloniously to learn."

Yes, though we now have our colleges and schools, the Catholic youth, a hundred years ago, had to steal away secretly to the appointed place. Often indeed beneath the shelter of the white-thorn hedge, or the projecting rock, they met their venerated teacher, while on some eminence convenient to the spot, one of their number kept watch, for fear the ban-dogs of the law, which were always on their track, might suddenly come upon them. And when at length the necessary knowledge to commence their college course had been acquired, they were smuggled away to the continental colleges to be perfected in the training necessary to the ecclesiastical state, and to return zealous and intrepid soldiers to fight the battle of the Lord. But even education abroad was prescribed to Catholics, and *any justice* of the peace was empowered to summon before him any one *suspected* of having sent a child to be educated abroad, or money to defray the expenses of such education, or to help in any way to support a foreign place of education, and to examine him concerning the grounds of such suspicion. If it should appear *probable* that any of these cases was substantiated, the law made such persons liable to the forfeiture of all goods and chattels forever and lands for life. And a similar conviction, with the same penalties, was to be recorded against the child sent, although necessarily absent.

We shall conclude this chapter with a notice of an act passed under George II., in 1745, which may be said to have completed the penal code. It recites that the Act "to restrain foreign education" had not been duly executed, and "to the end that by the strict observance of the said act, and of this present act, the peace of the kingdom may be preserved." It enacts that both acts shall, at the assizes for the several counties, be publicly read in open court. So far, therefore, as the law was concerned, in the year 1745 and for thirty-six years afterwards, no person could give his child a Catholic education either at home or abroad. Fearing we are delaying too long over those sorrowful and deary events, we shall hurry on to catch a glimpse of the sunshine, which now even is beginning to break through the dark clouds of persecution, at the same time reminding the reader that what we have been writing is as nearly connected with a notice of the College of Maynooth as the date of its foundation. The very mention of Maynooth suggests a train of

thoughts travelling back into this dark night time of woe, and recalls to our mind the priesthood of the past, as it does that of the present,—the sufferings, trials and afflictions of the penal days, as well as the triumphal conquests of to-day.

The Dead Spring.

LIKE Elaine, with small, dead hands
On her resting heart,
Cowslip hair in silken bands,
Dreaming lips apart.
Lieth Spring; in her wan face
Only white wild-rose hath place;
Eyes of dewy violet,
'Neath their snowdrop lids, forget.
Stilled is her sweet hawthorn breath,
And her kiss is cold in death;
She hath spilled her life-blood sweet
At her cruel lover's feet.

Ah! the morning when he came
Down the golden skies,
Flushed her flower face, all aflame
For his passionate eyes;
But he turned, nor saw her there;
For the Summer, brown and fair,
Stood, with eyes of misty grey,
Cheeks like dawning of the day,
Lips like poppies wet with dew,
Sheeny hair of rust-gold hue,—
Went to her, with arms outspread,
And the gentle Spring lay dead.

Now Queen Summer shares his throne;
She is fair of face;
But the King hath sigh and moan
For his young love's grace.
Here, her spirit wandereth;
When the wind doth bring a breath
Honey-sweet, the Spring is nigh,
And she goeth silently
Through the gold walls of the wheat;
For the love of her white feet
Silken corn-ears bend and break,
The thrush singeth for her sake,
In a wild, long roundelay,
All his passionate heart away.

KATHARINE TYNAN in *Merry England.*

Southern Sketches.

XII.

JACKSONVILLE IN NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

JACKSONVILLE is the "haven" of most pleasure-seeking winter travellers to Florida. Here those who have plenty of money to spend can enjoy themselves splendidly. There are, at least, four first-class hotels in the place, viz.: the St. James, Carleton, Windsor and Duval. St. Luke's and the National, though somewhat inferior, are fine establishments. The latter was once amongst the best in the town, but its representation in recent years has considerably deteriorated. The rates in the majority of the hotels are from $2 50 to $4.00 per day, or from $17.50 to $21.00 per week, according to location of rooms. The board at the principal houses is first-class; equal to anything served up on the tables of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York; but the dishes presented to the hungry tourist in the majority of the boarding-houses are remarkable for anything but tenderness. The native beef is awfully tough, and no wonder, since no traveller can help noticing the poor, half-starved cows, rambling along shore, and through pine barrens, vainly seeking for a bit of sweet pasture to gladden and nourish them. Cattle may be differently situated on the broad plains and prairies of Southern Florida, but they are wretchedly provided for in this part of the State. This want of grass on the sandy soil is greatly felt; but it may be supplied before many years, as Florida is, comparatively speaking, a very youthful agricultural region, and the influx of industrious and ingenious capitalists from the North and West, will act like magic yet, in converting what is, for the most part, a howling wood and water wilderness into a land of pastures, orange groves and gardens. It is very probable that in the course of a few years the native stock will yield a superior quality of beef, and the better class of meat, brought from New York and the West, will be purchased at a cheaper rate, owing to lower transportation charges, so that the respectable boarding-house keepers will be able to supply their guests with a superior article for a moderate sum. Until this takes place, Jacksonville will not present many gastronomic attractions to the invalid or tourist of limited means.

While awaiting the arrival of Dr. Sabal from Europe, I spent the early weeks of November very pleasantly in this place. The air was as pleasant and balmy as it would be around New York at the end of June. The flowering plants, oranges, and other fruit-trees sported their blossoms and green leaves; people walked the streets in summer dresses, and the waters of the St. John's were marked by an enchanting smoothness, so that one sitting near its banks could be tempted to do nothing but dream, dream, as his eyes roamed away over the grand and silent forests that touched the western horizon.

After partaking of breakfast at eight, the shady piazzas of the

hotel supplied a delightful place for a rest and a read. Merry-hearted, carelessly-dressed darkies might be seen constantly passing and repassing, singing, whistling, and cracking jokes. Ebony venders, male and female, carrying various wares on their heads, make loud announcements respecting the nature and price of their goods, as the wood carriers from the big lumber mills fly rapidly by, whipping their bony, prancing mules. Big Newfoundland dogs walk, sit, and yawn on the sidewalks, and while you rest and gaze on fences, gardens, flags, people, mocking birds, bright skies, flowers and other objects, your heart becomes light and tranquil in spite of any organic affection. During those sweet November days I often strolled along the plank sidewalks, under the shade of the big oak trees, whose evergreen leaves suggested a perpetual summer. Rambling down Ocean Street to Bay, I could see crowds of people hurrying to and fro. The boat office, situated on the east side of the street, is a great rendezvous for crowds of all kinds, who come in the mornings for papers and letters. Here, especially in the height of the season, may be observed individuals from almost every State in the Union. The lazy colored loafer, the fashionable Yankee swell, the gasping, coughing consumptive, the sturdy Northern business man, the politician on vacation, the spruce and courteous Jacksonville merchant, and the once-seen never-to-be-forgotten aguish-looking "cracker," stand in a row behind the delivery window, while the smart, ripe clerk, with the smooth face, served each in turn. Down comes the messenger from one of the big hotels. He turns the key in a private box, and then hastens away with a big bundle in his hands. A resident physician, lawyer, or clergyman, may enter at any moment, go through a similar performance, and then retire in professional style to ponder over important correspondence. Sometimes the mails arrive behind time, as was often the case during the winter, and this circumstance brings a larger gathering than usual. The different physiognomies afford a very interesting study. How striking are the emotions awakened in those who receive good and bad tidings. There is one young lad who has doubtless obtained a check from his parent and learned that all at home are well. Nothing can restrain his joy. He rushes from the office, meets an old negro begging on the street, gives him ten cents, and then flies to a fruit stand to buy oranges. A pale young man gets a black-edged letter. It probably contains an account of his wife's death. Whoever the deceased may be, it affects him powerfully, for he hurries from the crowd to give vent to his agony, and can scarcely restrain his tears. Thus the drama of life goes on day after day, yet the sun shines on Bay Street, the rain sometimes falls, and the railroad offices, drug stores, grocery, hardware, book and bank establishments, all ply their respective trades wholly indifferent to the sorrows and joys of those who get letters from home.

Behind the post-office are the docks which extend north and south for a considerable distance. The mail steamers of Col. Baya, the *Eliza Hancox* and *John Sylvester* in their season, the pretty little *Mary Draper*, and other boats, move out from adjacent wharves on the big, still river, at particular times for their respective destinations. You

can notice here, at all times, gangs of large, muscular negroes, ready to load or unload a cargo. Some of them lean against the walls or timbers, spread out their big legs and feet, stuff their hands in their pockets, shake the dust from their patched and greasy garments, and jest and laugh in the golden sun, while their red tongues and white teeth elicit the admiration of Northern bystanders. The market at hand is a study, as a motley group of black and white venders may be seen at all times in and around its stalls. The basin adjacent to it is crowded with fishing smacks and little boats full of oranges. Immense cat-fish and bass are purchased here at wholesale, then gutted on tables by no over fastidious niggers, and afterwards disposed of at retail prices. It is very amusing to witness the costumes and manners of the colored folks here. Their conversation is no less interesting, though often unintelligible to a stranger.

"Hey, you old nigger," cries a little darky to an old man, who held a big catfish in his hand; "what you take for dat ere fish?"

"I takes for dis fish no less than ten cents," responds old dusky.

"Oh, too much, too much," exclaims the pickanniny. "I give you five. Call it a bargain?"

"Well, I gib it to you for dat," remarks the fisherman; "do me boy, it cost me more dan dat to go to de trouble o' catchin' him."

Down in the basin an old darky ferryman rests upon his oars, ready to carry passengers across the river. His small, restless eyes and grey beard crown a trunk robed in rags. Inquiring of him if he were prepared to row me across, he answered, as he blinked with the left eye and rubbed a fly from his nose, "Oh, yah, captain, I git you nice sail ober de riber for only ten cents. You can sit right down on dis yere bale o' hay." I jumped on board, the old man turned his boat around, and away we went while the breezes fanned us.

The old King's road to St. Augustine lies on the opposite shore, and is a somewhat famous historical landmark. The round trip on this primitive ferry boat was made in half an hour, and on our arrival at the Jacksonville side, we saw crowds of people gathered on the decks and around the sides of a schooner that had just come from Nassau with a cargo of bananas, pine apples, rare sponges, seafans and beautiful shells.

A lover of an after-dinner walk, or ride, can enjoy himself while in Jacksonville. There is the shell road, a delightful promenade to the north of the town. In order to reach it, you pass by an interesting suburb called Brooklyn, over the railroad bridge, by little ponds, full of waving lily pads. Fine villas line this broad, white road that commands a magnificent view of the river. The mansion of Mrs. Christopher is remarkably elegant, and the gardens adorned with cacti, century plants and other tropical blooms look very beautiful. From this point you can see the tall brick warehouses and hotels of the city, which the tranquil and smooth waters of the St. John's constantly bathe. You can wander languidly along, as Father O'Rielly and myself often did, till you come to the pine woods where balsamic odors and songs of mocking birds fill the air. Then one can go at another time to the south end of the town, cross over a little creek, which has

recently been greatly improved, and pass over to the old Catholic cemetery, which is perched on one of the highest points of the city, and is crowned with tombstones, on which Irish, Spanish, American and Minorcan names are engraved. You can roam over the silvery, sandy pathways, through countless clumps of scrub palmettoes, and in the course of half an hour, after crossing the new railroad to Fernandina, and passing the almshouse, come out on the shell road to the south. Here you can see great oaks with streaming mosses, white sail boats, breasting the river breeze, young darkies tumbling in the wire grass, and the large, plain-looking state fair buildings, which annually draw large crowds to witness miscellaneous exhibits. This beautiful road follows the course of the river for miles, and brings the rambler to Trout Creek, which is a charming bit of scenery.

One of the nicest walks in the vicinity of Jacksonville is to Montcrieff Spring. It is about four miles from the town, and in order to reach it, you walk down Pine Street from Bay, saunter by the gas-house, cross a wooden bridge over a silent little creek, pass by the new splendid water-works, and emerge on a flat shell road lined with palmettoes. Isolated cottages appear on the right and left, and great solitary trees wave their branches in the sunny air. After walking about half a mile you turn to the left, within sight of the suburb of Springfield, and follow a long, straight path, which is edged on each side by lofty, sweet-scented pines. Everything here is silent and solitary, no noise arising, except the occasional caw of an old crow, or the flapping of a heavy buzzard as it flies here and there in search of prey. On one of my trips to the Spring, I met two young darkies, one carried a rusty old gun — the other, a dead buzzard. They were laughing and singing as I drew near; on offering one of them a few cents if he would dance and sing, he gladly acquiesced, threw his gun into the hands of his companion, and began at once in a wild, loud and incoherent strain, while the movements of his hands and feet were in perfect keeping with his music. He tumbled on the ground, stood upon his head, threw his feet over his shoulders, rolled his eyes in the wildest way, and made the most grotesque and diabolical faces, while his companion kept time with his buzzard and gun. The Spring is a mineral water, said to be a very effective cure for the ague, and is situated in a rocky basin, amid winding sandy walks, and a luxuriant growth of trees. Bathing houses are situated a little distance from it, and though they presented a rather neglected appearance when I saw them, yet they are usually in full blast during the height of the winter season.

One day after dinner I had the pleasure, while conversing with Father O'Rielly on the grand rectory piazza, of meeting Father O'Boyle of Fernandina. I was delighted to learn from him that Dr. Sabal had just got home. The society of congenial Irish priests in a strange country is, indeed, a source of great joy and consolation. How many subjects are at once supplied for conversation! How many sentiments of love and good-will are spontaneously interchanged! After deciding not to call upon the doctor until the following day, when he would feel somewhat rested after his journey, myself and my clerical com-

panions spent a delightful evening together. The rare wit, sound sense, and pious sentiments of our friend Father O'Boyle, kept us in a flutter of delightful excitement. Mr. Duffy supplied a fund of innocent jokes, and Father O'Rielly dispersed the hospitalities in a way eminently worthy of him. Next morning we proceeded together to Dr. Sabal's residence. His neat and well-built house is situated in one of the healthiest and most respectable parts of the city, a few steps from St. James' Park, and within a couple of minutes' walk of Bay Street. A garden filled with orange trees and shrubs in full bloom adorned his place. We found him at home and obtained a warm reception. The doctor is a highly cultivated gentleman, a perfect type of Southern courtesy and hospitality, and withal possesses a modesty that gives additional value to his professional skill. He is still a young man, and a little above the middle height. His features are full of intelligence, and his heart is all right, as he is earnestly devoted to his holy faith. His professional successes have rendered him a great favorite, not only among his local patients, but also with invalids, who come to Jacksonville from all parts of the Union. His kindness and attention towards priests who have overworked themselves in the ministry, deserve especial praise. His acquaintance with the theory and practise of medicine cannot but be very profound, as he is an indefatigable student and worker. His delightful and cosy reception room is at once an office and a studio, where every object, as it were, contributes to lessen the afflictions of a patient. Day after day, hour after hour, he is willing to gratuitously bestow whatever attention is needed on an infirm priest. His lay friends are legion, and I have met several, in my travels North, who spoke with great admiration and respect of Dr. Sabal.

Towards the close of November the weather throughout the country became unpropitious. A terrible severe winter had already set in in the North. Telegrams informed us that snow storms swept along the valley of the Hudson, that boys were off to skate in the lakes at Central Park, and hail and frost contributed to make a dreary desert of the fields and woods that lately bloomed with summer splendor. Raw winds, cold rains and even Jack Frost now visited Jacksonville, which is almost always a spot for summer suns and blooms. One night, about this time, the mercury in the thermometer sunk to nineteen above zero, and all the flowers and oranges were killed. It was a desolate scene next day to witness the beautiful fruit hanging lifeless from the trees, and the delicate plants all dead. The owners who did not pluck the golden balls earlier, now called themselves unfortunate, and many wept bitterly over their grave losses. The glory and beauty of the sunny South were gone. The land of flowers seemed like a desert, the leaves on the trees began to fall, and nothing remained for the invalid but to hope that brighter days would come. Old residents asserted that no such frost had visited Florida since 1835. Several of the young trees and most of the fruit in the upper part of the State were killed, thus inflicting upon their owners losses of thousands of dollars. In Middle and Southern Florida, the temperature was not seriously disturbed. However, amid their lamentations, all

remarked with some satisfaction that the great frost would benefit, rather than injure, the next year's crop. As the weather became wilder and stormier in the North, the steamers and railroads brought more people to Jacksonville. Most of the hotels were filled in December, and it was quite a pleasant sight to witness wealthy gentlemen, driving in splendid carriages, with ladies full of jewels by their side. Horseback riding was greatly indulged in, and the yachts and sail boats alive with gay pleasure-seekers, presented a lively picture. Men and women fished from craft and wharf, neat, moustached young gents paraded the streets with newly bought canes adorned with alligator's heads, while fans made of the wings of the white and blue heron, cardinal and mocking birds, were extensively bought by folks of fortune. Sight seers climbed the hill to the south to see St. Luke's Hospital, went through the churches, called at the establishment in Bay Street where ice is manufactured, inspected the neat convent of St. Joseph in Pine Street, peeped in at the several banks, looked at the colored policemen, paid a visit to the newly established and flourishing public library in Astor's Block, and, like eager students, dived into every nook and corner which seemed likely to present an object of interest. At the approach of Christmas, the fancy stores literally glittered with attractions. Southern curiosities were rapidly bought and sent with best wishes of a merry season to the dear friends at home. How pleasant it was to roam along the streets and see such crowds, black, white, brown, and yellow, all so happy on this joyous festival. While the snow-enveloped Northern homes, and terrible blasts were the wild music outside warm rooms there, while poor, half-naked creatures trembled in the cold streets of New York, all in Jacksonville was sunshine, warmth and brightness. Folks took their meals with the windows up, and the breeze blowing in upon them. Midnight Mass was celebrated in the Catholic Church, and the merry bells were ringing nearly all that blessed morning. I dined that day with Fathers Defan and O'Reilly. A fine wild turkey was sacrificed to our gastronomic affections. About this period, in December, I met Father Haltigan, pastor of Pawtucket, near Providence. His cheerful and easy disposition made him a delightful companion. Father Keneney of Cohoes made another charming addition to our clerical circle. The sweetness and polish of his manners, coupled with a perpetually unruffled temper, rendered him a fascinating addition to our group of health-seekers; our Northern representation was strengthened by the arrival in our midst of Father O'Dwyre and his brother from Bennington, Vt. As day after day flew by, our pleasures consisted of reading, writing, chatting, walking, riding, sailing and watching the jolly negroes. I had the good fortune to be introduced to Mr. Henry Clarke, the part owner of large saw mills in the city. During a Christmas exhibition of the children of the Academy, which was splendidly got up, and at which the Bishop presided while the pupils distinguished themselves, I was kindly invited by Mr. Clarke to be one of the guests at a dinner which he purposed to give next day in honor of his lordship. I had the honor of sitting at the table, on that occasion, with many distinguished Southern gentlemen, all of whom did ample justice to the splendid banquet

spread before them. Doctor Webster, a convert to the church, an upright, honest gentleman, and an earnest, pious Christian, I shall never forget, as I am indebted to him and his excellent family for many pleasant, happy hours. His mother-in-law, Mrs. Sabal, is a dear, good, intelligent old lady, and all her sympathies are wrapped up in the interests of the church. Our host was born in Scotland, and has preserved the old Catholic spirit with which his mother imbued him. He glories, as he ought to, in the fact that he is a self-made man, and his present position as one of the highest merchants in Jacksonville, with a credit almost unlimited, is a standing proof of the grand effects of practising the golden principle that "honesty is the best policy." He afforded us all great delight by his whole-souled manner and pleasant conversation. His narratives relating to the war, and the earlier history of the town, would make a very interesting collection of sketches. Himself and his young wife sang in the church choir and are foremost among those who have at heart the success and glory of the diocese. I shall never forget Mr. Clarke's kindness; his horse and wagon were placed every day at my disposal, and all courtesies were extended without ostentation or sign of compliment. When well-treated guests receive such men into their houses they should overwhelm them with acts of gratitude. The mills are near the house in which Mr. Clarke lives, and the music of the machinery is distinctly heard in his parlor. It strikes one as softly and sweetly as the sleepy buzzing of a host of humming birds. The yard is full of lumber, and numerous schooners from many ports lay in the river awaiting cargoes. The huge pine logs are brought down from the forests in the interior by train, then sent floating in rafts to the yard and drawn up, one by one, to the top floor of the mill, where they are cut almost instantaneously into boards of various sizes by gigantic saws. Then they are planed and sent down among the great piles of other lumber to be carried off for the use of man, so that which was lately a great big tree will soon become the wall or floor of a house, or a box to hold one's treasures. The lumber trade in this city is immense, and constitutes its chief industry. The woods in the neighborhood are becoming thinner year after year, and cottages and corn with sweet potato fields take their place.

Jacksonville is growing fast. A street-car railroad was laid out during my stay there, and the low, marshy lands in the vicinity were being drained, and if a good municipal government pays more attention to ornamental and sanitary work, it will become in the course of a few years one of the prettiest cities in the United States.

One day, about the middle of December, I visited the jail. The turnkey, whom I readily recognized as an Irishman, showed me the iron apartment in which the culprits were confined. The prisoners were all negroes, saucy, desperate-looking fellows, and they sat on the bars in the middle, bottom, and top, like so many monkeys in a cage. They are obliged to work for the corporation and are always attended by armed guards.

A regular line of steamers runs from Jacksonville to New York. It is owned by Mallory & Co.; the two boats then running, were the *Western Texas* and the *City of Dallas*. The steward of the former,

being a very intimate friend of Mr. Duffy's, received me very cheerfully on being introduced, and knowing that he was well acquainted with New York, besides hearing that he was particularly friendly to a near and dear companion of mine in that city, our relations at once became very agreeable. Miss O'Conner, the stewardess, is an excellent Catholic and full of kindness. A parrot on board, called the "Commodore" has a perfect genius for tricks and mimicry. Whoever travels on the Texas cannot help being congratulated on having such a capable and gentlemanly officer as Mr. Duffy on board.

During my stay in Jacksonville I had the pleasure of hearing Bishop Moore preach on more than one occasion. His sermons were all remarkable for their simplicity and scholarship; they were so impressive and eloquent that they carried the audience along in spite of themselves. The wish of all interested in the salvation of souls and the advancement of God's glory, is, that he may be spared for many years in the episcopacy.

Hold the Mirror up to Nature.

A FASHIONABLE lady of not very exemplary character once called to see a priest, who had preached for several weeks in the village where she lived, and who had denounced with great energy the prevailing love of dress. She found him on the eve of setting out for Paris, and, after thanking him in the most graceful terms for the benefit she had derived from his sermons, she begged him, as a favor, to purchase for her, while in Paris, a small but handsome mirror. Without evincing any surprise at so strange a request, the good priest promised to fulfil her commission. After an absence of some weeks he returned, and proceeded at once to the residence of the lady. When she made her appearance he desired her to call together the household, when he would exhibit the mirror he had bought, but which he kept wisely concealed beneath his cloak. When all had assembled he drew forth a skull. "Behold, in this," said he, "each of you will find your image. Beneath the arch of these deep cavities there once shone eyes that were as bright and inquiring as yours are now; upon this bare surface long and beautiful hair once grew; these hard and hollow walls were once hidden beneath cheeks that challenged the beauty of the rose. But what now remains of its former possessions? Nothing but what I hold up before you; take warning by it; for as you now are, so once was this mirror; and as it now is, so will you soon be." This was the sermon delivered by the clergyman from behind the concave mirror. And what shall we say of both? Was not the priest as unpolished as the mirror which he brought into the house? The one as well as the other were two centuries behind the age, and may suit the taste of a Philander of Sittewaldt. What modern Narcissus, what unconverted Magdalen will look into such a mirror without terror?

There is a story told of a young girl who broke every mirror in which she looked, out of indignation at the unlovely image it reflected, in order to punish it for its malicious falsehood. The mirror which the priest held up was one that never flatters; and that much hated, but truthful mirror of the earth shows also to the most beautiful face a wretched form and color. "All flesh," — it tells us, — "is grass, and all his glory like the flower of the field; the grass has become dry, and the flower is decayed." How simple, how important, and how undeniable are these well-founded truths! For that very reason, they are not well received, except by those who join the weeping women of Jerusalem. Those, on the contrary, to whom Naema, the daughter of Lamech, and the originator of fashions, may serve as a type, seek, in every way, to fortify themselves in delusion, to preserve their youth, to hold fast to the form of this world, which is every moment slipping from their grasp; and this perversity is sufficient in itself to separate the heart from all that is eternally good and beautiful. For this reason, eternal beauty and goodness has designed to manifest itself in this world of delusions and appearances, in order to draw men to Him by new bands of love; and this eternal beauty who became visible, "the image of the divine essence, in whom, like a mirror, we see the glory of God," is the face of Christ. In this mirror Mary Magdalen looked, and the practices of vanity had no more attraction for her; with deep sorrow she looked back upon the ways of folly, and said with David, "My eyes have sent forth springs of water, because they have not kept Thy law." (Ps. cxviii. 36.)

She held this mirror before her eyes in the same manner as in later times did Baptist Vitellio of Fuligni, who, in zealous love for his neighbor, devoted himself entirely to the service of the sick and destitute. One day, when a sick stranger who was in the hospital asked him for a mirror, he gave him the picture of the Crucified; "for," said he, "I have no other."

My Lady of Dreams.

My true love glides over the valley of dreams,
And she sings by the hedgerows and over the streams;
And I follow her voice in despair, for I know
My true love will vanish wherever I go.

In the springtime of youth through the cornlands I strayed,
And I heard my love sing from a far grassy glade;
And with heart wildly throbbing I followed her voice,
But I wept bitter tears where I dreamed to rejoice.

By seashore, through greenwood, I wander and weep.
Oh, stay thee my true love, and sing me to sleep!
I tire of the forest, I tire of the shore;
Oh, sing me to sleep, I will wander no more!

RICHARD DOWNEY.

"Ancient Isle."

THE musty pages of the oldest records that have survived to enlighten us as to the past, are teeming over with allusions to the antiquity of the Emerald Isle.

A short paper on the above-named subject may not be looked upon as uninteresting. True, nothing new can be written on this subject, for it has often been treated with consummate skill by many able writers, and spoken on, by many brilliant orators. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that everything connected with the fame, the glory of Fatherland, shall forever remain green in our soul, and be considered ever new.

When other kingdoms were little known, Erin had her history, and basked in the sunshine of nationhood. She had as many names, as since then she has had trials; as many explanations of same, as she has writers of her history.

What were the names given to this "Ancient Isle?"

First. We find her called *Ogygia*, which word signifies antiquity; our ancient bards called everything old by this name, *Ogygia*. Egypt, the great parent of Science and Art, was known by this name. Hence, Ireland must be looked upon as ancient, inasmuch as she merits that name, — *Ogygia*.

Secondly. We find her called Hibernia, or Western Isle, beyond which the ancients knew but the mighty ocean. For this Isle of the Western Seas the Phœnicians sailed; this dreamland they discovered. In our Celtic tongue we have the word *Hiar*, or West; hence, Hibernia or Western Isle. Pausing over her antiquity might I not apply the following words to Fatherland? —

> "Our dear land was old, when others were young,
> She rose like a dreamland from the Western Seas;
> Her history was told, her praises were sung."

It is now three thousand years since the Milesians landed on the shores of this "Isle of Bauba," another name by which Ireland was formerly known. This latter name was given to her, because the eldest of the three daughters of Cain (the earliest visitors to this dear old land) bore the name "Bauba," hence Erin was then called "Isle of Bauba."

The Milesians, we are informed by history, landed at *Inbher Slainge*, now known as Wexford harbor. We learn from history, also, that the Tuatha de Danaus alarmed at the number of their ships, immediately flocked towards the shore, and by the power of their enchantments, cast such a cloud over the whole island, that the Milesians were confounded, and thought they saw nothing but the resemblance of a hog, and for this reason the island was called *Muicinis*. Afterwards they landed with difficulty, and on their onward march they met *Eire* and her attendants; she told them her name was *Eire*; from her the country was called *Eire*, and hence the name, Erin. They next made for the seat of government at Teamir, the present Tara, where the

wise prince *Ollamh Fodhla* held his triennial convention, and there, assisted by select legislators, made good laws for the government of his subjects.

Who has not heard of the Psalter of Tara, in which were inserted all the authentic chronicles that were preserved in the king's palace? It may be interesting to note that the mercenary habits of the young men of the present day were condemned in that great code of ancient legislation when Irishmen were *gallant*. Yes, when a young man was about marrying, it was enacted that he should not insist upon a fortune, but should rather choose a woman for her virtue, courtesy, and good manners. I hope, when we will have Home Rule again, this *gallant* touch of nature will rise above the present game of speculation being pursued, on the occasion of alliance companies being formed.

Just one word more to confirm the ancient claims of Ireland, and I shall be done. In the Council of Constance, in the year 1416, a dispute arose between the orators of Henry V., of England, and Charles VI., of France, as to the precedence that ought be given in the order of speaking at said council.

The decision was that the orators of Henry V. of England were entitled to speak first, owing to the antiquity of Hibernia. In those days all honor was the privilege of Irishmen, belonging, as they did, to the oldest nation.

She was also called Scotia, because some of her earliest colonists came from Scythia, hence the name Scotia. She was also known as Albania, *ab albis rupibus*, or the white hills around her coasts. In the vernacular, our forefathers called her *Albdin*, or white hill.

Enough is written, in this short paper, to show that Ireland is entitled to the name, "Ancient Isle."

We have, therefore, an ancient kingdom to be lifted up; a lost nationhood to be restored.

Quin, Co. Clare. M. B. CORRY, C. C.

MOCK FUNERALS, ETC.— Recruiting for the Irish Brigades in the service of France in the last century was sometimes effected by means of mock funerals in the country parts of Ireland. Mr. Lecky alludes to this practice in his *History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* (Vol. II.) With the same determination to escape baffling supervision, the Irish have often resorted to ingenious devices. When it was penal for a Catholic schoolmaster to exercise his avocation, and too great a risk to assemble scholars in a ditch, school was sometimes held in a churchyard, the tombstones serving as tables, and doing duty also as slates. The artist Gabriel Beranger, when on a sketching tour in Ireland in 1779, found in the Abbey of Ballintubber (Connaught) a schoolmaster in the midst of a group of children, his desk a tombstone, while his pupils sat upon stones ranged in proper order around him.

Lost.

LAST night, I heard in my dreams,
The sound of thy voice, O Sea!
And ye brought o'er thy foamy breast,
A something that's lost to me;
A beautiful something that lay,
Like a ghost on thy glittering sands;
But the lips were wan,
And the old smile gone,
And cold were its marble hands.

Afar o'er thy surging waves,
I sought in vain to descry
A welcome glimpse of a white-sailed ship
That had sailed when the summer was nigh;
But never a glimpse I caught.
Yet a white face down on the sands,
Mocked my despair,
With its nutbrown hair,
All torn by the tempest's hands.

Then I knelt 'neath the leaden sky
And I said to thy waves, O Sea:
My beautiful one lies not on the beach,
Ye have brought but the dead to me.
For I know my idol lives
Somewhere in thy secret cave;
But the sullen roar,
On thy treacherous shore,
Was the only answer ye gave.

Ottawa, Canada. GRACE O'BOYLE

A Wish.

OH, for some calm retreat in woodland dim,
'Mong lichened rocks beside a mountain brook.
A rush-strewn cell, with chair and lamp and book —
To list entranced the skylark's morning hymn;
To watch the flowers unfold, the fishes swim;
With eye serene on Nature's ways to look;
To nurse kind thoughts for everything alive,
For common good of all to think and strive.
E'en such a life — if children whiles might come,
Would be my choice — not that I hate the throng
Of crowded cities, but I grieve for wrong
Men do to men, unlike those patient, dumb
Kind beasts we so despise — which God doth keep
So in his care, that they may never weep.

J. K.

Our Public Schools.

THE Forty-Eighth Annual Report of the Board of Education, of Massachusetts, just issued, deserves a careful examination by all persons interested in the education of youth.

There are, according to the Secretary's report, 6,358 public schools in the Commonwealth, having an average attendance, during 1883–84, of 248,168. The number of persons in the State between the ages of five and fifteen, May 1, 1883, was 336,195. The aggregate amount expended on the public schools alone, exclusive of repairing and erecting school-houses, was $5,180,661.93, a cost of $15.40 for each child in the State between the ages of five and fifteen years; or $20.87, for each, according to the average attendance. If the cost of repairing and erecting school-houses be added, the total cost amounts to $6,502,359 24 or $19.34 for each child in the State between the ages of five and fifteen years, and $26.24 for each according to the average attendance.

After this enormous outlay, one would think that our public schools ought to be nearly perfect; but the reports of the agents of the Board show they are yet very far from it. These reports are nearly all criticisms on the ways and results of teaching, superintendents' duties, etc., and show that either some of the school committees, the teachers, or the system need a change.

Mr. Walter, one of the agents of the Board, in his report says: "In one city, six primary schools, each having one teacher, had a total attendance of 461 pupils, or about seventy-seven pupils to a teacher; in the same city were grammar schools with thirty to forty pupils to a teacher." Any one acquainted with teaching children can imagine how much instruction one teacher can give seventy seven children. Again he says, "Large numbers of schools are working without any prescribed course of studies. Subject to the teacher's preference for one branch or another, the pupils, over taught in one and under taught in another, go through the schools, passing from grade to grade without examinations, and finally graduate without ever knowing how little their schooling has done for them."

This is the verdict, by one of its friends, on our public school systems. From Mr. Walton's statements the ideal public school system of Massachusetts is very far from perfection. In one school he found the attendance but 36 per cent of the number belonging.

The number of high schools in the State is 228, attended by 20,012 pupils. The aggregate cost of the high schools is not given separately, which is a pity. The Report gives the salaries of the principals as $280,817.50 or $14 03 for each pupil attending. From this it is evident that our high schools are maintained at a cost of nearly $40 for each pupil attending them. The average cost of the pupils attending the Worcester high school, in 1883, was $38.69 and this is, perhaps, a fair average of the cost of the high schools of the State. Here, we ask, does the State receive a full return for this outlay? From this

outlay one would think our high schools ought to be nearly perfect; but Mr. G. H. Martin, another agent of the Board, in his report shows that the high schools are no better than the "common" schools. Speaking of the teaching of history, Mr. Martin says: "It is the narrowest kind of task-work, having in it no element of teaching. . . . The daily class exercise is a mere catechetical examination, and most of the questioning violates every educational principal."

"In another school, the following dialogue took place, the subject of the lesson being the Greek philosophy, the pupils a first-year class, and the teacher with open book in hand: —

Teacher to the Class. — "Who was an eminent friend of Pericles and taught mathematics and astronomy?"

One Pupil. — "Diogenes."

Teacher. — "No, Anaxagooas. Who was Diogenes? Can any one tell?"

Several pupils. — "He lived in a tub."

Teacher. — "Yes; he was a famous cynic. Who was called the laughing philosopher?"

(No answer). "Democritus; because he treated the follies and vices of mankind with ridicule."

"I heard a similar exercise by another teacher in the same school." And he adds, a little further on, "That these exercises took place in city high schools and conducted by graduates of colleges."

Speaking of the study of English History, Mr. Martin says, "In only a small number of schools is there any special study of English History. This is to be regretted. The history of England is as much the history of our own people as is the history of the United States, and it should be a required study in every high school course. It is painful to hear a pupil who knows nothing of Alfred and Cromwell and Pitt reciting about Nabopolassar and Sanchoniathon." How the history of England is the history of our own people, Mr. Martin does not explain; and inasmuch as the people who are English or of English blood, are in a minority in this State, it would be perhaps a more difficult task than he could accomplish.

English History should be excluded from the schools because if a true history, it is a little better than the average dime novel, and if false, of the "goody" kind, it is worse.

Why is not Irish History taught in, at least, those cities where the childern of Irish parents are nearly or one-half of the school-children? Mr. Martin does not seem to know there is such a place as Ireland, yet its history is the history of our own people far more than English History is.

In concluding his report Mr. Martin says: — "To say that they (the high schools) have defects, is to say that they are subject to the limitations which affect all human institutions. The defects may be remedied, meantime the schools are worthy of the fullest confidence and the most generous support."

Without a generous support, it is evident they cannot get along

The State normal schools cost $76,443.44 and was attended by 1,017 pupils. Average cost of each pupil attending $75 16 exclusive

of $2,000 given as "aid" to normal pupils. Each pupil attending the Normal Art School cost the State $129.88 each.

General Butler in his message to the Massachusetts Legislature in 1883, speaking of the Normal Art School says: — "In order that I cannot be misunderstood when I say that our school-fund money is diverted extravagantly from the many to whom it does belong to the use of the few to whom it does not belong, I illustrate this topic by the facts concerning an industrial school established in this State in 1873, under the name of the State Normal Art School. It had been in existence eight years up to the time of which I have a report. During its existence the whole number of pupils resident in Massachusetts had been 1,049, an annual average of 131 who attended it for any time at all. Of the whole number 42 resided outside of the State. Most of its pupils attended the school a very short time each. Only *seventeen* of the whole number graduated from the full course, and only a small part of the whole number were ever qualified to teach in one or more branches of art education. . . . Each Massachusetts scholar ever in that school cost the State $128.46. . . . Ought the common-school fund, or money derived by taxation to be given to such a school? Are the branches of learning taught in it those necessary to the common education for the whole people?"

This art education, which commences at the third grade and terminates in $130 pupils in the Normal school, deserves investigation by every school officer in the State. Why should a boy or girl who, perhaps, cannot remain more than five or six years at school be compelled to spend two or three hours a week in trying to learn drawing? How many, of the thousands of pupils who have left the public schools during the past five years, has this art education helped to earn a livelihood?

The Report has little to say about art education. The Secretary, Mr. Dickinson gives his ideas on "morals," in five pages; but strange to say this report of the education of a presumably Christian commonwealth does not contain the name of God. Christian occurs once, where one of the agents, speaking of what a high school class was studying says, he found one class studying "Christian Evidences," and he naively adds, "though showing none in their conduct."

The virtues which Mr. Dickinson would have teachers impress upon their pupils are such as might be practised in a pagan country. *Piety*, he defines as "a filial reverence for parents and country and benefactors." As one of the growing evils of the times is a disregard of parental authority in the young. "Piety," is, we fear, little taught in our public schools. "The young should know as much as possible of the good country in which they live," writes Mr. Dickinson. Yes, hours can be wasted in drawing cat's heads or in lauding those supposed to be heroes, but there must be no talk of God or his justice. Future punishments and rewards does not become this progressive age of ours. This is the spirit which surrounds our public schools, and it is no wonder that the great majority of the sects do not know what they believe. In Massachusetts it is still fashionable to be a "Christian," although you may reject the idea of a hell and even doubt

whether you have an immortal soul. Another generation will see the great majority of the sects of this state infidels, if they are not so already. The system of education which produces this result cannot be good.

A nation, the chief characteristics of whose people, as portrayed in its daily press, are blasphemy, immorality, robbery and murder; and whose youths are taught by word and example, that the great object of life is to become rich and famous by any and all means, may survive for a generation or two, but it needs no prophet to foretell, that unless the moral downward path be arrested, the United States, as a great nation, will be short lived.

Christian education may yet arrest its downward progress; but, unfortunately, many of those who ought to be the defenders of Christian education are its opponents. Dearly have many of them paid, and more dearly shall they yet pay for their indifference and cowardice, as the number of grey hairs, brought down to permature graves, testify.

WORCESTER, April, 1885. L.

Montalambert and His Daughter.

TOWARDS the end of his life an event occurred in his household which, though it was sudden, should not have been unlooked for. His youngest daughter, a brilliant girl, who possessed "much of her father's talent and many of his characteristics, who had made a brilliant entry into 'the world' some time before, announced her desire to become a nun." "One day," says M. Cochin, "his charming and beloved child entered that library which all his friends know so well, and said to him: 'I am fond of everything around me. I love pleasure, wit, society and its amusements; I love my family, my studies, my companions, my youth, my life, my country; but I love God better than all, and I desire to give myself to him.' And when he said to her, 'My child, is there something which grieves you?' she went to the book-shelves and sought out one of the volumes of *The Monks of the West.* 'It is you,' she answered, 'who have taught me that withered hearts and weary souls are not the things which we ought to offer to God.'" Could pen have pictured a sweeter picture, or the imagination have conceived a day of purer recompense for the author of volumes consecrated to humility and heroism? "Some days after," continues the same sympathetic narrator, "I had the happiness of accompanying the family to the humble sanctuary where the marriage ceremony was to take place; the priest was at the altar to celebrate the bridal, and the bride, adorned for her marriage, in her orange-flowers and bridal veil, knelt radiant and tender at the altar. But there was no bridegroom there. The bridegroom was that invisible Husband, who for two thousand years has attached so many young souls to him by bonds which cannot be broken, and drawn them by a charm which nothing can

equal." The reader, if he has perused *The Monks of the West*, has read, at the conclusion of one of the volumes treating of the Anglo-Saxon saints, what Mrs. Oliphant calls "one of the most affecting utterances of suppressed emotion which perhaps has ever been put upon record." It is a description of this episode.

This daughter was the favorite of Montalembert. She was the youngest of three — he never had a son. His favorite appellation in addressing her was, "Mon bonheur." It was a sacrifice to part with her — a sacrifice whose keenness only a parent can appreciate. His health was poor, his days were numbered, and the sweet ministrations of this dear child would have made any one less human than Montalembert exclaim that she had left him to his great regret -- *à ma grande désolation !* But this natural sorrow soon gave way to a deep and genuine joy that this tender scion had found a safe asylum for her innocence, where she would be happy and useful, free from the sorrows of the outer world. The time, too, for his leaving that world was, as we have intimated, approaching rapidly. Soon society had to be given up. Then came the arm-chair. From 1867 his sufferings continued to be very acute down to the day of his death. Then the easy-chair had to be abandoned for the bed. Mrs. Oliphant, who knew him in these waning days, has devoted many pages of beauty and pathos to their memory. "Never," says she, "was there a more striking evidence of that vigor and life of the soul which is independent of — nay, almost in antagonism with — the strength of the body. . . . Death had nothing to do with such a man. Looking at him, the spectator felt it to be of all things the least credible. He was an embodied contradiction to that condition of humanity, an assertion of immortality more triumphant than any argument. Physicians might say what they would, we believe that no one could have seen Montalembert in that prolonged and most painful passage out of life without feeling a half-indignant, half-contemptuous inclination to deny the possibility of dying. With such a deathless, brave, bright, and unconquerable individuality death had nothing to do."

Mr. Froude and the Irish School Children.

James Anthony Froude in his recent rapid passage across the country, on the homeward stretch of his round the-world trip, was interviewed in New York, and among other things was asked for reminiscences of his visit to the United States in 1872–'73.

The reading of the notice of this interview revived the memory of an incident of that visit, which is, perhaps, worth relating.

During this visit, Mr. Froude delivered lectures in the principal cities on the Irish question. The theory which he propounded and advocated was, that the troubles in Ireland were not the result of bad government at all, but of bad blood in the Irish race. But he was

anxious to get more light on the subject, if possible, and so when in Boston he wanted to visit public schools which were frequented by children of the Irish race. Accordingly, I took him to some boys' schools and some girls' schools where the children were almost wholly of Irish parentage. At the last of these girls' schools, of the grammar grade, installed in a splendid new schoolhouse of large size, after passing through twelve or fourteen rooms, filled with bright, well-dressed girls, full of animation in their recitation in the various branches of instruction, Mr. Froude asked, "Do you mean to say that these are the children of Irish immigrants?"—"Yes," I answered, "I believe there is not a single pupil in this school of the Yankee race."—"Well," he continued, "I must confess I'm staggered."—"Now," said I, "I will take you to a mixed school (boys and girls being in separate rooms and classes), which stands on a spot that two years ago was a mudhole in a marsh, surrounded by poor dwellings, mostly occupied by Irish immigrants." After passing through most of the rooms in the fine building, in which were neatly-dressed pupils in the most perfect order, earnestly engaged in their work, we came to a boys' room where a recitation in history was in progress. Here he took a seat and proceeded to question the class, from which he got very prompt and appropriate answers. At length he singled out a little tow-headed boy of the Irish nationality, and plied him with a lot of pretty hard questions, but every one was answered with admirable promptness and accuracy. Mr. Froude stopped, remained silent for a short time, with his eyes cast down as though in a profound study. He then addressed the boy again and said, "My boy, where did you learn this?"—"Out of a book, sir," was the ready reply. "And where did you get the book?"—"Out of the Public Library," was the answer.

Mr. Froude then arose to leave, and I said, "Now, Mr. Froude, I will take you to the Girls' High School, where you will find representatives of the Irish nationality in a higher grade of instruction." "Well," replied Mr. Froude, "you may take me where you please; it makes no difference; I'm full; I can't hold any more."

JOHN D. PHILBRICK.

[We find the above in the *Boston Daily Transcript.* Mr. Philbrick was superintendent of the Public Schools at the time referred to.]

THE SENSATIONS OF THE DROWNED.— A curious and instructive piece of evidence was given at the Central Criminal Court on the 4th inst., on the trial of Emily Redstone for attempting to murder two little children — Amy and Maud Weir — by throwing them into the river near Kew. Amy, the elder, a bright, intelligent child, aged seven years, gave her evidence in a remarkably clear and artless manner. She stated that she sank till she felt her feet touch the bottom, and that she then fell asleep till she found herself wrapped up in the boat-house. There was no pain after the first shock of the water.

Catholics of the U. S. During the Revolution.

Address Delivered by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D., Before the United States Catholic Historical Society, May 14th.

Interest of the Earlier Period — The sufferings of Catholics in the British Colonies — Disinterested Patriotism and Faith in their Fellow Colonists — Unanimity — No Tories Among Them — The French and Indian Catholics Adhere to the Cause — Canadian Aid — The Two Catholic Regiments and their Catholic Chaplain — Catholic Services in the West — Sympathy of all the Catholic Powers of Europe.

THE earliest period of the history of the Church in this country is full of deep and romantic interest. We see the Church seeking everywhere the welfare of the native races and of the white settlers, her missionaries facing death in every shape to convert the heathen, and teaching their own countrymen to set an example of virtue and prove the mild law of the gospel by the example of their lives.

The great Catholic missions, whether at the North clustering around the names of Jogues, Brebeuf, Viel, Rale, Ribourde; on the Southern coast around a Montesinos, a Cancer, a Segura, a Corpa, a Pareja, a Parga, a Mendoza; in the West, Padilla, Membré, Menard, Bernal, Morador; on the Pacific Coast, giving us Serra, Jayme, Ascension; or lit up in Texas by the miraculous life of Antonio Margel, from a theme of inexhaustible beauty.

The priests, who, in the early settlements, under French and Spanish, shared the hardships of the pioneers, giving the worship of God and channels of grace from the first, are not unworthy the historian. The missionaries, who, centering in Maryland from the days of Father White, labored for white and Indian during the brief days of Catholic power, and then, during long years of cruel oppression, win our sympathy by their patient heroism, and our gratitude for laying the firm and broad foundation on which the Catholic Church in our day rises so gloriously.

These are themes in which eloquence can find subjects for numberless pictures of all that is grand, heroic, pathetic and tragic. But I propose to consider another period, that of the American Revolution, and to do something to portray briefly the part played by our fathers in the Faith in the great struggle which gave the world the noblest example it ever had of a republic where self-government has secured a freedom and happiness unexampled in history.

When the colonies protested indignantly against the encroachment on their rights attempted by the King and Parliament, they sought first to obtain redress by peaceful agitation and remonstrance. The Catholics in the country were not more than 25,000 in Maryland and Pennsylvania, a few thousand on the Mississippi and the lakes, a handful in Florida, and Indians in Maine, on the frontiers of New York and around Lake Michigan. Elsewhere they were few and scattered amid the general population.[1]

[1] Bishop Carroll's estimates.

From the settlement of the country, Catholics, though they always, when opportunity offered, showed a jealous care for the religious rights of others, as in Maryland under Lord Baltimore, and in New York under the Duke of York, had been the victims of the most cruel, unprovoked and unchristian oppression, Pennsylvania alone recognizing, with occasional faltering, the rights to which they were entitled.

Georgia forbade Catholic priests or laymen to land on her coast; Virginia refused to permit Lord Baltimore to set foot on the soil where Dominicans planted the Cross in 1526,[1] on soil bedewed with the blood of Catholic missionaries,[2] and down to the time of the Revolution she crowded her statute book with penal laws, whose depths of infamy can be imagined, when we find that, in the Old Dominion, no Catholic could be a witness in any case, civil or criminal, so that a murder or other atrocious crime might be committed with impunity, in the presence of a hundred Catholics, as not one of them could enter the witness box to testify against the guilty. Plymouth, at an early day, excluded Catholic priests, and Massachusetts, in 1700, punished their entrance by imprisonment for life, death being the penalty for an attempt at escape. New York, which, under James II., established religious liberty by her bill of rights, passed a similar act against priests under Lord Bellomont, and disfranchised Catholics. Rhode Island excepted Roman Catholics from the religious freedom she offered. Maryland, where a Catholic lord proprietor, and legislation while controlled by Catholics had established religious liberty and punished interference with freedom of worship, saw Catholics excluded from the franchise, loaded with double taxes, deprived of arms and of horses, subjected to humiliating rules, compelled to support, and at times attend Protestant worship or pay a heavy penalty.

So had Catholics fared at the hands of their fellow-colonists; the men among whom they lived, who saw and admitted that they were blameless, law-abiding citizens.

The moment of struggle had come, and the feeling of the colonists at large, was embittered afresh by the fidelity of Great Britain in carrying out the treaty with France, by permitting the Canadian Catholics to enjoy their religion in peace. The feelings in New York was so bitter against us, that the Sons of Liberty ran up a flag with the legend, "No Popery," and a band of Scotch Catholics in the Mohawk Valley were driven over into Canada, though as they had swung their claymores at Culloden, they asked no greater privilege than to wield them once more against the House of Hanover.[3]

Such was the position of Catholics in this country, and of the feeling towards them, when the decisive moment came. What was to be the attitude of the Catholics? The Methodists, with their founder, sided with England; a large proportion of the Episcopalians took the same course; the Society of Friends, averse to war, sought to avoid committing themselves to either side. Would it have been wonderful if the Catholics had joined the loyal side in order to avenge the wrongs

[1] Fathers Montesinos and Cervantes at San Miguel de Guandape on the James in 1526.
[2] Fathers Segura and Quiros, in 1575. [3] Schlosser's Briefwechsel — Life of Mgr. Plessis.

they had so long and so constantly borne? It would have been yielding to a very natural impulse. But the Catholics nobly rose above all personal considerations. Fundamental principles of government were at stake, principles that sound Catholic theology recognized; and the movement was to secure them as the basis of future government, under the British rule, if it recognized them; without it, if they were refused.

The Catholics spontaneously, universally and energetically gave their adhesion to the cause of America, and when the time came, to American Independence. There was no faltering, no division. Every Catholic in the land was a Whig. In the list of Tories and Loyalists, in the volumes since written about them, you cannot find the name of a single Catholic.[1] There were no Catholic Tories.

The Catholic adhesion to the cause of freedom was instinctive and universal. It was not inspired by a mere spirit of revolution, for to this spirit they were directly opposed, and had no sympathy with the revolution that aimed to overthrow all civil and religious power. The cause of the American Revolution had nothing in common with that. To the cause of the American Revolution, Catholics of every race and tongue in the land rallied at once. The Catholic Indians in Maine promptly offered their adhesion to the cause, and their services on the field. Those on the frontier of New York, sent men to our army, and refused to join the English under Burgoyne. The Catholics in Maryland for generations in the land, the Irish and German Catholics of Pennsylvania, the Catholic settlers in Indiana and Illinois, all joined the patriotic movement. Indeed, historians admit that we could not have secured the West, had it not been for the action of the Catholics of the Wabash and Illinois, led by their patriotic priest, the Rev. Pierre Gibault.[2] Canada was pervaded by the same feeling, and that province would have joined the Thirteen Colonies had not New York politicians led the Continental Congress to denounce the Canadians and impugn their religion. But though we could not gain the province, Canadians could not be alienated from our course.

Taunted by Delaney, as a man nurtured at St. Omer's, as a man who could not vote for the pettiest officer, Charles Carroll silenced the advocate of England by arguments cogent, clear and forcible, which were read through all the colonies, and raised the proscribed Catholic to the highest place in the esteem of his countrymen, which he preserved till he died, the last of the immortal signers of the Declaration of Independence. Father Harding, of Philadelphia, the patron of Benjamin West, a man, whose name was a synonym for charity, was equally known for his patriotism.[3] The Rev. John Carroll returned from Europe to share the fortunes of his countrymen, and earnestly advocated the cause of liberty. Under such impulse, Catholics were active patriots from the first, and when it was clear that Americans must take up arms, the Catholic recruits to the army were out of all proportion to their numbers in the country. The first call for troops after the battle of Lexington, drew from Maryland and Pennsylvania

[1] Lorenzo Sabine, the American Loyalists, Boston, 1847. [2] Law's History of Vincennes; Mallet, Life of Rev. Pierre Gibault. [3] Caspipina's Letters, Bath, 1777.

regiments in which Catholics formed a large part, and to the end of the war, the Pennsylvania line numbered hundreds who adhere to our ancient Faith. The West had its companies under Vigo, Charlevoix, and others; Orono, with his Continental Commission, led the Catholic Penobscots,[1] Captain Louis, the men of St. Regis, and Canada gave two regiments of Catholic soldiers, with experienced officers like Captains Guillot, Loiseau and Menard, for whose spiritual succor the Continental Congress issued her first chaplain's commission, that given to the Franciscan Father Lotbinière, a patriot of the old noblesse, his brother being the Marquis of that name.[2] This Catholic service in the cause was not evanescent. These regiments, "Congress's Own," fought steadily through the whole war, till Cornwallis laid down his arms at Yorktown, and their services were rewarded by grants of land in the northern part of New York State, where their descendants are to be found to this day. These regiments were all the more valuable, as many officers and men were veterans who had held their own against British regulars.

But in the system which had prevailed in the English colonies, no Catholic could hold a commission in the militia, and consequently when war began there were no Catholics who had acquired experience as officers of provincial troops in the French or Indian wars; yet many rose to positions in State lines, like Stephen Moylan, of Pennsylvania, who, after serving at the siege of Boston was made colonel of a cavalry regiment in 1777; and Washington had no more trusted or able officer than the brother of the Catholic Bishop of Cork. The first Fourth of July was celebrated in the Illinois country by Rev. Mr. Gibault, who went to every little hamlet to secure the fidelity of the French and their Indian neighbors to the cause, and he blessed the Kaskaskia Company under Captain Charlevoix when it marched with Clark to reduce Vincennes. Who can forget brave Captain La Balme, who fell like a hero, in 1780, in his gallant effort to wrest Detroit from the hands of the English?

Catholic sympathy with the cause of the American Revolution was not confined to this continent. Before Congress declared our independence, every Catholic power in the Old World gave the cause its earnest sympathy. France and Spain each spontaneously put money, arms and supplies at the service of Congress. The Catholic States of Italy showed their favor when England began to draw from the Protestant States of Germany hirelings to aid in crushing us. The Catholic princes in the German Empire all opposed it so earnestly that England was compelled to abandon that way of raising men.

Before governments took any steps, a host of officers who had won rank and experience in European wars, engineers, trained in the best military schools, came to lend their services to the Continental Congress. Nearly all were Catholics, not a few officers of the Irish Brigade, Lafayette, Duponceau, Conway, Dugan, Arundel, Pulaski,

[1] Life of Orono, in Collections of Maine Historical Society. [2] Record of Officers of the United States Army. American Archives v. i. 798, 1031: IV. vi. 923. Daniel, *nos Gloires*, i. 191.

Armand, De Fleury, Du Portail, Du Coudray, and a host of others, whose services in organizing and drilling troops, in planning operations, in the defence or siege of positions, rendered services that were invaluable, as they brought knowledge and experience which the country could not then supply, though she could send her brave and patriotic sons to the field.[1]

"Charles Carroll, of Carrollton," to use the words of Bancroft, "the great representative of his fellow-believers, and already an acknowledged leader of the patriots, sat in the Maryland Convention as delegate of a Protestant constituency." At a later date he sat in the Continental Congress to represent his native State, and affixed his name to the Declaration of Independence. It was an act to draw down the vengeance of Great Britain, if by her mighty power she could succeed in crushing the weak and struggling colonies. Charles Carroll was a man of wealth; but he had namesakes. One is infamous in Maryland history as an unfaithful trustee, who, to avoid settling up an estate, excited an anti-Catholic campaign, in order to get laws passed that would shield him from those whom he had wronged. Some one reminded Carroll that he was not the only one of the name, and might escape responsibility for signing the Declaration of Independence. It was then that he took up his pen and added, "of Carrollton," not by way of ostentation, but to fix on himself alone the responsibility of his patriotic action. Daniel Carroll, brother of the patriotic priest, Thomas Fitzsimmons, Thomas Sim Lee, the War Governor of Maryland, were also Catholic members of the immortal Continental Congress.

Our armies in Canada had acted in a way to dampen the friendly feeling of the people, who were treated with little regard for their nationality or religion. Congress saw the necessity of taking some step to recover the lost ground. An address was prepared, and Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll were appointed commissioners. The Rev. John Carroll, whose patriotism was so thoroughly known, was requested to accompany the commissioners, and ready to respond to the call of his country, he left his modest parish to journey to Canada. The influence of these delegates, especially of the Carrolls, who were thoroughly conversant with the language and feelings of the French, would have been great, perhaps decisive; but the English authorities translated into French and disseminated the address of Congress to the people of Great Britain, written by John Jay, in which the Canadians and the Catholic religion were assailed in the grossest and most preposterous manner. In England, its falsehoods excited ridicule; in Canada they proved fatal to the cause of the United States, and rendered useless the efforts of the commissioners.[2] But Providence overruled all. Bigotry has been a costly

[1] See List in Hillard d'Auberteuil.

[2] Charles Carroll's Journal. An Englishman's Answer to the Address from the Delegates to the People of G. B. — "N. Y., 1775. — We shall find by turning over the sad historic page that it was the ——— sect (I forget what they call them; I mean the sect which is still most numerous here, and not the sect which they so much despise) that in the last century deluged our island in blood. That even shed the blood of the sovereign, and dispersed impiety, bigotry, superstition, etc., through every part of the empire." — P. 23.

affair for the country. It cost us Canada, which but for it, would, for the last century, have been under the flag of the United States. Congress recognized the mischief of bigotry. Catholic France became our avowed ally, and was the first power to recognize the United States as one of the nations of the earth. She sent her fleets to neutralize England's naval operations on our coast. Our little navy displayed heroism and bravery. The gallant Catholic Commodore Barry had more than once compelled English vessels to strike; but our navy was too weak to cope with a powerful British fleet. When, however, the fleets of Catholic France entered the harbor of Newport, or cruised off Sandy Hook, or met an English fleet at the Capes of the Chesapeake, or attacked English strongholds at the South, the position of affairs was completely changed. England was no longer master of the coast. She could not move her forces from point to point by sea, she could not prevent America from receiving needed supplies. The colonies, where but a few years before the very name of Catholic was coupled with horror, now welcomed fleets and armies with Catholic chaplains, and America officially joined in Catholic services. What a change to see the selectmen of Boston, or the magistrates of Newport, following a crucifix through the streets; Washington and his staff, or Congress at Mass.

Then, Catholic Spain gave her aid. England sought to win Russia, and planned to hire Muscovite troops to use in reducing this country. Spain proposed to the Continental powers an armed neutrality, and by her diplomacy drew all into it, detaching Russia from England, and completely defeating the schemes of that power. At a later day Spain offered England her services as mediator, and finally declared war. Don Bernardo Galvez, the able commander in Louisiana, had already shown his sympathy for the American cause by protecting American vessels and furnishing aid. On the declaration of war he took the field, besieged the English at Baton Rouge, and compelled them to surrender; then, co-operating with a squadron of Spanish and French vessels, he laid siege to Pensacola, garrisoned at the time by regulars, Hessians and Tories. In spite of a stout defence it fell, and with it the power of England in the Gulf of Mexico and on the Southern frontier, blasting the hopes of the Tories.[1]

The English endeavored to take revenge at the North, and sent a force of Tories and Indians to destroy St. Louis, then a feeble settlement. It was on the beautiful feast of Corpus Christi, when their Catholic fellow-believers elsewhere exulted in pious joy, that the men of this little Catholic post, with prayers on their lips, rallied to save their homes from the horrors of Wyoming and Cherry Valley. After a desperate struggle they drove off the savage foe, and returned to kneel with their wives and little ones before the altar of God in thanksgiving for their deliverance.[2] The Spanish authorities followed up the victory by operations against British posts that paralyzed their power in the North-west. The official thanks of our Government, paid

[1] Farmer's Siege of Pensacola in Historical Magazine. Bancroft's U. S., viii. p. 343; ix. p. 71; x. p. 165, 246, 265. George Sumner's Address. [2] Proceedings of Missouri Historical Society.

through Morris to Galvez, were not undeserved. In the Spanish operations the Irish regiment of Hibernia were frequently employed, and at the close of the war remained to garrison Fort San Marco at St. Augustine.[1]

The operations of the French army under Count de Rochambeau are, of course, the most striking in the aid rendered to our cause by Catholic France. The chaplains, wherever they met any of the faithful, encouraged them by their ministry and by their words. The influence of the chaplains of the French and Spanish military and naval forces was very great. Many of these clergymen were Irish, selected probably as better able to speak the language of the country. Among these chaplains, the Rev. H. De La Motte, a priest of the Order of St. Augustine, attached to a French man-of-war, when off the coast of Maine opened intercourse with the Penobscot Indians, and afforded them the opportunity they had long desired of hearing Mass and approaching the Sacraments. He distributed presents among them, and through them to the Micmacs, spreading through the north-east coast the tidings that their old Father, the King of France, was fighting on the side of the Americans. The vessel to which this active priest was at first attached was captured by the English and taken into New York. Father De La Motte, as an officer, was paroled and had the liberty of the city. The small body of Catholics here had, since the beginning of the war, been cut off from all intercourse with Father Farmer in Philadelphia, who had been the first to officiate for them. Long deprived of Mass, they implored the good Augustinian to offer the Holy Sacrifice for them. He readily consented, but the British officers took offence; they maintained that Father De La Motte had violated his parole. They arrested him and threw him into one of the horrible prisons which they maintained for American prisoners. It was in all probability the old sugar-house or the Dutch Church near it on Crown Street, which now bears the name of Liberty. Here the good priest expiated his offence for saying Mass for Catholics in New York.[2]

The chaplains attached to the embassies from the Catholic powers to the United States all sympathized with the cause. We find, in occasional glimpses, proof of their feelings and services. The Abbé Bandole, chaplain to La Lazerne, the French Minister to the Continental Congress, has left the record of his eloquent advocacy of our cause. The papers of the day bring down to us a sermon preached by this clergyman, before the members of the Continental Congress, on the 4th of July, 1779, and another delivered in the Catholic Church, Philadelphia, before the members of the Continental Congress and of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, on the 4th of November, 1781, when a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted, to thank God for the victory achieved at Yorktown[3]

So uniformly were Catholics on the side of the Republic in the

[1] Registers of St. Augustine. [2] Unpublished letters of Father De La Motte and French officers. *Rivington's Royal Gazette.* July 17, 1779. Thomas O'Conor, Sketch of St. Peter's. [3] Westcott's "History of Philadelphia," ch. 365. *Pennsylvania Packet*, Nov. 27, 1781.

struggle with England, so Catholic were its allies, that the great arch traitor of the Revolution, Benedict Arnold, made it a pretext for his course in going over to the English. His zeal for Protestantism would not permit him any longer to remain in a service where he was constantly brought into contact with Roman Catholics. We certainly must feel the highest respect for the zeal and piety of Benedict Arnold.

But I have detained you too long. That I may not be accused of overrating the part taken by Catholics for the national good when we were only one in sixty of the population, let me close by these words of the reply of a man who was no flatterer, George Washington, to an address of the Roman Catholics: "I hope ever to see America among the foremost nations in examples of justice and liberality. And I presume that your fellow-citizens will not forget the patriotic part which you took in the accomplishment of their revolution and the establishment of their government, or the important assistance which they received from a nation in which the Roman Catholic Faith is professed."

Ireland's Idols.

Wolfe Tone.

THERE was at this time a young barrister in Ireland, who was looked upon by his family and by his friends as rather a hopeless kind of person. He had not employed his time at the University with that diligence which leads to the capture of academic honors, he had not devoted himself to his profession of the bar with that patience and endurance which afforded any prospects of a lord chancellorship. He seemed to the sensible, prudent people with whom he came in contact, to be a hopelessly lazy, impracticable young man, a dreamer of absurd dreams, with his head stuffed with fantastic political notions, which no right-minded person could tolerate, or, indeed, understand; the sort of young man, in fact, who never would come to anything, or bring credit upon his people. His name was Theobald Wolfe Tone. To Theobald Wolfe Tone, discontented with his lot, conscious no doubt, of the waste of his fine genius in the narrow pursuits and possibilities of his daily life, and indignant at the oppression and injustice endured by his countrymen, the new ideas that were in the air very naturally commended themselves. It occurred to him that a union effected between the rising democracy in the North of Ireland, with the long downtrodden and ignored Catholic interests might result in the creation of a formidable political party. He sketched out this idea in a pamphlet, and then went to Belfast and founded there a small association — destined to become one of the most famous organizations for political purposes ever founded — called the Society of United Irishmen.

Tone's pamphlet and Tone's organization were the beginning of a new era. A branch society was immediately formed in Dublin, and joined by many conspicuous politicians. Branches, too, were estab-

lished in various parts with rapidity. The object of the society would not seem to us of to-day to be very revolutionary, although they sounded horridly in the ears of the ascendancy.

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Hamilton Rowan, the secretary of the body, was arrested, imprisoned, and fined, but succeeded in escaping from prison to America. Wolfe Tone was to have been prosecuted, but, through the influence of powerful friends, he was allowed to go to America with his wife and family.

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The very effort to suppress the United Irishmen, however, only gave them a newer and more dangerous existence. They had hitherto been a legal and constitutional body, acting, in accordance with the rights of every citizen, for the amelioration of the constitution ; it was now to become a great secret society, spreading its influence into every part of Ireland, and having for its object the definite destruction of English dominion in Ireland, and the establishment of an Irish republic. Wolfe Tone, indeed, had gone away, in temporary exile, into the United States ; but other and no less important leaders joined the movement and filled his place. Wolfe Tone's absence was only temporary. He had said to a friend, as he was leaving Ireland, that he was going to France by way of America.

Lord Edward.

The United Irishmen had found other leaders during Wolfe Tone's absence. Of these the most conspicuous, and the most famous, was "the gallant and seditious Geraldine," who is dear to so many Irish national songs as "Lord Edward." Lord Edward Fitzgerald came of an ancient family which on one side traced its descent from a proud Italian house, and on the other was linked with the line of the Stuarts. The courtly poet, Surrey, who had the misfortune to live under a monarch like Henry VIII., had loved a daughter of the house of Geraldine, and had devoted to her praise sonnets almost as sweet as those that were written in the native Tuscan of her race. It was of the Irish Geraldines that the phrase had come into existence that they were "more Irish than the Irish themselves ;" and more than one member of that brave and illustrious house had borne testimony to the truth of the saying with his blood. Latterly, however, the Geraldines had fallen away from their fame, and had ceased to play a conspicuous part in history. It was reserved for a young man, a soldier in the service of England, who had fought and bled in the American war, to revive the old glories of his race, and to lend them a brighter lustre.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald was almost the ideal hero of romance ; young, handsome, brilliant, gallant, he shines in the darkness of the darkest pages in Irish history like the creation of a poet. It is easy to understand how Lord Byron was captivated by his story and by his untimely fate, and saw in him a magnificent subject for some future historical novel. There is a story, but we do not believe it, that Lord Edward Fitzgerald's beauty, bravery and genius, were the means of

inflicting a pang upon one of the most charming women of her time, and of causing a wrong to one of the greatest and most gifted of Irishmen. The legend is that Sheridan's beautiful and devoted wife fell hopelessly in love with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and that her ill-favored passion hastened her death. Moore, however, denies the story strongly, and there is no reason for us to believe that the woman who was fortunate enough to have secured the homage and affection of Richard Brinsley Sheridan should ever have turned her heart towards another object, even were that another Irishman so handsome, so heroic, so accomplished as Edward Fitzgerald.

Inconstant Woman.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald himself fell deeply in love with and married the fair and mysterious Pamela, whom, in spite of the statements of Madame de Genlis, there is no reason forces us now to doubt was indeed the daughter of Philippe Egalite. Fitzgerald adored his young and beautiful wife, who was, perhaps, hardly worthy of the devotion of that noble heart. It is curious to reflect that the three greatest figures of that revolutionary movement — the wife of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the wife of Wolfe Tone, and the affianced bride of Robert Emmet — should each have injured the memory of the great men with whose lives they were associated by consenting to accept the love and names of others. The widow of Fitzgerald, the widow of Tone, and the betrothed of Emmet might well have been proud to have carried to their graves the names by which they were known to their patriot lovers.

The French Revolution had captivated Fitzgerald as it attracted Wolfe Tone. One small fact illustrates in a curious way the difference in the character of the two revolutionary leaders. When the United Irishmen in their early days insisted upon addressing one another after the fashion of republican Paris as "citizen," Wolfe Tone protested strongly against the innovation, very much as Mirabeau had himself protested against it. "With your citizen, Riquetti," said Mirabeau, "you have perplexed all Europe." Wolfe Tone protested scarcely less vehemently against the use of a title which did not materially alter the relative positions of those who used it. But the imagination of Fitzgerald, on the other hand, was seized by the picturesque and poetic notions of equality, and he insisted at once upon dropping his own courtesy title, and being greeted and addressed merely as citizen Edward Fitzgerald. Fitzgerald's republicanism, his admiration of the revolution, and his alliance with the daughter of Philippe Egalite earned for him the anger of his kinsman and of his class, and the removal of his name from the roll of the British army. He threw himself with enthusiasm into the cause of the United Irishmen, worked vigorously with Oliver Bond, Thomas Addis Emmet, MacNevin and the other leaders of the movement, and went over to France on a mission to the Republican directory.

The subsequent fate of this gallant gentleman forms one of the blackest pages of Irish history.

JUSTIN HUNTLEY MCCARTHY, M. P.

Dead Man's Island.

THE STORY OF AN IRISH COUNTRY TOWN.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

CHAPTER I.

BOY AND GIRL.

The houses in which Mat Blake and Mary Flaherty passed their childhood, as often happens in Ireland, had the same yard. Thus the two children spent all the hours of nearly every day together; and their love was accepted as one of the facts of the domestic life of their two families. Their separations were not frequent, nor did they go far from each other.

They had acquaintances and friends in well-to-do families of farmers, who lived about two miles outside the town of Ballybay; and hither, as to a holy land, Mary was occasionally privileged to make a pilgrimage of a couple of days. These visits brought delight to her, mixed with a slight melancholy at the separation from her sweetheart; and it was the laughing amusement of her parents to watch the struggle between joy and grief in her small bosom on the eve of one of these visits. The struggle was made the more amusing to the eyes of her elders by the efforts of the little girl to conceal it; for Mary was a very undemonstrative child, and shrank from the exposure of any of her feelings. She selected a quiet corner of the house for her cry, and then had it out, as she thought, unknown to anybody else.

I write of a time just about the Crimean War, and the manners of children may have changed considerably since then. But in those days a startling and wondrous novelty was supposed to have been brought into the world of children and of confectioners when sweets were invented in the shape of fishes and lambs, and, above all, in the shape that passed for the human heart.

Neither Mat nor Mary could write at this period of their existence, and their love letters to each other had to consist of a sweet in the shape of a heart, enclosed in a piece of paper. This wondrous mode of communication was due not to their own unaided imaginations; it was suggested by the brain of one somewhat older than themselves, of whom we shall soon hear.

Mary's father was one of those men whom everybody likes and everybody despises. He was the good fellow and the wit of Ballybay. He was a tall, robust, splendidly made man, with a large, broad face, habitually red and beaming; and a pair of eyes, that in his early days, were never without a twinkle. He was in his full glory in the days of Mat's childhood; the best athlete, the best story-teller, the singer of every comic song that drifted down to Ballybay some years after its first appearance in the English metropolis. And he had, when he attended to it, a pretty good business as a tailor. But he was habitu-

ally self-indulgent, and a love of company wherein his gifts were appreciated, naturally led him almost nightly to Pat Connor's, the chief rendezvous of souls at once gay and thirsty. He had the merit of being as tolerant to others as they needed to be to him. Whatever anybody did was right to this cheerful, unconscious optimist. The landlord, whom everybody else would denounce, Flaherty would speak and laugh with, as he fashioned on his clothes; and if the landlord varied the work by ordering in a drink, Flaherty ever spoke of him as a right good fellow. He was known to speak thus of Stafford Thompson, the Scotchman who had driven out five hundred people from, and destroyed a whole village in a week, close by Ballybay.

"Speak of a man as you find him," said Flaherty, whose patriotism was of a very primitive kind. When he was forced to condemn anybody he used a phrase that was typical not only of him, but of his country and his people. "Ah! the crachure! Ah! the crachure!" This was the expression by which Flaherty would describe a drunkard that had sent a wife into the grave and children into the workhouse; or the clerk that ran away with the contents of a till; or, as will be seen by-and-by, scoundrels whose misdeeds brought consequences much more disastrous and widespread. "Ah! the crachure!" It is the phrase by which Mat Flaherty lives, with a strange mixture of contempt and pity and rage, in the memories of those who knew him.

Habitually good-humored though he was, there were nights when Flaherty came home with a brain a-fire with drink, and a temper fierce almost to madness. It was on occasions like this that he was accustomed to employ a phrase that suggested to Mat Blake one of those maddening speculations with which the brains of children torture themselves. He threatened his wife and daughter with all kinds of violence, and these menaces reached their climax when he declared that he would "knock their daylights out." For days, weeks, months, perhaps for years, Mat's poor little head was never free from the torturing problem, What were the daylights? Were they the soul, which the catechism, the prayer-book, and the priests talked about? Were they that strange part of us that survived our bodies, were they the one thing about us that, after living here, survived for an eternity of bliss or woe? And, finally where were the daylights? In the brain? Or just behind the ear?

One night Flaherty was more violent than usual. "I'll knock your daylights out!" came across the yard to the horrified ears of little Mat, as, panting and pale, he looked at the dancing lights in the window opposite, and at last there was heard a noise as if he were striking the women with the blackthorn which he always carried. Mat could stand it no longer. "Flaherty, you scoundrel!" he called out with eyes aflame, and a body trembling with combined passion and fear, "Flaherty, you scoundrel, let my Mary alone!" And then he poured forth a volley of abuse in his shrill child voice, and with more than Corsican fire blazing from his intense black eyes.

Flaherty heard him after some time, paused, and listened.

"Is that you, Mat?" he said, in a voice that grew at once suddenly calm, and strangely soft.

"Let my Mary alone, you old scoundrel!" said Mat, in a voice more furious than ever.

Then Mat thought that Flaherty looked at him with a strange look, and he was prepared for instant death. But the "old scoundrel" sat down on the staircase, and burst into tears.

The next day he was still more surprised when Mary passed him by without even giving him a look, and he went to "Don Quixote," which he was devouring at the time, to find out whether his hero had suffered similar contumely when he also fought for his sweetheart.

But the quarrel between Mat and Flaherty was soon made up, and Flaherty resumed that ascendancy over the heart of Mat which had been broken for one hour of fierce revolt. Then misfortune came one day, and joined Mat and his sweetheart and Flaherty in the bond of a common sorrow. Flaherty was accused of stealing a watch from one of his customers. Nobody ever knew whether he had acted consciously or under the influence of drink; but he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The paroxysm of sorrow into which Mary fell was shared by Mat, who thought that the light of the world had gone out with the disappearance of the kindly face and the song and the frequent apple associated with Flaherty.

But time brought its consolations. Mat went more than ever to Mary's house, and during the imprisonment of Flaherty a new tie was formed, which brought the two sweethearts even closer together. At this period Jacob Fleming was starting on his meteoric career. Having thrown up his splendid situation as teller of the National Bank, he was paying his service to the ideal humanity with which a perusal of a translation of Comte had fired his mind, by lecturing in a fierce crusade against meat, whiskey, and tea, as the three great sources of that terrible Irish disease, which then, as now, was vexing the Parliament of England and more than one country of the world.

In Mat's father — a simple man with fanatical tendencies — the lecturer had fallen on fruitful ground. Whiskey, he had forsworn many years before, when he took the pledge from the blessed hands of Father Mathew himself. Tea he now abandoned, in obedience to the new gospel. The greasy and hateful cocoa kettle usurped in the Blake household the place once held by the shining teapot; and Mat was forced to swallow the hateful thing. But Mrs. Flaherty had compassion on the sufferings of the child, for she — poor woman! had no fanaticism, unless her simple faith that woman existed mainly for the purpose of ministering to the appetites, whims, and tyranny of man in everything that can be so described. When Mat quietly sneaked in she saw at once what was the matter; the teapot was raised from the hearth on which — as in so many Irish households — it lay all day long, its changes confined to the rise from slumber to the full activity of the boil. Putting Mary and Mat side by side, the grown woman gave to each as many cups of tea as their young appetites demanded. Then there were nights when a big hamper was prepared, and Mat and Mary saw with wonder splendid joints and highly decorated apple pies packed into it. These were to be sent to the imprisoned husband.

"It must be very nice to be a prisoner," said Mat to Mrs. Flaherty one night.

He remembered the expression afterwards with curious feelings when a trick of memory dragged it up from the profound depths of many years.

CHAPTER II.

MAT'S HOME.

MARY'S mother was a tiny little bit of a woman, and it was hard to say, when you gave her face the first cursory glance, whether it was that of a grandchild or a grandmother. Her brown eyes were large, but they were deepset; her chin pointed, her nose long. It were vain to attempt any description of her expression. To those who ever looked upon it, it has remained for all time as the highest type of affection, gentleness, and constancy. Yet she had a quick temper and much pride; but she never entertained rancour for an hour. Finally, she was dreadfully ignorant and narrow-minded.

There was another female figure that exercised a very different influence over the childhood of Mat, and that was a very different type of woman. This was his own mother.

Mrs. Blake was said to have married beneath her. She was the daughter of a small landlord, who, having added debts of his own to the large encumberances inherited from a long line of spendthrift ancestors, had ultimately been sold out, and, dying without a penny, had left his daughter to be taken care of by a distant and more fortunate member of the family.

Miss Costelloe was a tall, handsome girl when she met her future husband, while he was small, badly dressed, and so unconcious of anything like personal merit that he made the least of any such advantages as he might have. Besides, he was baseborn, for he was the son of a Munster man who had at one time been a "poor scholar." But Miss Costelloe was a dependent, and not a particularly well-used one; marriage in Ballybay was an achievement so rarely accomplished by penniless young ladies that she might legitimately regard a union with even the schoolmaster as a triumph over most of her neighbors; and then she foresaw a life of easy mastery over her husband. Indeed, it might almost be said that at the very moment her lips were uttering the vows of love and obedience, her mind was busy with the schemes by which she would avenge the humiliation her husband was putting her to in marrying her.

She carried out every one of these schemes — steady, relentlessly, heartlessly; and yet she was balked in her revenge. The mighty love of her husband's heart was a rock against which the waves of anger, caprice, or coldness beat impotently. Throughout it all she was to him as she had been in the hour of their marriage — the supreme and peerless woman in all the world. The natures are few, but they exist, in which unselfishness, tenderness, and constancy can no more be transformed into gall or hardness or estrangement than the soot of

the thousand cities of the earth can stain the brightness of the milky way; and Mat's father had such a nature. To others, however, Mrs. Blake appeared a very different person; she was alternately ridiculed for her weaknesses and feared for her strength. Her chief weakness was the affectation begot by what she considered her superior birth. It would not help in the description of her character to say that she rarely associated with any of her neighbors; for in Ballybay no family ever associated with any other. Such a thing even as one man dining at another man's house rarely occurred, except in the case of the doctors and the officers, and their habits, of course, did not represent those of the general community. A ball had never occurred in Ballybay since the memorable occasion when a Parliamentary candidate, then new to the constituency, had given an entertainment of that kind in the belief that he was thereby advancing his candidature. He had never repeated the experiment; for he found it had left fierce quarrels amid the wives of his prominent supporters, and a general feeling that he was the main criminal who had put the well-established framework of Ballybay society out of gear. There were dances occasionally about Ballybay; but they took place at "patterns" and other places which were frequented only by the "country people," as the peasants were called. In several social enjoyments the farmers are better off than the lower middle class in Ireland; it is not the only point in which the lot of the Irish farmer is much more agreeable than that of the small shopkeeper.

Mrs. Blake, then, was only like every other lady of Ballybay in not entertaining. Her exclusiveness took the shape of rarely going out, even for a short walk. On Sundays she did not ascend the "grand gallery;" but appropriated to herself the *prié dieu* in the sacristy; and her unvarying expression, whether at home or abroad, was one of sombre isolation. But people outside nevertheless were able to penetrate through the thick wall of privacy behind which Mrs. Blake buried herself. They were able in consequence to report that, when at table she wished to ask her husband if he would have a piece of fat meat, she would demand whether he would have "rich"; that underdone meat became in her vocabulary "rear"; that the stuffing of a goose was called "the concealment"; that the country people were spoken of as "faurmers"; steak as "steek"; chairs as "cheers." She never read newspapers, except when they contained some news of the Viceregal Court; and when, on the occasion of a Drawing-room in Dublin Castle, the journals published some columns of description of the dresses of the ladies presented, she read and preserved every line. She was a staunch upholder of the existing relations between England and Ireland. She was unconscious herself of having any politics at all: and would not certainly give her opinions a name. But she was a Whig.

The reason why Mrs. Blake was feared as well as ridiculed was that she had an eye of cruel keenness and a tongue of vitriolic bitterness. No clothes, however rich, could hide from her observation the struggles of shabby gentility. She was so incapable of even believing in lofty motives that she detected false pretences with an instinct like that of genius; and her tongue was so completely able to express her thoughts that she could use words that blistered. Then she had

indomitable energy, inflexible will, a masculine understanding. Her husband, in singing her praises — a thing which, profound as was his love, he rarely did, for he was almost incapable of describing his emotions by words — used often to declare that she had kept the roof over his head; and it was literally true. It was she who saw the bank manager — the bank played, as will be seen, a terribly important part in the social life of Ballybay — it was she who met and browbeat even the bullying duns; and she had never been known to have bought a single new dress for herself in her whole married life. Finally, though she was mean and grasping both from her original temperament and the hardening experiences of her long, fierce and unsuccessful struggle with poverty, she had dashes of that capricious good-nature which seems to be in one form or other an inevitable ingredient of the Irish character. She half-starved her servants, but she always had some vagabond who was "on the shaughraun" about her house; and she kept a small retinue of beggars. It may be remarked as a general principle that most Irish houses have a perfectly resistless tendency to become the caravanserais of the lame and halt and blind.

CHAPTER III.

The Landgrabber.

The beings that belong to our childhood are our mythology. Their shapes are unreal, their qualities vague, and lofty or low beyond mere human stature. They are clothed with a light that never was on land or sea. In the mythology of Mat's childhood there floated two other female figures, destined, remote though they were from him, to exercise the deepest influence on his after life. The house outside the town to which his sweetheart used to go belonged to a family named Brogan. The father of the family was in Mat's earliest days a prosperous man, with about twenty acres of land, held at a moderate rent. He was a fierce and strong-willed man, whom nobody was ever able successfully to cross; and he had a daughter of a spirit like his own — tall, robust, with eyes dark, beautiful, luminous, and a nose that had the sensitiveness and the quiver of the poetess or the tragedian of genius. Her life gave proof of the originality that belongs only to great and strong characters. Among the peasants around Ballybay sentiment was a thing unknown and undreamed of. The parents met, the fortunes were balanced on both sides, and the future of the two young people was united or separated according to the success of the chaffering about a cow, or a couple of pigs, or a feather-bed.

But Bridget Brogan loved — and loved, according to the ideas of her father and of her people, beneath her. The object of her affections was a travelling mason — not a regular mechanic, for he had not served his time to the trade; but one of those half-finished workmen who pass from village to village in search of odd jobs. In spite of fierce threats and many curses, she carried out her purpose of marrying this man, and for awhile her father appeared to forgive her. He as is often the case with the second family in Ireland; but in time he allowed her and her husband to live in the same house with him,

thought that, as his daughter had gratified her passions without any regard for him, he was relieved from a vow he had mentally made beside the grave of his wife; and he married a second time. Then there grew up another family; and at the time when Mat and Mary were about seven years of age, Bridget Cunningham and her two children had been ordered to leave her father's house.

The young couple had to build their new house themselves. His wife used to carry the stones in a kish — a sort of rustic basket —from the quarry, a mile away, and the eldest boy would give help in making the mortar. The husband was in rather poor health when the work was started; exposure to the weather and the hard labor aggravated his disease, and he died just as the house was finished. The boy was growing a fine, handsome, young fellow; but her daughter was the apple of the widow's eye. She had a certain likeness to her somewhat feeble father in the full face, the soft chin, the weakish mouth, and the pink and delicate skin; but her eyes, though they were blue, and her mother's were black, belonged to the mother. They illumined the whole face. When first you saw Betty Cunningham you looked at her eyes, and her eyes alone. Of all other things in her face — feature, or shape, or expression — you were unconscious. It is no exaggeration to say that anybody who ever looked upon the eyes of this girl never afterwards forgot them. At this time, Betty Cunningham was a servant in Mat's house; and between the child and the girl of fifteen there was one of those passionate affections which delight and wring the heart of childhood. The love he had for Betty Cunningham was far more passionate than the quiet sentiment he entertained for his sweetheart. It suffused his whole life. The little lane which led to the house of the Cunningham's remained in his memory for many a year as a beautiful path strewn with roses; and whenever, when far away from it, he endeavored to conjure it up before his mind, he could only see it through a magic mist, such as the sunlight throws over the mid-summer landscape.

The day was fast approaching when an event would occur which was destined to stamp this house and its inmates upon the memory of Mat forever; and largely to shape, and also to darken his career. This necessitates the introduction of another of the prominent dwellers in Ballybay.

Anthony Cosgrave was even more unpopular than his father, and the father had been bitterly hated by the majority of his fellow-townsmen of Ballybay. Born in a cabin on a farm of four acres, he was, before he died, the wealthiest shopkeeper and the largest farmer of the town. In connection with the latter part of his life there was a story which throws considerable light on his character and indirectly on that of his son. By his ruthless exactions as a *gombeen* man (usurer) and as a landlord, he had driven many of his neighbors to ruin, and then to the workhouse or to America. At last his victims gathered courage enough to turn upon their oppressor. It was one of the sternest rules of the "Molly Maguires" that no man could have a house at the same time in the town and in the country. Cosgrave received his visit one night; was called out of bed by a body of some

thirty or forty men with blackened faces, with women's clothes thrown over their ragged coats, and all armed. The spokesman made his demand very quietly at first.

"Would he give up his house in the town?"

"No," thundered forth Cosgrave with an oath.

Then half a dozen guns were raised in menace, and he was asked by a score of hoarse voices to "swear." But he doggedly refused. A coffin was brought in. He was put kneeling in his shirt at its head on the earthern floor, a gun was put to his breast, and again he was asked by the same hoarse voices to swear. He again refused, and his boldness saved his life.

Anthony inherited the same fearless and unyielding spirit; but in him it was hidden under the better clothes of the gentleman, with some pretensions to education. Of all the many sons of old Cosgrave he was the only one that was after his father's own heart. Of the others, the bolder and more enterprising cared nothing for the small ambitions of their father in the petty world of an Irish country town, and went in search of fortune to America or Australia; and the others — there were nine brothers in all — settled down in contentedness and poverty on the small farms that were given to them by their father; not only not improving the position of the family, but bringing it back a step to the point from which their prosperous and energetic parent had raised it.

But Anthony had all the stern will to demand, and the absence of imagination as well as the tenacity of desire to value, such success as lay immediately before him. He determined to remain at home; and some ill-natured people suggested that he had encouraged the going abroad of more than one of his brothers that he might have a larger share of the father's love and inheritance. Though he remained at home, however, nothing was farther from Anthony Cosgrave's mind than to follow the same line of life as his father. He had resolved to be a gentleman, and the readiest avenue to that position was to become a member of the Civil Service.

Cosgrave's father was an influential voter in Ballybay. The son, accordingly, had little difficulty in obtaining an appointment in the Excise, and at twenty-two years of age became what in the Irish vocabulary is called, with some contempt, a "gauger." The father shortly after this died, and left him two farms and £500 in cash — a fortune of magnificent proportions, according to the ideas and wealth of a small Irish town. The life of Cosgrave for twenty years after this was sombre, silent, and, as most men would consider, abjectedly uninteresting. To Cosgrave himself, however, it was packed with small but precious joys, harmonized by one great, persistent purpose. The gospel of wealth, in which he had been reared, had found in his narrow soul fruitful soil, and, if anything, he was more grasping, more relentless, more persistent in the work of getting rich than even his father. For many years he had but a small salary, never more than £120; yet of this he managed to lay by more than half. Everybody was astonished how he could exist without committing suicide, and without even making much complaint or pressing strongly for a change from Camp-

belltown, a small town in the North of Scotland; but the matter was of easy explanation. In such a town he could get board and lodging for fifteen shillings a week; and this fact gave a glow to the darkest sky, and a width to the narrowest horizon. After ten years, fruition began to come, for he was able to make his first purchase of land. That purchase brought with it every element of joy. Ambition, greed, vengeance, were all fed full, and every one of these appetites was equally keen in the bosom of Cosgrave.

The property belonged to the O'Shaughnessys, a proud family, from whose children Cosgrave had to endure many an insult in the days of his boyhood. The house of the O'Shaughnessys stood close to the town, and its owner necessarily became the most important resident; and the property, sold under the pressure of accumulated debt and in times of disturbance, was bought at a moderate price.

A little incident which occurred on the Sunday after this purchase was completed, will give an idea of some peculiarities in Cosgrave's character. The family of the O'Shaughnessys had been generous patrons of the Church in its better days; had contributed half the money which the new chapel had cost, and the stained window was the gift of one of the family who had found fortune in the Spanish war. In Ballybay Chapel there were three galleries, which were occupied by the different *couches sociales* into which the population of the town was divided. The earthern floor was mostly reserved to the peasants and their wives. It was significant of Ballybay, which consisted for the most part of shopkeepers engaged in daily and relentless struggle with impending bankruptcy, that one of the galleries was known as the "grand gallery." It was occupied by the shopkeepers and their wives and their shopmen, and by the few professional men of the town. The first bench in the "grand gallery" was occupied exclusively by the O'Shaughnessy family; and in the wall over this bench was a small tablet bearing the name of James O'Shaughnessy, the man who had sent the window from Spain. On the Sunday which followed Cosgrave's purchase there was the annual collection for the parish priest. The usual subscription of the very rich was two sovereigns; of the well-to-do, a sovereign; the struggling and petty shopkeeper gave half a sovereign. Cosgrave presented five shillings. When he ascended the gallery he immediately made for the O'Shaughnessy seat, determined that the loss of the property by the old family and the acquisition of it by the new should be marked promptly and strikingly. Every seat of the bench was occupied, for the quiver of the O'Shaughnessy was always very full, and the last seat was occupied by young Tony O'Shaughnessy, a young gentleman who wore an eyeglass, lisped, and gave other indications of an aspiring mind, and who had been very insolent to Cosgrave when they were schoolfellows at St. Mary's College. Cosgrave, however, was not to be defeated. He knelt down by the side of Tony O'Shaughnessy in the gangway, squared his shoulders, pressed as close to Tony as he could manage throughout the entire service — in short, made himself and his enemy pass through as uncomfortable a Mass as can well be imagined. This incident was rendered the more remarkable by the

fact that Cosgrave was — or imagined he was — the best of Catholics. Next to Tony O'Shaughnessy were his mother and his sisters.

An acquaintance remonstrated with Cosgrave for his conduct on this occasion. He was first surprised, and then violently angry, at any question of his actions. He was only asserting his rights ; those who resisted those rights were the persons to blame. Besides, Tony was his enemy ; and why should he not humiliate him ?

" Hatred is a very troublesome thing to you," remarked the remonstrant, as he watched the face full with passion, the lowering brow, and the blazing eyes of Cosgrave.

To be Continued.

The Celt and the Latin Populations.

Any one who has travelled in Europe, and who has an eye for observing anything, must have noticed the striking resemblance, in appearance and in manners, which exists between the Irish Celts and what we call the Latin population of the European continent. Going into a church in almost any part of Southern France, or Italy, or Spain, one might easily imagine himself looking at an Irish congregation in Kerry or Connemara. There is, of course, some difference in dress between the Irish peasant and the Spanish, or even the Italian peasant; but apart from that, peasant faces in a Galway crowd at prayer and the peasant faces in the cathedral at Omegos might be said to belong, on the whole, to the same type or order. All the ways of the Irish people seem to me to be the ways of a population that ought properly to belong to a warm southern country. The very manner in which the poorer of the peasantry live, with something like a sense of personal comfort in their darksome cottages, seems like a survival of the habit which necessity and climate impose on the populations of hot countries, the habit of seeking protection from a blazing sun within the shelter of dark and solid walls. I am not anything of an ethnologist, and am not able in any satisfactory way to trace the connection between the Celtic and the Latin populations, but most assuredly their appearance and their manner illustrate something like a close affinity.

The love of the Irish peasant for music is a love which he shares with peasantry of all Southern people in Europe. That love still lives in the Irishman, and no National League meeting ever assembled in the open air without its bands to "play it in." It may be said that the Irish peasant drinks whiskey, while the Italian and Spanish peasants hardly ever drink anything as strong even as wine. But to this it has been answered, that the Irish peasant, though apparently destined for a warm, dry, and sunny climate, lives in an island surrounded, as Disraeli said, " by a melancholy ocean," and liable during a great part of the year to continuous mist and to soaking rain. Moreover, there

cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that the ordinary Irish peasant is much of a whiskey-drinker. Poor fellow, were his inclinations in that way never so strong, he would not have much chance of gratifying them very often. The poor Irish laborer has a glass of whiskey now and then, as a treat, at rare intervals. The Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, a man who knows his countrymen thoroughly, was speaking the other day to an English interviewer about the supposed drinking habits of the Irish peasant. He explained to his listener the condition of things very much as I am explaining it now. The Irish laborer, according to the Archbishop, may, perhaps, have, on an average, one glass of whiskey in a week, but no more. He has not the money to pay for much whiskey drinking. I am strongly under the impression that an Irish peasant in a warmer and drier climate would soon become as indifferent to alcoholic drinks as a Spaniard or an Italian. The love of the dance is another sentiment which, even still in all his troubles, the Irish peasant shares with the Spaniard and the Italian. Any one who looks at Titian's glorious picture of the Assumption, at the school of Art in Venice, will see that the face of the Madonna, with all its yearning beauty and the anticipated majesty of the opening heaven on it, is only the glorified face of the ideal Irish peasant girl.

It is curious, on the other hand, to observe how strikingly unlike the Irish Celt is even still to the English Saxon, with whom he has lived in enforced companionship for more than seven hundred years. It is hardly too much to say that nothing in Ireland is like anything in England. National characteristics, of course, are somewhat hard to define with any safe attempt at dogma. I have known Germans who hated smoking (by the way, we must remember that the greatest of all Germans, Goethe, detested tobacco in every form); some of the most generous and free-handed men I ever met were Scotchmen, and I am acquainted with Irishmen who hate the bare idea of getting into a row. Still there are certain broad and deeply-marked differences which cannot be got over, the reality of which any number of exceptional cases will not really affect. The English peasant, for example, is in most ways a more practical — that is to say, a more material — person than his Irish compeer. He has less imagination. He does not live, as an Irish peasant does, in continuous companionship with what I may call the spiritual world. It is almost impossible to imagine an Irish peasant becoming a materialist in matters of faith. For him still the ghost and the fairy and the banshee are in the air and on the earth, as they were in the days before railways and the electric light. Ask an English peasant in one of the Southern counties the name of a river near his cottage, and he probably cannot give you an answer. It has not occurred to him to think whether the river had or had not a name. Ask such a question of an Irish peasant in his own regions, and he will probably tell you not only the name of the river, but half a score of legends about it. Of course it is only in country places that differences so marked as these are found to exist and endure. When populations get mixed together in great towns, the distinctions of race are likely to be considerably diminished, though not altogether effaced.

In New York the Irish working population is probably brought into more companionship with their American fellow-citizens than the London Irish, as we call them, are with the English residents of the quarter in which they live. But even in New York the Irishman retains still most of his national peculiarities, although most of them are meeting and blending with the population round him.

There is coming into development a very distinct personage, whom I may describe as the Irish-American. This person is Irish in his eyes, Irish in his mouth and lips, Irish in the expression of his face, Irish in his national inclinations, and Irish in his temper. But he is getting to have all the straight, well set-up, ready appearance of the American, he has the brisk, keen ways of the American, and, as generations pass on, he will probably become more American, even though always remaining Irish-American or at least American-Irish. I do not see any type of a man coming up whom I could call in the same sense the London Irishman or the English-Irishman. Even where by generations of settlement in England's family he has lost all trace of Irish accent, and, indeed, has acquired most unmistakably the accent of the cockney, the appearance and ways of the Irishman remain just the same. I know people in the East End of London, Irish by extraction, intensely Irish in feeling, who habitually associate only with Irishmen, and who yet speak in accents which are cockney of the cockney. Very strange it is to hear such lads and lassies sometimes joining in the chorus of "God Save Ireland," or some other national song, with the unmistakable pronunciation and tone of East London.

In the same way, up at New Castle, in the English north country, I have heard men of Irish descent pouring out the most intensely Irish aspirations in thorough Northumbrian dialect.

But these men do not become English in appearance or in habits, whatever may be the case with their accent. The Saxon and the Celt seem always to be kept asunder by some curious natural law. Mr. Bright once spoke of Ireland being loosed from her moorings in the Atlantic and floated across the ocean to become a Seat of the great American Republic. No doubt this would be a very good thing for Ireland were it only possible. Most cordially could I say as Pious, in Henry the Fourth, says of his sister, "May the wench have no worse fortune!" But if one were inclined to indulge in a day dream, it seems to me that tradition and fitness of things suggested rather the thought of the island, if loosed from its moorings, floating quietly away until it reached the shores of some soft, southern country, and settling there, long, unpleasant, and unwholesome sleep, to the sunny climate, the soft bright skies, and the out of door existence, with music and dance, for which nature had from the first designed it

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, M. P.

WOMEN seldom fight with each other, but when they do they come right up to the scratch.

Ad Lectorem.

From the fly-leaf of an old Irish prayer book.

THAIG O'RODAHAN that was, and still is
Somewhere or other in the realm
Of things once formed, that cannot all decay,
Or ever wholly pass away;
Combined of spirit, fire and clay,
Once 'mong a race of beings called men,
He moved and spoke and wielded pen,
And made some small noise in his day and nation:
Willed to be good, but sore set with temptation,
Did now and then in word and deed transgress;
Yet many more, and some for certain less.
To name his failings now availeth not,
To state his virtues were a bootless task,
For all his days were hidden in a mask,
That only God alone could see beneath;
Now whether 'neath the sun he draweth breath,
Or is a breath, I neither know nor ask.

In strife and arms full many a morn and eve,
He shed their blood, for whom Christ's blood was shed;
Whom foemen once he deemed, now doth believe
All brothers, for his Lord's sake who was dead
From sins of men, and rose for man's salvation;
And earth and heaven were filled with exultation.
So died from his ill deeds our erring brother,
Who sinned before his Lord with spear and sword,
With harp and pipe, and many a wanton word,
In Erin, Spain and war-scourged distant climes,
But afterwards with many a pious other
In Donegal did penance night and day,
Till came the curse in ruin wrath and flame;
Then passed to other lands the cross away,
Leaving but a trace and name.

NOTE.— I send you a queer epigram, on an Irish monk of Donegal Abbey, which I copied in Latin before I came from Ireland. My translation is close, and an attempt to give a poetic garb to what was a mere entry as of fact, in a note book, to be transferred afterwards to some kind of MSS. annals or the like. I think the notice is in itself a modest, clever and admirable biography, and that the world would be much the better if modern compilers of lives in three and four and more volumes would imitate the unknown scribe, who noticed the ex-soldier and jolly companion, afterwards penitent Brathair Thaig O'Rodahan.

JAMES KEEGAN.

G. A. R. and Father Cuddihy.

THERE has been quite a stir in Grand Army circles in relation to what occurred in Milford, Mass., on Decoration Day. It seems that two weeks before the celebration, Rev. Fr. Cuddihy wrote to Mr. McKay, commander of the post, saying that he would not allow the post to enter the cemetery and decorate graves with flags, but was willing, if requested, to have the post enter the cemetery and decorate with flowers. No reply being received, he directed the sexton not to allow the post to enter the ground. The post reached the cemetery gate and was refused admittance. Commander McKay addressed his men, asking their advice as to what should be done, and suggesting that a vote of those present be taken whether the post should enter the cemetery or not. The vote showed a large majority in favor of forcibly entering, and, upon Commander McKay giving the word, the entire post climbed over the high fence surrounding the grounds, reformed, and planted their flags, and retired.

The local paper of the town, *The Times*, says : — It is admitted on all sides, that Fr. Cuddihy had a perfect right to exclude the G. A. R., and that it was a grave violation of his right, and the right of sepulchre of the dead, for the Grand Army to jump the fence and place objectional matter on the graves of the dead. Can the dead be honored, we ask, by trampling on the rights of the living ? Have the Grand Army a privilege to violate the law of the land, when they should be the protectors of law and order ? Is this the service the G. A. R. is rendering the country ? It must be something like this view, the Topeka, Kansas, Presbyterians took of the matter, while assembled in Convention. They forbid their members to enter, or belong to the G. A. R., as it was a secret and oath bound society. What right had Protestants to enter at all, into a Catholic cemetery, when forbidden ? Would Catholics be tolerated to perform such an act in a Protestant cemetery ? We think not ; and the G. A. R. should be taught a lesson to respect law and order, and refrain from violating the rights of others. They have posed long enough before the public, as patriots, and it should be time for them to return to the ranks of private citizens, as we want no Grand Army since the recent change in Washington. We append the following by C. G. Addison, Esq., the great English authority on trespass, as bearing upon the point in question :

A Treatise on the Law of Trespass Upon Lands and Tenements.

Every entry upon land in the occupation or possession of another, constitutes a trespass, in respect of which an action for damages is maintainable, unless the act can be justified in exercise of some legal or personal authority, or incorporeal right. If a man's land is not surrounded by an actual fence, the law encircles it with an imaginary enclosure, to pass which, is to break and enter the property. The mere act of breaking through this imaginary boundary constitutes a cause of action, as being a violation of the right of property, although no actua

damage may be done. If the entry is made after notice or warning not to trespass, or is a wilful and impertinent intrusion upon a man's domestic privacy, or an insulting intrusion of his proprietary rights, a very serious cause of action will arise and exemplary damages will be recoverable. Every trespass upon land is in legal parlance an injury to the land, although it consists merely in the act of walking over it, and no damage is done to the soil or grass. Every injury to the possession of the occupier is an injury to the property.

Departure of an Archbishop.

THE venerable Archbishop Alemany, lately of San Francisco, is on his way to Rome, and subsequent retirement, it is alleged, to his native land — Spain. The aged archbishop is rather feeble, in consequence of his advanced years, but all things considered, he shows some traces of his once vigorous constitution. It is said, that during his visit to Rome he will be created cardinal. The affection of his people in California was warmly evinced at his departure, when they subscribed for his personal use about $16,000.

The Chinese Catholics' Farewell to Archbishop Alemany.

The large hall-way leading to the parlors attached to St. Mary's Cathedral was crowded last Friday night with those Catholic-Chinese residents who had seized the opportunity to bid farewell to Archbishop Alemany. The assemblage was composed of Chinamen representing nearly every province of that vast empire. Subjects of that realm, from the extremes of the Flowery Kingdom, had come with but one purpose, and that was to pay homage to a stranger from Spain, whose good works, noble example, and untiring industry in their behalf had impelled these people — belonging to a race once obeying the precepts of a religion which had already grown old when the rays of Christianity were but beginning to pierce the gloom which enshrouded the world when governed by pagan faith — to come to pay him their respects on his departure from the scene of his labors.

It may not be out of place to give here a brief sketch of the progress made in this city in teaching the Chinese the Roman Catholic religion. Some four years ago Father Antonucci, an Italian, arrived here from Rome to continue the missionary work which had already been begun. Father Antonucci had spent six years in the north of China in mission work, and is fitted in every particular for so important a charge. His labors have met with success and he has now quite a large number of converts, besides several catechumens. So pleased has been the archbishop with the result of the good father's labors, that some two months ago he purchased for the Chinese Catholic Mission a good-sized lot, and has left a sufficient sum of money for the building of a suitable edifice and church. Some two weeks ago, Father

Antonucci baptized a Chinese woman with her four children. She is the wife of an interpreter employed by one of the largest iron firms in the city, and who was present at the reception.

In two lines the Chinamen waited patiently for about an hour for the arrival of the archbishop. Suddenly, without any notice, there appeared in the hallway his well-known form, attired in the habitual white flannel gown, and black cloth shoes. He looked tired and jaded, but when his glance fell upon the expectant faces of the guests all trace of fatigue vanished. There came over his countenance an expression of so keen a pleasure that he would have been a dull-witted man, indeed, who did not perceive it.

"I am sorry I am so late," said the archbishop, as he passed down the lines between them. "So sorry, but, my dear friends, I forgot about the time. There is now with me so much business, so many partings, that it makes me more grieved day by day." Then, turning to Father Antonucci, he continued: "This is very nice to see so many. So good of them all to come. I am very much pleased." And the archbishop again passed up and down and addressed to each one some kindly word. "I am very tired; you will excuse me if I sit down," he smilingly said, as Father Antonucci prepared to speak.

Most Reverend Archbishop: When it became known to the Chinese Catholics resident in this city, that you were about to leave us, they desired that it might be made known to you that they would like the opportunity to visit you in a body, and thus be enabled to pay you their respects. They are deeply grateful to you for the many evidences of good-will you have shown to them; and for the kind manner in which you have always welcomed them, and they desire to state that even when you have gone they will treasure in their memory, as one of their happiest recollections, your remembrance. They hope for you all the happiness that can happen to a man, who, after a long, laborious good life, goes home. They wish for you every blessing, and they will follow your footsteps with anxiety and with prayers for your welfare. As a token of their esteem and gratitude, they would ask you to accept this trifling present.

Father Antonucci then handed to the archbishop an address in Chinese, written upon the finest rice paper, and an ebony box containing a number of Chinese curiosities.

My dear children, I am grateful to you. Grateful to you for this handsome present, and grateful to you for the kind way in which you have evidenced your affection for me; and when I go home, and when each time my eyes rest upon this box, I shall think with sorrow of you, my faithful friends, in this distant land. I am growing old and weak, and I want rest. And, my dear children, I hope that when I hear from California I shall always be told that the Church is growing strong with your numbers. I cannot speak your language, much as I wish I could, but Father Antonucci will explain what I have said; and if he cannot speak all the different languages you speak, I hope each one knowing the language that his brother speaks, will tell to him all that I have said. My children, I bless you, and pray God to keep you from all harm.

The audience then knelt to receive the archbishop's blessing.

Father Antonucci then in Mandarin Chinese translated what the archbishop had said, and after that other Chinamen carried through various dialects the translation.

Waiting in the parlor were two more Chinese, the woman who had lately embraced the Catholic faith, and her husband. To her

went the archbishop, and taking her hand, said: "With more than happiness I see you here. It has caused me a great joy, and I wish for you every joy. May God bless you and protect your four children," and then, kneeling before the archbishop she received his blessing. Upon this the audience came to an end.

Polyglot Accademia.

A POLYGLOT ACCADEMIA was held in the College of Propaganda in honor of the members of the Irish Hierarchy, during their stay in Rome. The subject chosen and developed in the recitations, in the various tongues of Asia, Africa and Europe, pronounced by the alumni of the Urban College, was St. Patrick, considered first as the Apostle, then as the Patron Saint of Ireland. The entertainment opened with the symphony of the *Stiffelio* of Verdi, followed by a prolusion in English; after which the *Memorare O Piissima Virgo* was sung by the choir. Part first of the Accademia consisted of compositions, recited in the several languages of Asia and of Africa, intermingled with national songs: Hebrew, "St. Patrick and Slavery." Classic Chaldaic, "Patrick and his love for Ireland." Vernacular Chaldaic, "Patrick in the Monastery of Marmontier." Syriac, "Patrick at the Sanctuaries of Italy." Classic Armenian, "Patrick in Rome." Vernacular Armenian, "Patrick and his Conquests to the Faith." Arabic, "Patrick and the Destruction of Idolatry. Turkish, "Patrick and Penance." Hindostanee, "Patrick and the Hierarchy." Tamilia, "Patrick and Courts." Georgian, "Patrick and Civilization." Cinghalese, "Patrick and Benificence." Persian, "Patrick and Persecution." Kurd, "Patrick and Profession of Faith." Gallas, "Patrick and Catholic Ireland." The choir then sang an ode to "Charity," and part second of the Accademia, devoted to recitations in the several European languages commenced: Classic Greek, "Ireland and the Patronage of St. Patrick." Modern Greek, "Ireland and the Holy See." Latin, "The Battle of Clontarf." French, "The Isle of Saints." English, "Ireland and the Missions." Irish, "Ireland and Science." Gaelic, "Ireland and the Fine Arts." Danish, "Ireland and the Universities." Slav, "Ireland and her Foundations in Italy." German, "Ireland and her National Glories." Albanian, "O'Connell." Russian, "The Last Will and Testament of O'Connell." Polish, "Cardinal Cullen." Dutch, "Cardinal McCabe." Italian, "Ireland ever most faithful to St. Patrick and to the Holy See" The hymn to "The Sacred Heart of Jesus" terminated the Accademia, which was such as only Catholic Rome can carry into successful effect. The various national songs were highly interesting and enjoyable; the music was led by the singing master of the Urban College, the Rev. Francesco Borghi, and was greatly applauded; the instrumental portion was performed by the alumni of the college, assisted by musical

professors, and by an alumnus of *Tata Giovanni*, pupil of Professor Borghi, but fifteen years of age, who was much applauded. The happy selection of the themes recited was due to Professor Abate de Filippis; the church of the college, beautifully draped and adorned, was crowded with an appreciative audience, comprising Cardinals Simeoni, Prefect of Propaganda, Angelo, Jacobini and Massaja; the Irish Archbishops and Bishops, the English and American Bishops now in Rome; the Archbishop of Glasgow; the Secretaries of Propaganda for Latin and for Oriental Affairs; various prelates, rectors, priors and eccleciastics, secular and regular, especially those of Irish nationality.

The London Poor.

THE Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor, which has labored with signal energy and patience in the investigation of its important subject, has presented its first report to Parliament. The document deals with the condition of the poorer classes in England, separate reports being reserved for Ireland and Scotland. The fullest details are entered into, and the report, as might have been expected, is sad reading. It is true that private inquiries had placed before the public painful phases of life amongst the toiling masses, but however veracious these reports might appear, they could not, of course, bring home conviction so forcibly as the facts accumulated by the commissioners, based, as these are, on minute examination by an official body of representative and intelligent men who could certainly have no object in exhibiting matters in a sensational light. The working-classes have indeed made progress within the past thirty years, and the improvement which has been wrought in the general intelligence has reflected itself in their homes; but there is still, alas, a host of evils to deplore. Morally and materially, there are plague spots which are a shame to our civilization and loudly call for prompt removal.

One of the most fruitful of the evils affecting the metropolis and all the vast centres of population, is, according to the commissioners' report, overcrowding. Working people are forced to live near the theatre of their daily labor, and their only mode of meeting the high rents demanded by exacting landlords and middlemen is to crowd their families into the most limited space possible. As to the extent to which this practice is carried out, remarkable statistics are given. Many cases are cited in which houses are occupied by quite a numerous population, and large families are huddled together in single rooms. At one place in Clerkenwell, it was found that a house containing six rooms was inhabited by six families, and as many as eight persons resided in one room. A house in Wilmington Place contained eleven families in eleven rooms, seven persons occupying one room; and elsewhere scandals of a similar nature were discovered. How this state of things has come about is easily imagined when we find what exorbitant rents are demanded in the congested districts. We are

told, for instance, that in a house on the Clerkenwell estates, Lord William Compton found that the weekly rent of the front room was 12*s*., of the back room 4*s*. 6*d*., of the kitchen 3*s*., of the first floor, 13*s*., and of the second floor 7*s*; the whole amounting to about £100 a year while the house-jobber paid to the landlord only £20 a year. The necessity for house accommodation in certain districts on the part of the working-classes affords golden opportunities to greedy speculators, and the result is overcrowding, with its abundant evils, moral and material.

Another conclusion which is strongly enforced by the testimony of the commissioners is that, to a large extent, the health of the poor is endangered by the bad foundations and structural defects of their houses, and the absence of proper drainage. There has been much building on bad land, covered with refuse and decayed matter. Since 1879, builders have found themselves obliged to cover the refuse with concrete, as far as the house extends, but sufficient control not being exercised for the quality of the concrete, it frequently cracks, and the noxious gases escape into the houses. The commissioners are also convinced that the houses of the working-classes are often constructed of the very worst materials, and that they would, therefore, be unsuitable, even if they were not overcrowded. When, in addition to this, there is defective drainage — as happens in too many cases — it is not difficult to understand why so many of the houses of the poor become the permanent abodes of infectious diseases. Appended to the report is a proposal by ten of the commissioners, including his Eminence Cardinal Manning, Lord Carrington, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. E. Dwyer Gray, Mr. Lyulph Stanley, and Mr. Torrens, in favor of the acquisition on equitable terms of the freehold interest on the part of the leaseholder. Legislation giving effect to this proposal, would, it is held, conduce greatly to the improvement of the dwellings of the people. This view does not commend itself to Lord Salisbury, but we are sure that its soundness will be readily acknowledged by the majority of the English people. At the same time we must point out that legislation of this kind would be of little advantage unless the working-classes form habits of thrift, such as those by which so many of their brethren on the Continent are honorably distinguished. Thrift, however, is incompatible with intemperance, and the consideration as to whether this project, even if sanctioned by legislation, would be acted upon to any considerable degree resolves itself into the question of "Temperance or Intemperance?" Drink has been recognized by the commissioners as one of the radical causes of the sad condition of the poor, for it was proved to them beyond doubt that it brought about "discomfort of the most abject kind," caused people to drift into the slums, and increased the overcrowding. It is, therefore, a manifest duty for those to whom the lives and fortunes of the working-classes are dear, to do what they can towards giving such a bent to public opinion, that it shall hasten to suppress an evil so prejudicial to the health and morality of the people. The report of the commissioners proves to demonstration that he cannot be called a true friend to his country, who looks with indifference on the fatal stream flowing from this fountain of sorrow.

The Minerals of Ireland.

THERE are several collieries in Ireland, one in Leinster, two in Munster, three in Ulster, and one in Connaught. In the north of Ireland the coal was bituminous, and in the south and west anthracite. Castlecomer was the principal town in the Leinster coalfield. The upper seams in that coalfield were nearly worked out. There were about 118,000,000 of tons in round numbers in the whole of the Leinster coalfield. There were five or six small colliers at work in this district. The average of output for the whole field for the years 1881 to 1883 was about 80,000 tons a year. There was urgent need of some means of transporting the coal, either by rail or canal. Two tramway sehemes for opening up this district had been thrown out by the Privy Council. No collieries were at present working on the Munster coalfield. In the north of Ireland the Coalisland coalfield was the most important in Ireland with a view to the future. The output of the Tyrone coalfield in 1881 was 16,653; in 1882, 12,520; and in 1883, 11,709. There was an important colliery near the town of Dungannon. The Ulster coalfields generally were largely capable of development. They have hitherto been worked in a very unsystematic manner. About 26,000,000 tons were available from the Tyrone district, which should supply the manufacturing district of the north of Ireland. About 16,000,000 tons were available from the Ballycastle, county Antrim, coalfield. In the Connaught coal district, coal was to be found in small quantities in Roscommon, Sligo, Leitrim — about 10,000,000 tons were available. Coal can be worked with profit in certain districts in Ireland The iron in Ireland is not nearly exhausted. Iron ore was exported from the North of Ireland. There was no smelting in Ireland as far as he knew. If the coal were properly developed the iron could be smelted in Ireland. The most important ironfield was in county Antrim. From 1879 to 1883 the average output of the Antrim ironfield was 184,000 tons of ore per annum. There is an abundance of iron in Ireland, quite sufficient to supply the manufacture of the north. The iron in the south of Ireland could not be profitably worked. Excellent slate was to be found at Valentia and Killaloe. Black marble was to be found in Kilkenny, green marble in Galway, variegated marble in Armagh. white marble in Donegal, and red marble in Cork. There is no statuary marble in Ireland. To Mr. S. S. Buxton.— A great reason for the present imperfect working of the Tyrone coalfield was ignorance of mining. This could be remedied by the introduction of miners and colliery managers from England, Wales, and Scotland. He would not recommend the protection of native coal as against English coal. Experimental borings might be made at the cost of the Government. To Col. King-Harman.— He believed the railway directors of Ireland did not take a proper view of their responsibilities with regard to developing local trade.

A Plea for Home Rule.

More than passing attention may well be claimed for the evidence given by Professor Sullivan, President of the Queen's College, Cork, before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed to enquire into the present state of Irish industries. Professor Sullivan has never figured as an extreme politician, nor, so far as we remember, as even a Home Ruler of the most moderate type, and his testimony cannot, therefore, be impugned on the ground of the prejudices that might be supposed to warp the judgment of a professed advocate of Repeal. We commend his statements to the careful consideration of those who still believe that the maintenance of the Union is essential to the best interests of Ireland. To that disastrous enactment he attributes, in great part, the ruin of our manufactures, and he finds his justification in the facts of history. "Between 1788 and 1800," he declared, "there was a surprising revival of Irish industries, and a very remarkable increase both of work at home and of import trade took place. . . . Ireland had advanced more than any other country in the world between the establishment of Grattan's Parliament and the Act of Union. Grattan's Parliament was up to the best level of the legislation of the time and in some points in advance of it. If the Irish Parliament had continued to administer the affairs of Ireland, we would not have the same story to tell." Following this remarkable opinion — remarkable as coming from such a source — is the statement that the laws passed by the English Parliament in the last century with the object of destroying the dangerous rival trade of Ireland operate to this date. The absence of technical training, of a banking system to help small manufactures, and of Government encouragement he considers the greatest obstacles to the development of industries in our day. The flimsy pretext that the country is over-populated he crushed conclusively. The free emigration of to-day he regards as due to the forced emigration of the past, and accepting his estimate of the loss of each emigrant to the country, we find that Ireland has lost from that source alone in the last twenty-five years the enormous sum of two hundred million pounds sterling. Another delusion prevalent amongst Englishmen and a class of Irishmen finds no dupe in Professor Sullivan. "He did not see why political movements in a country should interfere with industry. Political movement in every country was always coincident with its greatest success." Having given examples of the manner in which schemes for the improvement of the country are frustrated by the Anti-Irish bureaucracy that rules the Boards, he sketched a system of technical education that on first examination seems fitted to meet our peculiar wants. Much should necessarily depend upon the spirit in which it would be worked, and on this point he was interrogated by Mr. Sexton, who asked whether he would look more hopefully for liberal help and intelligent assistance from a department directed by Englishmen in London or from an administration of Irishmen in Dublin. His reply is noteworthy. "I would have no

hesitation in saying the latter." We are fairly entitled to regard such a declaration, and indeed the entire of the evidence, as significant of the width and depth of the feeling that is entertained by all who have eyes to see and brains to think with, that Irishmen must soon be entrusted with the management of their own affairs, and the sooner the better.

Death of Victor Hugo.

THE life of the eminent French novelist and poet, Victor Marie Hugo, has been intimately connected with some of the interesting, stirring events of French history in the nineteenth century. In a certain degree he has revolutionized French literature, by his leadership of the romancists in their war upon the classicists.

He was born at Besascon, France, his father being a French soldier. Young Hugo's childhood was spent at Elba, Corsica, Switzerland and Italy, going to Paris in 1809. His literary taste was developed in youth, and in 1817 he presented to the French academy a poem on "The Advantage of Study." Ten years later his superiority as a writer was established, he having written several works in the meantime. His drama on "Cromwell" was a true-to-life picture of Ireland's invader, and for the first time was his pen wielded against the oppressors of the Irish race.

During the revolution in France in 1848 he was a conservative member of the constituent assembly; but upon his re-election he exhibited democratic and socialistic tendencies, and denounced the secret policy of Louis Napoleon. Owing to his constitutional position in the celebrated coup d'etat of December 2d, 1851, Hugo was denounced and took refuge in Jersey Island, continuing his opposition to Napoleon III., and performing literary work In 1853 he was obliged to flee to the Island of Guernsey, and in 1859 he refused to accept the amnesty offered to political exiles. After the fall of Napoleon at Sedan, Hugo returned to Paris, and in 1871 he was elected to the National assembly from the department of the Seine.

He opposed the parliamentary treaty between France and Germany, for which he was treated with so much violence that he resigned. During the commune he raised his voice in such a forcible manner against the communists that he was again forced to leave the country; retiring to London where he remained till the leaders of the commune were condemned, when he returned to Paris and pleaded the case of some less culpable anarchists. Since then he has devoted himself to literary work, having, on several occasions, written long articles on Irish topics. The murder of Lord Leitrim he declared to be one of the most heroic and justifiable deeds ever carried out by the hands of Irishmen. During the expulsion of the Jesuits he held neutral, and nobody knew his thoughts on that fatal step taken by the French government. As a writer and sympathizer with the oppressed of every

nation, the death of Victor Hugo will leave a gap unfilled for years to come.

Victor Hugo was a man whose lines of thought ran along the borders of lunacy. In fact, the only child he had was weak-minded. He was brilliant, meteoric; his words were sometimes thunderbolts of flame, peals of thunder. But he was too brilliant to be conservative, and his life was a curse to literature. Fifty years from now none will read Victor Hugo.

The Western Watchman.

VICTOR HUGO died at half-past one on the afternoon of Friday, the 22d of May, having been kept alive for several days, it is said, only by hypodermic injections of morphia which relieved the difficulty of breathing. Almost his last words were an adieu to his favorite granddaughter, and his last conscious act was to clasp his grandson's hand. On the previous day Cardinal Guibert, Archbishop of Paris, wrote thus to Madame Lockroy, Victor Hugo's daughter: "I have the deepest sympathy with the sufferings of M. Victor Hugo and with the anxieties of his family. I have prayed much at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the illustrious patient. Should he desire to see a minister of our holy religion, although I am myself still weak, and in a state of convalescence from a disease much resembling his, I should make it my very pleasing duty to bring him the succor and consolation so much needed in these cruel ordeals." To this offer, M. Lockroy, on behalf of his wife, unable to leave the bedside of the dying man, replied, as might have been expected, with thanks "for the sentiments expressed with so much eloquence and kindness," and with the statement that "M. Victor Hugo had, within the last few days, again said that he had no wish to be attended by a priest of any persuasion." Brought up by a mother, who, though a Vendean Royalist, was a Voltairian, he was, when placed by her in an ecclesiastical college at Madrid, registered as a Protestant, that he might not be expected to go to confession. During his subsequent scholastic course in Paris, the temper of his mind seems to have been the same, for we are told, that though he attended Mass, he spent the time in composing verses. But he was always a Theist, and, although M. Renan has just written that his God "was a God to whom it may be useless to pray," he has, in a memorandum given to M. Vacquerie in 1883, asked "for a prayer from all souls," adding, "I believe in God." In the same paper he gives 50,000 francs (£2,000) to the poor, and directs that he shall be carried to the cemetery in the pauper hearse. "To the cemetery," were the words used in Victor Hugo's memorandum of directions concerning his funeral, and it is believed that he contemplated being interred with members of his family at Père Lachaise. But the opportunity was too good a one to be neglected by the anti-religious radicals who have long been agitating for the desecration of St. Genevieve. This building, devoted to the interment of national worthies, such as Voltaire and Marat under the first Republic and the Empire, was given over to Catholic worship and a chapter of canons under the Restoration, secularized again by Louis Philippe and M. Guizot in 1830, but never used

for any more interments, as no great men were forthcoming. Having proved utterly useless as a "Pantheon," it was again, in 1852, restored to religious uses by decree, and has been held by its Chapter of St. Genevieve ever since. But now M. Brisson's Cabinet — in the hope, we suppose, of pacifying the Paris Socialists and Communists, who are just now more than threatening — has decided on taking possession of the church and substituting M. Victor Hugo for Almighty God. A decree to that effect was submitted to the president of the republic and M. Grévy signed it at once. We do not suppose that any one immediately concerned in this measure cares very much whether he belongs to the church or not, but the secularization of a consecrated church without the permission of ecclesiastical authority, is, of course, a sacrilege by which excommunication is incurred. The decree has been published, and its recitals contain the statement — by way of excuse — that, though there is a chapter of St. Genevieve, vacancies in it are not filled up, and under the present Budget Law the three surviving members receive no stipends. The decree proceeds to ordain that the building shall be a mausoleum for great men, and it is to operate retrospectively, those to whom a national funeral has been decreed, having a right to be transferred to the building. The cardinal archbishop of Paris has been served with a notice of the "laicisation" of the church, and the architects were ordered to remove all that is ecclesiastical within forty-eight hours. A last Mass was allowed to be celebrated, in order that the Blessed Sacrament might be consumed. This act of sacrilege will throw a gloom over the country.

The Funeral.

His burial was made the occasion of one of the most imposing spectacles which even the gay and frivolous French capital has ever witnessed. But the gigantic ceremonial, with its splendor and pageantry, its rich military uniforms glistening in the summer sun, its myriads of many-colored wreaths, and its hundreds of thousands of enthusiastic spectators, was in no wise a funeral in the Christian sense of the term. It was a colossal barbaric show. All traces of solemnity and reverence were banished from the scene of death; and levity and ribaldry and unseemly behavior were conspicuously present. The roar of the cannon and the strains of martial bands superseded the passing-bell and the soul-stirring dirge. Rhapsodical panegyrics were pronounced by time-serving politicians and literary charlatans, who sought to utilize the newly-made tomb as a stepping-stone to personal advancement. Anarchists and other revolutionaries mustered in strong force to register anew, over the grave of their idol, their oaths of vengeance against religion and society, their natural enemies.

Desecration of a Church — St. Genevieve — Description and History of the Structure.

PARIS, May 27. — The *Official Journal* publishes a decree restoring the Pantheon to its original use — a receptacle for the remains of great men — and ordering that the body of Victor Hugo be buried there.

The Pantheon of Paris.

The Pantheon, which has become the resting-place of Victor Hugo's remains, is the most conspicuous object south of the Seine, next to the great gilded dome of the Invalides. It stands on the highest point in that section of Paris, at the end of the Rue Soufflot, a little east of the Palace of Luxembourg. It was designed by Soufflot and erected as a church, being completed during the reign of Louis XV., and dedicated by that monarch's order to the patron Saint of Paris, St. Genevieve, whose body had been interred on its site, in the year 572 A. D., and a chapel erected over her tomb. This chapel was replaced by the old Church of St. Genevieve, which, having fallen into decay, was pulled down to make way for the present structure.

The Convention of 1791, however, declared that the building should be converted into a memorial temple, and that the inscription "*Aux Grands Hommes La Patrie Reconnaissante*," should be engraved on the façade of the building.

In 1806 Napoleon I. Passed a Decree

ordering the completion of the Church of St. Genevieve, and its opening for worship according to the intention of its founder; at the same time ordering that it should be used as the sepulchre of great dignitaries, officers of the empire, senators, and officers of the Legion of Honor. In 1821 the inscription was erased by decree of Louis XVIII., and the building handed over to the Archbishop of Paris for divine worship. On the 26th of August, 1830, Louis Philippe caused the inscription to be replaced, according to the intention of the Convention that the Pantheon should be used as a national mausoleum. In 1851, Louis Napoleon, as president of the republic, restored the structure to the church under the original dedication to St. Genevieve, and now it has again been secularized by a decree of the government, to permit the interment therein of Victor Hugo's remains.

During the Revolution of 1848

the building was used as the headquarters of the insurgents, and in 1871 it was occupied by the leaders of the commune. Barricades were erected around it, and the Versailles troops with difficulty succeeded in gaining possession of the building. Fortunately the communists had not time to carry out their intention of blowing up the edifice, and the powder which they had stored in the crypt fell into the hands of the army of the republic.

The exterior of the Pantheon is of vast proportions, but architecturally is not interesting. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, 369 feet long and 276 feet across. The dome, 272 feet high, stands on a cylinder surrounded by open Corinthian columns, and is crowned by a lantern. The west entrance consists of a portico resembling that of the Pantheon at Rome, and is approached by a flight of 11 steps. The portico is supported by a flight of 22 Corinthian columns 82 feet high. The tympanum is ornamented by group of statues in high relief, by David of Angers, representing the "grands hommes," to whom the

dedication refers. On the left side are the worthies of the Revolution; Mirabeau, Monge, Malesherbes, Fenelon, the author; Berthollet, the chemist, and Laplace, the astronomer; also Carnot, David, Cuvier, Voltaire and Rousseau. All these are represented under the protection of Liberty. On the right side, under the sheltering wing of History, are the eminent soldiers of the Republic and the Empire. Prominent among them is

Napoleon as Leader of the Army of Italy.

The young drummer of Arcola, famous in the history of Napoleon's wars, is also a noticeable figure.

There are two marble groups under the portico, by Maindron. The first represents St. Genevieve pleading with Attila, leader of the Huns, for the City of Paris; the second, the Baptism of Clovis by St. Remigius. Three bronze doors open into the nave. On the right side of the entrance is a modern statue of St. Dionysius, by Perraud; on the left, a statue of St. Remigius, by Cavelier.

The interior of the Pantheon is simple and majestic. The dome, divided into three sections, is adorned with paintings by Gros, and above them, with frescoes by Gerard. They are very inferior to the wall paintings below described. The north aisle contains the Chapel of Notre Dame, and the south aisle the Chapel of St. Genevieve, patroness of the Church. The high altar is by Pilon.

On each side of the nave is a Corinthian colonnade, which extends round the transepts, and is partially decorated with frescoes by living artists, unquestionably the finest productions of the nineteenth century. Three groups are already completed. In the colonnade on the south side are two frescoes by Pavis de Chavannes. The first, on one single panel, represents St. Genevieve as a child; the second, in four panels, the finding of the child saint by St. Germain and St. Lupus. Each panel is surrounded by a graceful tapestried border, with the monogram of the saint on the four sides. On the frieze above, Faith, Hope and Charity, and a procession of saints. The composition, design and harmony of the color in these frescoes are unrivalled. They were completed in 1877. The frescoes behind the altar in the south transept are by Maillot. They are admirably painted, but the composition is mediocre; the colors are florid and out of harmony with the building. On the south colonnade in the apse are some superb mural paintings, by Laurens, representing the death of St. Genevieve, on three panels; and an angel hovering over her tomb, on the fourth. The composition and execution, the design of the tapestried borders, and the character of the groups, are excellent, but the effect is marred by the light from the dome. In the north transept is a splendid series of groups by Cabanel, representing scenes from the life of St. Louis.

The staircase leading to the dome is in the north transept. The first section is reached by ascending 231 steps. Here may be studied the frescoes of Gros, which represent the homage of French Kings to St. Genevieve. Above this composition, which covers 452 square yards,

Are King Louis XVI. and His Queen,

the Dauphin, Louis XVII., and Madame Elizabeth, sister to the King, all of whom perished in the Revolution of 1792 A flight of ninety-four steps leads to the lantern, which commands a view of Paris only second to that obtained from Notre Dame.

The vaults are entered by a staircase behind the high altar. The most important tombs to be seen are those of Voltaire and Rousseau. The statue on the former is by Houdon. The inscription will be regarded by most foreigners as somewhat fulsome. The tomb of Rousseau bears a simpler, though not much more modest, inscription: — "Ici repose l'homme de la nature et de la verité." Neither of these tombs, however, contains the remains of him to whom it was erected. After the Restoration both bodies were removed, and buried elsewhere, in retaliation of the desecration of royal tombs at St. Denis under the Convention.

Among other great men interred in the Pantheon may be mentioned Soufflot, the architect; Lagrange, the celebrated mathematician; Bourgainville, the first French circumnavigator of the world; Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, who was mortally wounded at Essling; De Winter, the Dutch Admiral, defeated by Admiral Duncan off Camperdown. There is a singular echo in a certain part of the vaults.

Basket-Making.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the *Freeman's Journal* suggesting that basket-making might be encouraged as an Irish industry, and in connection with it the cultivation of the ozier. The letter is so interesting that I give you a portion of it: The demand for baskets at the present time is enormous. The numbers used by railways, steamship companies, and the post-office department are almost beyond conception. Now, for the requirements of the Irish basket trade, the greater portion of the raw material comes from England and Holland. And is not this strange, when we consider that in this country there are thousands of acres of land at present almost worthless, but capable of growing the finest oziers? Surely, then, this is a branch of agriculture and mauufacturing industry most desirable by every possible means to stimulate. I am glad to have the opportunity of mentioning that it is already receiving attention in the parish of Belleek, county Fermanagh. An association has been formed there, and it is proposed to establish a school for the instruction of adults and youths in basket-making. The committee has been much encouraged by the statement of Mr. G. W. Skipworth, the well-known and popular manager in Ireland of the London and North Western Railway Company, "that a basket made by a local basketmaker at Belleek after the pattern used by his company was so cleverly executed that one week's instruction

would suffice to enable the man to produce as good a basket as any the railway company had in store." I believe the want of funds to purchase oziers (which must be imported from England and Holland), and to employ trained hands to instruct the people is the principal difficulty the association has to contend with. I think the Royal Dublin Society and the Royal Agricultural Society should come forward and aid such associations by every means in their power, and also take into their serious consideration the importance of encouraging the cultivation of a crop for which the climate of Ireland is so well adapted, and the profits to be realized by its cultivation on lands of little value for any other purpose so remunerative.

St. Anne de Beaupre.

In these days of "advanced thought," when the tendency of modern religionists is to depart more and more from the Faith of our Fathers, and even from the standard of that Protestantism of fifty years ago, it is like a leaf from some old chronicle, to read as I did in a magazine recently, an account of a pilgrimage made by the Rt. Rev. Bishop and several of the clergy of Vermont, with their congregations, to the miracle church of St. Anne of Beaupré.

Nearly every one has heard of this most wonderful shrine, located twenty miles below Quebec, on the banks of the St. Lawrence; and as interest in it has been increasing constantly (over forty thousand visiting it during the summer of '84), a description of my impressions while there the same year may not be unwelcome at this time. The best manner of reaching the spot is by the little steamer which leaves the city usually once a day. And we will imagine one, some pleasant afternoon, wending his way through the crooked streets of that old, quaint town, so full of strange sights and localities for the American tourist, to the boat. Arriving on board, it is at once noticeable this is not a party of mere excursionists, for there sits a group of gray nuns from Montreal, saying the beads. Slowly two priests walk past busy with their books, while scattered over the deck may be seen a number of persons intently engaged, prayer-book in hand, preparing themselves for a beneficial visit to the good St. Anne's.

The day is delightful, while the air is cool and invigorating, the sun shines brightly down as if to shed warmth and benediction on the little band. As the beautiful Falls of Montmorency are passed, they appear to glisten like silver, as the cataract dashes the spray high in air.

We only stop once in our trip, at the Island of Orleans, where some market-women land, and a poor cripple is taken on board, going to offer his Aves to her who has listened to so many, from hearts weary and troubled.

The settlement of Beaupré is quite small, with inhabitants most

wholly French. I only met three who spoke English. No hotel, only a few boarding-houses where strangers may be put up for a day or so. The church is the one object toward which all turn on leaving the boat. The first building was erected not far from the site of the present structure, in the year 1625, and from the laying of the foundation-stones of that small temple to the present time, most wonderful cures have been wrought there. The new church is of granite, not completely finished yet. The nave is being extended, and the interior decorated. But little time is spent outside, all are eager to kneel at the shrine of the saint. Enter, and what first attracts our notice, beauty of coloring, or the size of the building? I think not. But look at the hundreds and hundreds of crutches, canes and iron frames in racks and heaps all about the church. What sad stories they could tell of hours of pain and suffering! What do they tell but the silent witness to what has been done for the poor and crippled ones of God's children! Is it possible that all these have been left here by deluded victims of "priestcraft" as our "enlightened" friend might tell us? Approach the altar,—there at the sanctuary entrance stands St. Anne. The miraculous statue, large as life, of most elaborate workmanship. About it, offerings of all sorts of jewelry, watches, chains, etc., either placed near, or suspended about the statue. Votive hearts of gold and precious stones, representing possibly living ones, hundreds of miles distant, from which ascend many a prayer of thankfulness and gratitude. There are numerous side chapels dedicated to different saints, in one of which I came across the sacristan. Inquiring for the place to procure souvenirs, he led me through a large chapel at the rear of the altar, into the sacristy, where a beautiful supply of medals, pictures, etc., could be obtained. The church is under the jurisdiction of the Redemptorists, one only speaking English, who came and blessed my articles, intended for friends at home. He could not spare much time for conversation, as the hour for evening devotions being near. I hurried to visit an adjoining chapel, where one or two rare paintings, and the altar that were in the old church are preserved. The bell was ringing for service, so joined the number of worshippers gathered together from various parts of the world, that met at the twilight hour to offer the same prayers, in the spirit of the one undivided faith. A short instruction in French followed the litanies. When the altar was lighted, and we received that ever-comforting privilege, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, surely a most fitting ending to this happy pilgrimage. To me the occasion was most impressive, and one long to be remembered. The surroundings, people, language, all were unfamiliar. But a choir of sweet-voiced sisters and children begin the dear old hymn "*Tantum Ergo*," and the feeling of strangeness is gone; and when the venerable priest lifts high the Host, feel as never before how precious Mother Church is, and offer a prayer that hearts that know her not one day may live and prize her. The shadows of night are gathering fast. Placing a few wild flowers picked near the door at St. Anne's feet, turn and leave the holy place, a halo of light from the few tapers that shine like stars, falling on her face.

H. F. Lamb.

A Nice Little Story.*

ONCE upon a time when travelling in Tartary in my diamond chariot with twelve snow-white steeds, I was invited to tarry over night with a prince. His name was Smith — Bob Smith. He had five sons and two daughters — Eunice, Jonathan, Patience, Asa, Benjamin, Israel, and Bob, Jr. As the sun went down behind the Carpathian Mountains, we sat down to our evening meal. When I tell you what they ate, you will readily believe that these Smiths were regular Tartars. We had hot soda biscuits and butter, fried pork, fried potatoes, apple pie, doughnuts, preserved plums and green tea.

The royal children were able, on account of the great variety, to eat a hearty supper. If there had been but a single article they would have eaten but little; but taking a few mouthfuls of each, they were enabled to consume a large quantity.

Of these seven royal children every one had discolored and decayed teeth, and they all carried a general look of stomach and nerves. During the evening, while the Grand Princess was pepperminting Prince Bob for a pain under his apron, the Grand Prince and I fell into a friendly chat about the health of the young Princes and Princesses. I humbly begged permission to speak. His Royal Highness was so condescending as to assure me that I might discourse without reserve.

Thus encouraged, I delivered myself of the following:

If your Royal Highness will observe Prince Ben's mouth you will discover a foul cavity. His teeth are black and decayed. I am sure his mouth smells as it looks. The mouths of the other Princes and Princesses are ditto. Now, if your Imperial Magnificence will go out on your estate and examine the Imperial young animals of all sorts, you will find their mouths clean and sweet.

If your Resplendent Eminence will bring your gorgeous brain to bear on the subject, you will conclude that this curious difference between the Royal young outside your house and the Royal young inside, comes of good food in one case, and of abominable compounds in the other.

His Royal Highness was good enough to say that if I would mark out the right course they would follow it. I did it.

Breakfast. Simple vegetable food which must have thorough mastication. No drink during the meal or immediately afterward.

Dinner. Plain meat with bread and one vegetable. No desert and no drink.

Supper. Bread and butter, and a little fruit.

Soon there came a happy change. The flavor of their life has been sweetened. Teeth, breath, nerve and spirit have undergone a revolution.

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* *This story is true in every particular so far as the food is concerned.* The names of the several persons are likewise accurate. I change the scene from New Hampshire to Tartary to make it sound grand.

Within thirty years I have known hundreds of families to seek health by this short, simple path. They have generally found it.

Nineteen persons in twenty are more or less not well. If they will persue the path made honorable by the feet of his Royal Highness, Bob Smith, accompanied by her Royal Highness, Nancy Smith, and by their Royal progeny, they will generally find what they seek — health, strength and increase of days. Who knows but this example of the Prince of Tartary may make table temperance fashionable?

Dio Lewis' Magazine.

The Grand Old Man.

THERE are few subjects more generally attractive than a critical study of a great contemporary personality. If he be a king of men, then any scrap or bit of knowledge respecting his habits, history, and attainments have endless interest; if he be a great man, as to whose genius, abilities and earnestness the public mind is divided, a personal sketch presents, particularly to the student of men, an absorbing attraction. A singularly able sketch of the Prime Minister appears in this month's *Time*, entitled "Mr. Gladstone; a Critical Study," by Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P. The member for Galway brings the first and highest qualification to his task, perfect impartiality, a free and unbiassed judgment, which enables him to stand apart and delineate with fidelity the subject of his sketch. Mr. O'Connor is almost too impartial. There is a tantalizing disinterestedness in the method which, having portrayed with brilliant touches this and that characteristic, which places the subject of his critical study far above the heads of his fellows, immediately throws in a compensating defect or blot or weakness which reduces him beneath many of his less distinguished contemporaries. What Mr. O'Connor lays on with one hand he liberally qualifies with the other, and the sketch throughout justifies his conclusion that Mr. Gladstone's character "will probably remain one of the hopeless studies of historians for all time." Mr. O'Connor starts with the reminder that Mr. Gladstone is the best liked and the best hated man in all England, and he sets himself the task of giving an estimate of the Prime Minister's character which shall be free alike from hatred and from hero worship. First he deals with the Premier's oratory, and, as he observes, "there are no instances on record of political results greater or more immediate than those which have been effected by the voice of Mr. Gladstone." "There is," he adds, "of course, his marvellous voice; then a face strikingly handsome, and at once majestic and as mobile as that of a tragedienne of genius; a figure erect and commanding; and, usually, health so perfect that he is able to put into his speeches all that physical vigor without which no speech is completely effective. Indeed, when the reasons of Mr. Gladstone's success come to be subjected to pitiless analysis, a larger

share than would, perhaps, be now conceded will be given to a muscular frame, splendid nerves, and perfect digestion."

But Mr. O'Connor has a small opinion of the permanent value of even the greatest speeches of Mr. Gladstone in Parliament. How many of these speeches, he asks, will be read in fifty years after his death? He believes it is doubtful if more than half a dozen; if so, many will survive. Mr. O'Connor draws a distinction between the effect of the Premier's Parliamentary and platform speeches. The latter, he describes, as "less encumbered with trivial details, fuller of fire and freedom; and to-day, for instance, sixteen years after the Irish Church has been laid in its grave, we can read with pleasure the wonderful series of speeches in which that institution was denounced during the Lancashire campaign." The orator's defects supplies Mr. O'Connor with material for an exceedingly readable bit of description, in the course of which he contrasts the voice of Mr. Gladstone, which, at its best, clear, full, loud, could inspire and convince and terify, with Mr. Bright's, which, as Lord Beaconsfield said, was "the most potent of all, the voice that was at once calm and laden with passion. John Bright has, or used to have, terse and sardonic and crushing humor which was far more deadly than anything at the command of Mr. Gladstone; he carried his hearer away to the Empyrean, while Mr. Gladstone never once raised him from solid earth; above all things, Mr. Bright could venture to be pathetic, while Mr. Gladstone has never made any man shed one single tear." As to Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship, the member for Galway anticipates "that some one will exclaim, that sense must at once revolt against even a momentary doubt of the possession of the highest qualities of statesmanship in the man who has disestablished the Irish Church, passed the Land Act, and disintegrated Turkey." Mr. O'Connor, however, asks, could not these achievements, great as they were, be described as those of a mighty agitator and a great parliamentarian? And might not a politician be a mighty agitator and a great parliamentarian, and yet not a statesman in the highest sense of the word? And he continues: "The conception of Mr. Gladstone which fills the popular mind has had as much to do with this result as his marvellous intellectual powers and his extraordinary physical exertions. That conception is of a man of pure and unselfish purpose, of a sacred hatred of wrong, of a fierce desire to see right done, and of perfect and heroic indifference to the pursuit of personal interests. To put it more briefly, the democracy loves Mr. Gladstone because it thinks him an honest man." Taking the Prime Minister's well-known attitude in the past against Turkey and his present relations with that country, Mr. O'Connor asks: "How is it possible to reconcile the two attitudes as leader of an opposition and as head of a government — in the one case with holy rage calling for justice to be done, though the ministry and the empire, and the world should fall; in the other, hesitating and calculating with strictly controlled reserves and calculations, and with the balancing of conflicting claims; in the one case, the prophet consumed by sacred wrath; in the other, the skilful parliamentarian, whose celestial anger is absolutely regulated by the moods of Parliament and the chances of the division lobby?"

Mr. O'Connor vouchsafes an explanation of the vehemence of Mr. Gladstone's oratory, in which some people can see only a new reading of the character of Pecksniff; and the explanations or withdrawals of imprudent utterances and impossible pledges in which other men find incontestable proof of Mr. Gladstone's dishonesty. "The just as well as the charitable explanation is," says Mr. O'Connor, "that on his legs, he loses the self-control which can always be preserved by the man who has no feelings of his own, and who uses words merely to produce effect on the feelings of others. Mr. Gladstone, in truth, forgets himself in the ideas which he is trying to express; it is this absorption in the idea of the moment that makes him employ the strongest language and the most ready argument by which he can gain over the most obstinate opponent; in short, he has for the moment the passion of the apostle." Mr. O'Connor's conclusion is that the Premier, "is neither a villain nor a saint; his character does not proceed on any rigid lines; he is self-contradictory, wise and foolish, bad and good, infinitely various; and no estimate can therefore be accurate which does not both praise and blame, and refuses him the unbroken consistency of the creations of dramatic literature. His character will probably remain one of the hopeless studies of historians for all time. To his contemporaries, however, he must be, as long as he lives, the most remarkable man of his century. In the House of Commons he is the very genius of the place; his presence or absence makes all the difference whether Parliament is infinitely interesting or abysmally dull. . . . With all the fierce hate that such a man must excite, and the suspicion, and often the ridicule, he remains the microcosm of the House of Commons, that strange world of triumph and defeat, cynicism, and credulity, strong beliefs and calculating and calculated passion. It is because he is all this as no man has been before, as no man may be again, that every deduction from his character still leaves him supreme eminence as England's greatest member of Parliament." Mr. O'Connor's study is full of interest and attractiveness, and the charm of a practised hand makes the portraiture delightfully complete.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.— The spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. It breathes:

A filial spirit — "Father."

A Catholic spirit — "Our Father."

A reverential spirit —"Hallowed be Thy name."

A missionary spirit — "Thy Kingdom come."

An obedient spirit —"Thy will be done."

A dependent spirit —"Give us this day our daily bread."

A penitent spirit —"Forgive us our trespasses."

A forgiving spirit — "As we forgive them who trespass against us."

A watchful spirit—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." Amen.

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY.

I SAT me down at an aged tree,
To think of the days gone by;
The woodlark carol'd his notes of glee,
And winged his way to the sky.
I hailed him still as he upward flew,
For the welkin rung with joy;
Oh, such were the scenes I fondly knew
When I was a little boy.

The tall elm shades the silvery stream
As it rumbling flows along;
While bright is the golden day-god's beam,
And sweet is the linnet's song.
The lily looks fair as winter's snow,
Where withering winds destroy;
But, ah! it was fairer long ago,
When I was a little boy.

I pulled the jessamine in the glen,
And travel'd the moss-clad vale;
I basked in the rosy sunbeams then,
And smil'd at the passing gale;
I linger'd beneath the old oak's shade,
Where trouble or care's alloy
Ne'er did my innocent mind invade,
When I was a little boy.

I paddled along the puddle's foam,
To pilot my rush-built boat:
Nor yearn'd to leave calm childhood's home
On life's troubled sea to float:
I brav'd the depth of the rainbow's tide,
And laugh'd in my young heart's joy;
For, oh, there was no such thing as pride
When I was a little boy.

I have sprung at last to manhood's bloom,
Whilst many have met dismay;
For friends whom I lov'd are in the tomb,
And comrades around decay.
But, ah! there's a home above the skies,
Where death can never annoy;
And man must live in the simple guise
Of a lisping angel boy.

THE SONG OF THE WIND.

How bright the room looked with the lights and plants and flowers, and the groups of gaily dressed children dancing so merrily in time to the music!

It was like fairy-land, thought the Oleander, or that beautiful land in the South of which it so often dreamed. And that little girl with the long golden hair, and white frock floating round her like a soft cloud, was the "Queen of the Fairies!"

Then the Oleander tried to shake its leaves and delicate pink blossoms to find out if it were really awake, and in that dull, cold land of the North to which it had been brought a tiny slip when cut from its parent tree so many years ago.

Oh yes! it was certainly wide awake; of that there could be no doubt — for at that very instant a little boy passed and roughly broke off one of its pretty flowers to throw at his cousin, who was dancing so happily with the "Queen of the Fairies." However, the tree soon forgot its pain in looking on at what it now knew was reality and no mere dream. What a delightful change it was, to be sure, to see so much gaiety after having been shut up so long in the quiet conservatory! Of course the Oleander had many floral companions there, although the Aloes and Camellias were nearly its only friends, as the other plants and flowers were continually coming and going. It is true that this constant change of scene gave them plenty to talk about, for they not only paid visits to the house and garden, but some of them were even invited to dine with the family from time to time, and always occupied the posts of honor — so they said — in the very centre of the table. And what wonderful stories they related of all they saw and heard! while the Oleander, who was so much bigger than any of them, knew nothing worth telling.

It had been so very young when first it was put into the conservatory, that when it was asked to entertain the company by recounting some of its experiences, it could never get beyond a confused recollection of dazzling blue sky, warm, scented air, and a little child playing around the parent tree, sometimes stopping to caress its blossoms with her tiny hands. Then one day it dimly remembered that a tall maiden came, and with tears and smiles cut it, then a young and tender spray, from the parent tree. She placed cool earth and sweet damp moss around its smarting stem, and as it lay half faint with pain and fright, the little child drew near, and pressed her rosy lips for one moment to its glossy leaves. After this all seemed dark, and it remembered nothing more until it found itself in the conservatory, where it had lived ever since, and grown up.

But these memories, as I said, were so indistinct, and the Oleander spoke of them so timidly, that the Lilium Auratum would toss her saucy head, exclaiming, "Mere childish nonsense! We cannot attend to such rubbish! Dear Miss Camellia, will you repeat once more your thrilling little romance?"

"Oh, pray do!" the flowers would urge; and the Oleander,

silenced and ashamed, would listen to the Camellia's story, wondering sadly if it would ever have one of its own to tell.

At this moment the lace curtains in front of the open window moved gently, and a soft breeze stole in, and began fluttering among the branches of the Oleander.

"Good-evening, my little friend!" murmured the Wind. "I have just come up from your lovely home in the South. What a pleasure to meet you so soon!"

"My home!" whispered the Tree, its leaves trembling with excitement. "Oh, tell me about it, dear Wind! Do you think, as the Lilium Auratum does, that all I remember about the tall maiden, the little child, the bright blue sky, and the scented air is mere childish nonsense?"

"Nonsense? No, indeed, dear Tree! Why, one of my sweetest songs is about your dear old home. Would you like to hear it?"

The Tree gently rustled its leaves for answer, and the Wind began:

"Down in the South, in that bright land where the sky is always clear and blue as a sapphire, where golden oranges, luscious figs, and clusters of purple and amber grapes ripen in the brilliant sunshine, there stood a beautiful garden. Yuccas, aloes, camellias, and roses bloomed there in wild profusion, for the gardener was not allowed to tyrannize over them by pruning their branches too closely. All the plants and flowers loved this home. The stately Magnolia-tree always wore her glossiest leaves and finest blossoms. The delicate Pepper-tree delighted to wave her feathery boughs in the warm, sweet air which blew over the garden, laden with the perfume of tuberoses and orange-blossoms, and the scarlet bloom of the Pomegranate was quite dazzling to look at. The cigale and the grasshopper made music all through the sunny day; and at night the fireflies danced merrily in and out among the olive trees, while the little bell-frog chirped forth his silvery note.

"But amongst all the shrubs and flowers, none were so much loved by the gentle mistress of the garden as the Oleander; and of all the Oleanders, not one was so petted and cared for as the tree which grew near the fountain where the gold-fish lived. She had planted it herself when first she came to the garden, and it had always been tended by her alone. She loved to sit beside it, working, and watching the little children, who each in turn played near it.

"Thus the months and seasons came and went, bringing joys and sorrows to the owner of the garden.

"The first little child had grown into a tall maiden now, and left the old home for one of her own in a far land. But before she went, she cut a tiny branch from her mother's favorite tree, that it might grow and bloom in memory of the sunny South."

Here the Oleander trembled with joy, for it knew that its dreams of the past was not "childish nonsense" after all.

"Two other children also left the garden, but it was for a brighter one above, where the flowers and sunshine never fade. One little child still remained, who played and laughed and sang the livelong day.

"And the months and seasons came and went. Then suddenly a dark cloud of trouble burst over the happy garden. It broke the heart of the gentle mistress, who drooped and died; and the master's proud head was bowed with grief and shame. Poor and disgraced, he had to leave the sunny home; but he was not alone. By this time the last little child had in turn grown into a fair young maiden, and became her father's help and stay. She tried to hide her own grief, that he might always have the sunshine of her smile. She made the little home to which they went gay with flowers, and would even sing softly as she worked for their daily bread.

"How I loved to creep in through the vine that clustered round their little window, and cool her aching head, as she sat working so cheerfully at the delicate leaves and flowers she sold to the large shop in the town. Her fingers were so light, her wreaths and garlands were so well made, that they sold for more than any other person's.

"Sometimes I would manage to steal across to the corner of the room where her father sat, as if hiding away from sight. I would gently lift the white hair from his wrinkled forehead, hoping that the sweet perfume I brought him would make him raise his bowed head. But he never did. No strangers ever entered the little room, and he shrank from all his old friends, even refusing to let them know where he was. But the maiden's courage never failed. Tenderly and lovingly she cared for him, working through the sad and lonely hours, with her smile and sweet, low song.

"So the months and seasons came and went. At last they brought another change. One day when I stole in through the vine-leaves the man's chair was empty, and the maiden was quite alone!"

"And is she still quite alone?" asked the Oleander softly, as the Wind was silent for a moment.

"The last time I went into the little room, the maiden was gone, and strangers had made it their home. Can you not guess where the maiden is now?" whispered the Wind.

The little Tree trembled with a strange excitement, for, see! the tall, stately mistress of the house was coming towards the window where it stood, and by her side was a maiden, oh, so sweet and fair!

"See, Ella, here is a friend from the old home waiting to welcome you! A souvenir of our mother's favorite tree!"

With smiles and tears the maiden bent down, and once more two rosy lips were pressed to the Oleander's glossy leaves.

Soon the window was closed, and the Wind went away. The lights were put out, and the music was hushed, for the merry feet were too tired to dance any more. The "Queen of the Fairies," who had received her mother's good-night kiss, lay sleeping, flushed and smiling, in her little bed.

And the Oleander-tree? It had recognized the tall maiden and the little child it used to know so many long years ago in the beautiful garden in the South; so it had its story now, and was happy!

A PASSIONATE boy rides a pony that runs away with him.

FLEURIE AND BEAR.

A LADY who lived in the country had two dogs, one was a beautiful Pomeranian, pure white. His hair was very thick, fine and soft, and was kept in the highest order. Once a week he was washed, and he was combed every day. It was worth while, his mistress often said, to take trouble about him, his appearance repaid it, and the servants never grumbled at having to attend to him; they were, in fact, proud of his beauty. His mistress made a great pet of him. He ran in and out of the drawing-room as he pleased, and might jump on to her lap or on to the sofa beside her without ever being reproved. Visitors, too, always admired and coaxed him. His name was Fleur de Lis, which was very suitable, as no lily could be whiter than he, but he was always called Fleur, or, caressingly, Fleurie.

The name of the other dog was Bear. He was rough and shaggy, and had no beauty to boast of, nor were any pains taken to make him look as well as he might have done. Had Bear got all the combing and brushing that was bestowed on Fleur, his appearance, would, doubtless, have been very different from what it was. But just because he was not handsome none troubled themselves about him.

Accordingly if he got wet and dirty, the only notice taken of his condition was to order him out of the house if he ventured to enter; his hair, which was thick and curly, grew matted and dusty, and gave him rather a savage look.

The mistress of these two dogs used to drive out nearly every afternoon in a pony carriage. On these occasions Fleur sat beside her, on a corner of the handsome fur rug, but Bear ran alongside; sometimes the lady would draw up for a moment to speak to an acquaintance who would generally take notice of Fleur thus: —

"What a dear dog. I should like to stroke him. Pretty fellow!"

But if Bear drew near, hoping for a kind word or caress, the remark usually was, —

"That dog looks savage. I hope he won't bite. Do call him away."

Poor Bear was not the least savage, and had he received encouragement, would have been quite as affectionate as Fleur, perhaps more so. Sometimes he would go up to his mistress and press against her, or lay his shaggy head on her knee, but she did not want his caresses, and would push him away saying,

"Oh, that great dirty dog. He is standing on my dress. Go away, sir."

Dogs have feelings which are hurt by unkindness just as ours are, and Bear was hurt by being thus repulsed, until he learned to expect nothing better, and never put himself forward. Though Fleur was perfect in the eyes of his mistress, he was by no means an amiable dog. His face, which was pointed like that of a fox, had a very sharp expression; this, perhaps, he could not help, but he had an ugly way of showing his teeth, and was very ready to pick quarrels. On these occasions, however, the blame was seldom laid on him, so difficult was

it to believe that an animal which was such a mass of soft snowy hair could be quarrelsome and aggressive.

The partiality of the lady set an example that was followed by her servants; they all treated Fleur with distinction, partly to please their mistress, but partly also that they adopted her opinions without reflection. It is always easier to accept the views of others than to judge for ourselves, and that is one cause of half the mistakes which are made in the world. Moreover, beauty had its influence on the servants as well as on their mistress; as I have already said, they took it quite as a matter of course that Fleur was to be washed and combed, but any one of the domestics would have been offended if desired to perform the same office for Bear.

One day the two dogs were eating their dinner which was always placed for them under the side-board in the dining-room. It consisted of a good plateful of meat and bones. Fleur was very greedy, and gobbled up all the best pieces. Bear bore this very patiently for a time, for he was not the least dainty, nor was he quarrelsome, but at last he got provoked. He had just secured a nice piece of meat, the only good bit he had obtained that day, when Fleur, with an ugly snarl, snatched it out of his very mouth. This was more than any dog could stand. Bear was very hungry, and had been balked of nearly his whole dinner. He turned on Fleur, and, in an instant, they were worrying each other on the floor.

Their mistress was sitting at luncheon; hearing the scrimmage, she turned her head and exclaimed, "Oh, the dogs are fighting! That wicked Bear will kill my poor Fleurie!"

She jumped up, and, with her parasol, which she had been using in the garden, struck Bear, saying, as she drove him out of the dining-room, "You naughty dog, go away." Then she caught Fleur up in her arms, caressed and comforted him, "Poor, dear Fleurie, did nasty Bear eat all the titbits, and leave him nothing but the bones?"

Fleur, in return, licked her cheek, and she sat down again at the table with him on her lap, and fed him from her own plate.

The dogs slept at the foot of the stairs on two mats that were soft and warm, and made very comfortable beds. One night the house was attacked by thieves. Fleur was the first to be awakened by the noise of a file at the front door, and he pricked up his ears to listen. He knew well that the sound boded mischief, but he was drowsy, and feeling satisfied that whatever it might be, no harm was likely to happen to him, he curled himself round again to go to sleep.

By this time the robber had succeeded in picking the lock and cutting the chain which fastened the door, when, just as he was in the act of entering, Bear woke up, and not only began to bark furiously, but flew at the burglar with so evident a determination to bite his leg, that the man took to his heels and was glad to effect his escape.

Fleur, who was now thoroughly awake and excited, barked loudly in concert, and the uproar roused the family, the different members of which left their rooms and hurried to the spot. They understood at once what had happened from finding the hall door open, and as Fleur, still barking, ran towards his mistress, who, greatly frightened, ap-

peared on the stairs in her dressing-gown, the general impression was that he had saved the house.

"Good dog, brave Fleur," said the lady, stooping to fondle him while Fleur wagged his tail and fawned upon her, as though conscious that he merited praise. Bear, meanwhile, had pursued the robber to a considerable distance to his great terror. He now came in panting, but no one thought about him. And many times during the next few days the story was repeated to visitors, of how the house had been broken into by night, and every portable thing of value would, doubtlessly, have been stolen, had not faithful Fleurie given the alarm.

Some weeks after this event, the two dogs were frolicing one afternoon beside a stream, on the banks of which the only child of their mistress was fishing. He was a very little boy, and happening to overreach himself, he fell in. Both dogs understood the danger, and were very sorry. Fleurie ran a few steps into the stream, intending, we may suppose, to swim to his assistance; but the water was cold, and he was too cowardly to face it. So he drew back and stood on the brink shaking his pretty white paws to dry them. The poor little boy would certainly have been drowned had not Bear plunged into the water and dragged him by his clothes to land.

The mother, who was walking with a friend in the meadow, was not far off, and arrived on the spot to find her child dripping wet and terribly frightened, but not otherwise the worse.

For a few minutes she was too engrossed with him and the danger he had escaped to think of how he had been saved; but as she was hurrying him to the house to get his clothes changed, the child said, "Speak to the dog, mamma, he pulled me out."

Tears were in the mother's eyes, and she called out, "Here, Fleurie, good dog for saving Charley."

Fleur jumped upon her, as his manner was, and she stooped to caress him more affectionately than she had ever done before, when Charley exclaimed:—

"Not him, mamma, — Bear."

Now it was evident that Fleur could not have been in the water, or he must have been wet. The lady looked round for Bear. He was shaking himself dry, and the water was flying from his rough coat, like a shower, in every direction. But regardless of his wet condition, the lady, in her gratitude, threw her arms round his neck and called him her own good dog, her dear Bear. From that day Fleur went out of favor, while Bear was as much loved and valued as ever a dog was.

And now do you see any moral in our story? I am sure you do. Is it not this? That though beauty and an attractive manner may win preference for a time, every one is sure to find their just level at last, and amiability and true merit are the only qualities which, in the long run, are rewarded with affection.

He who does nothing is in a fair way to do mischief.

THE ARCHITECT OF NOTRE DAME.

LET us look for a moment at the poor, ragged boy, begging his bread in the streets of Paris, where, like a rustic simpleton, he has come in the hopes of finding the way to fame and fortune. Yet a simpleton he is not; he struggles on, ill-fed, ill-lodged, but thanks to pious alms, just able to scrape together the means of study. He passes from one grade to another, and in time Paris learns to be proud of her great doctor, Maurice of Sully, and forgets that he owes his surname to the lordly territory where his fathers cultivated the soil. At last his fame reaches his native place, and his old mother, who is still living, resolves to go and find her boy, who she always knew would make his fortune. So, taking staff in hand, she found her way to the great city, and asked the first fine ladies whom she met in the streets, if they would take her where they could find the Doctor Maurice. The good ladies, taking pity on her, took her to their house, gave her refreshments, and throwing a better kind of mantle over the coarse woollen petticoat which she wore, after the fashion of French peasants, led her to Maurice and introduced her to him as his mother. "Not so," said Maurice, "my mother is a poor woman; she wears no fine clothes like these. I will not believe it is, unless I see her woollen petticoat." Then she threw off her cloak; and, seeing her in her own garb, he embraced her, and introduced her to the great people, who stood about him, saying: "This is, indeed, my mother." "And the thing spread through the city," says the chronicler, "and did good honor to the master, who afterwards became Bishop of Paris;" in which office he did many notable things, and among others, built the present Cathedral of Notre Dame.

HONOR THY MOTHER.

IT was a cold, dark night in winter. The wind blew, and snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods, and in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and, notwithstanding the storm, the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear him. William Annesly, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother: "Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?" "Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his, and drew up as close as possible to him. Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had now grown up so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far before he said: "I am very proud to-night, mother." "Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him, with a heart gushing with tenderness. "This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy. There will be a few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, ovingly provide for her, who in his helpless infancy, watched over him.

Useful Knowledge.

FIGS grow in most hot countries, wherever there is sufficient moisture and depth of soil. When perfectly dry they are no more nutritious than rice, but newly imported figs of good quality contain the same proportion of gluten as wheaten bread, and they also have twenty-seven per cent more starch and sugar.

DATES are called "the bread of the desert," from the fact that they are more nutritious than any other fruit, and that they grow upon a kind of palm which yields abundantly in soils where scarcely any other vegetation would live. In Egypt and Arabia dates form the staple food of the whole people, and in the district of Fezzem, nineteen out of every twenty persons live entirely on them nine months out of the year. It is said they support life and maintain strength for an indefinite continuance.

RICE is remarkable chiefly for the comparatively small proportion of gluten it contains, not exceeding seven or eight per cent, being less than half the quantity contained in oatmeal. When substituted for potatoes in workhouses, it has been observed to produce scurvy. Upon the whole, rice contains less nutriment than any other grain, being also considerably inferior to the potato. The natives of India make up for the deficiency of relative nutriment by devouring enormous quantities, for which their large stomachs are adapted; but even with that advantage it is very inferior food, and results in an inferior population.

ALBUMEN.— The white of an egg is the best illustration of what albumen is; it contains sulphur and nitrogen, like the albumen of the blood. Albumen is a most nutritious element of diet, being necessary to the sustenance of the brain and nerves, liver, kidneys, spleen, pancreas, and all the glands. Everywhere throughout organized nature where animal life is developed, it depends on the presence of albumen; so much so, that only those substances are in a strict sense nutritious articles of food which contain either albumen or a substance capable of being converted into it.

BLOOD AS FOOD.— Blood contains all the principles out of which the tissues of our bodies are formed, and is, therefore, theoretically nutritious in any form. The blood of oxen is generally used in making black puddings; the blood of the hare is used to make hare-soup.

FRENCH DIET.— The estimated consumption of meat in France is much less than in England, being only about one-sixth of a pound per head per day; but the French evince their high opinion of it in developing its properties by the most elaborate cooking, and leading French writers have expressed the conviction that the richest and most comfortable nation is that which eats the most meat.

COOKING POTATOES AND RICE.— Old potatoes should never be pared before cooking. The most nutritious portion of the potato lies immediately under the skin, and this is generally all pared away. A small slice should first be cut from each end; this lets the water out, and the potatoes are then put into cold water and allowed to heat slowly. They should boil as slowly as possible until done. There are a variety of ways of warming over cold potatoes, and nearly all good and economical. Never throw away a cold potato, but cut it in thin slices and lay it in a bowl, with a few slices of onions, a little pepper, salt and vinegar, a teaspoonful of oil and you have a relishing salad for lunch. The best way to cook sweet potatoes is to chip off a piece of each end and roast in the oven. They should never be boiled; they are very nice stewed. If any are left over they make a nice breakfast dish if sliced lengthwise and fried on the griddle, each piece by itself. Rice is an excellent article of diet, but is too often spoiled in cooking, coming on the table either scorched or boiled to a mush. A very little attention will cook it just right. Wash it well and soak for an hour in cold water, drain this off and to one pint of rice add three pints of boiling water and a little salt. Set your pail or saucepan in a pan of water with two sticks in the bottom; let the rice boil fast, keeping it tightly covered. By the time the water evaporates the rice will be cooked. The Chinese tie their rice in a bag, leaving room to swell, and strain it. This is, without doubt, the best way of cooking it.

The Humorist.

"DOCTOR, I want you to look at my tongue," said a loquacious belle to her physician, "what do you think is the matter with — ?" "It wants rest," was the reply.

A GOOD story is told of a paper in Ohio, the manager of which, in a fit of enterprise, entered into an agreement with a printer to give him £5 if he would get the governor's message in advance for an early edition. The printer gained a copy, received his pay, and left town. The matter was set up, and was ready for printing, when it was discovered that the message was last year's. The paper did not come out with an early edition.

A GENTLEMAN came home in the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal," recently, and was surprised to find his wife clad in black. "Why are you wearing these mourning garments?" he said, somewhat unsteadily. "For my late husband," was the significant reply. He has been in the house at ten ever since.

AN Israelite lady, sitting in the same box with a French physician, and being troubled with *ennui*, happened to gape. "Excuse me, madam," said the doctor, "I am glad you didn't swallow me." —"Give yourself no uneasiness," replied the lady, "I am a Jewess and never eat pork!"

"WEALLY, ah, I beg youah pardon, miss, if I intrude," said a masher from Cincinnati, the other evening, on discovering a pretty girl milking a cow. "No intrusion, sir," said the girl, blushing like a rose. "Ah, my dear damsel; cawn't I assist you?"—"Certainly, sir. Just stand where the cow can see you."—"Of course I will, me chawmer; but what do you want the cow to see me foah?"—"She will think you're her calf and give down her milk faster."

A LAWYER and a physician were passing a cemetery. "I suppose, doctor," remarked the lawyer jocosely, "that many of your cases are lying there."—"Undoubtedly," the doctor replied, "and," pointing to the penitentiary in the distance, "I suppose that many of your cases are lying there."

"I'M getting dreadful fat, my dear," said a husband to his wife; "I must get a set of dumb-bells and practice with them."—"Why not do as Mr. Smith did when he was getting so fat?"—"What did he do?"—"Broke up house-keeping and went to live in a boarding-house."

A GERMAN went to a friend and said, "To-morrow I owe you $20,000. I am ruined. I cannot pay it, and I cannot shleep a vink." The creditor said, "Vy didn't you vait to dell me to-morrow? Now neither can I shleep a vink."

"WHAT do you think of my mustache?" asked a young man of his girl. "Oh, it reminds me of a western frontier city," was the answer. "In what respect, pray?" "Because the survey is large enough, but the settlers are straggling."

"A LITTLE boy, whose parents are always moving from one house to another, was asked recently by the Sunday-school teacher, "Why did the Israelites move out of Egypt?" and promptly replied, "because they couldn't pay the rent."

"AIN'T you almost boiled?" inquired a little girl of a gentleman visiting her father and mother. "No, little one, I can't say that I am. Why do you ask, Daisy?"—"Oh, because I heard mamma say your wife always keeps you in hot water."

A WITTY old physician, on meeting a neighbor's ducks in the road, was saluted with the usual "Quack, quack, quack!" "See here," he cried to the neighbor, "keep those ducks at home, or I'll shoot 'em. They're indulging in personal remarks."

"YES," sighed the fashionable maiden as she applied her handkerchief to her eyes, "my poor little doggie, my Carlo, is dead."—"It is very sad," said a sympathizing friend, "and all the more so as the loss occurs just on the eve of your marriage."—"Yes, it is too bad, to think that the wedding must be postponed after all the preparations being made."—"Postponed? Surely you do not think of postponing your marriage because of the death of your dog?"—"Why, certainly. How heartless you must think me. I could not think of getting married within a year after such a distressing bereavement."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, AUGUST, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE (From the New York *Catholic Herald:*)—The July number of this welcome serial begins a new volume — the 15th — reminding us that the veteran has completed seven years in his present moorings. We think DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE contains a great deal of information, but we doubt if ours are a magazine-reading people. However, they will be some day, and the work of educating them up to that standard could not have been begun too soon. Mr. Donahoe ought, however, to be in his old field, leaving to younger men the development of new ideas. We should like to see him once again piloting a weekly paper.

THE *London Globe* announces that the notorious James McDermott, who filled the dangerous position of spy and informer under the English Government, died some time ago of cholera in France. Red Jim's special work was to organize bogus dynamite plots and then hand his dupes over to Scotland Yard or Dublin Castle, as the case might be. McDermott tried his game in Montreal and suggested that the Queen's statue on Victoria Square would be a suitable object to blow up with dynamite. The *Post* unmasked the villainous employé of the secret service, and from that time to this Red Jim has been forced to travel *incognito* and to dye his hair. The announcement of the *Globe* that he has died from cholera, is only a blind to prevent Nemesis from following him around the world.

THE QUEEN ATTENDING A CATHOLIC CHURCH. — The *Semaine Religieuse*, a Montreal weekly, in an article headed "The Piety of the Queen of England," says: "During all Queen Victoria and her daughter's stay at Aixles-Bains, they have, by their piety, been the edification of the whole population. Following is an edifying fact which some time ago appeared in a local paper: Notwithstanding the existence of an Anglican Church at Aix, the Roman Catholic Church is the only witness of the prayers of our noble guests. They often enter it *incognito* and there remain kneeling for hours. All present were edified at their attitude during the office of Holy Friday, and if the guard which always follows Her Majesty had not been seen at the church door, no person could have recognized the Queen of Great Britain, and all would have surely mistaken her for the most fervent of Catholic women.

THE *Youth's Friend*, devoted to the interests of the Orphans and Destitute Boys in the House of the Angel Guardian. The second volume of this publication, commences with the July issue, and is brimful of interesting matter. On the first page is the true image of the Holy Face of Our Lord Jesus Christ as preserved and venerated at the Basilica of St. Peter's in Rome. There is an original poem by the gifted poet, Eleanor C. Donnelly, entitled "St. Anne and the Orphans of Christ." The price of this little paper is only 25 cents a year.

THE CATHOLICS OF THE UNITED STATES DURING THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. — We direct the attention of our readers to this learned article. The facts contained in it should be made a text in our Catholic schools, and taught to our children in the family. It is from the fertile brain of John Gilmary Shea, LL. D. Let the article be read and re-read by every Catholic in the land. We copy from the New York *Freeman's Journal.*

A NEW SERIAL. — We commence this month a story that we have no doubt will be interesting to our readers. It is from the pen of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, member of Parliament from Galway. Mr. O'Connor is one of the ablest of the Parnell band of workers for Ireland in the alien parliament of Great Britain.

Boston College.

THE twenty-first annual commencement of Boston College, took place at the college, on the evening of the 25th of June. Governor Robinson arrived about 9.30 o'clock, and on being introduced made a brief address.

The college orchestra gave excellent music, which was supplemented by a piccolo solo, by Mr. James McCormick, Jr.

Papers on religious studies, the last of which was a poem, were presented by P. J. Supple, J. E. Hayes, J. J. Graham and F. A. Cunningham, and the valedictory, "The Existence of God and Our Duties," was by G. A. Lyons.

Degrees were conferred as follows: Master of Arts, on Francis A. Cunningham; Bachelor of Arts, Thomas F. Brannan, John J. Downey, Matthew J. Flaherty, Jeremiah G. Foley, Henry T. Grady, John J. Graham, Richard F. Harris, James E. Hayes, Maurice F. Hickey, Thomas J. Hurley, George A. Lyons, Jeremiah J. Lyons, James P. McGuigan, Daniel M. Murphy, John J. Ryan, Daniel P. Scannell, John P. Sullivan, Patrick J. Supple, Charles H. Winn.

The principal prizes were awarded as below: Class of mental philosophy, gold medal and premium to James A. Hayes, A. B., and Patrick J. Supple, A. B., respectively; class of physics, George A. Lyons, A. B., and Patrick J. Supple, A. B., took respectively the gold medal and premium; class of chemistry, George A. Lyons, A. B., and Patrick J. Supple, A. B., respectively, took the gold medal and premium.

The medal and premium were awarded respectively in the following classes in the order named; Humanities, Maurice P. Foley, Edward A. Quirk; first grammar, Florence J. Halloran, John A. Brett; first English, Edward W. Finn, Charles B. McCormick; first mathematics, James P. Sullivan, Maurice F. Foley, first algebra, Thomas J. Condon, Florence J. Halloran; book-keeping, Francis A. Tondorf, George J. Krim; German, James W. Dorney, Matthew H. McGrath; French, James Sullivan, Daniel F. Horgan. A prize of "honor" ($20) for work done out of class, was awarded to Edmund T. Shanahan, who presented a translation of 1,200 lines of the Hellenics. The same pupil also got a prize of $20 (the gift of Mr. D. H. Tully) for the first position in the preparatory classes. Thomas F. Brennan, A. B., received a purse of $30 (from Mr. Tully), for the best thesis on "Christian Doctrine." Twenty-dollar gifts were also made to Thomas J. Hurley for the best English composition, and to Edward P. O'Hara, preparatory classes. A gold medal (the gift of a graduate), was given to Joseph H. Willis, preparatory classes, and $25, the "Fulton prize," founded by the U. M C. A., awarded to Jeremiah Foley, A. B.

Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

THE exercises of the forty-second annual commencement of Holy Cross College were held in the college hall, on the 25th of June, in the presence of a large number of friends and distinguished people, among whom were the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Rielly, Gov. Robinson, and a large number of the clergy, and many laymen of distinction. The diplomas and prizes were awarded under the direction of President Brady, and presented by His Excellency Governor Robinson. The degree of Master of Arts was conferred on Andrew J. Downes, M. D., Worcester, Mass.; Joseph J. Cronin, M. D., Worcester. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on Maurice J. O'Brien, Lewiston, Me.; Stephen A. Mahoney, Gloucester, Mass.; Patrick E. McGee, New Bedford, Mass.; Thomas R. Carty, Fairhaven, Vt.; Philip Kilroy, Springfield, Mass.; Thomas D. Lynch, North Adams, Mass.; William E. Foley, West Springfield, Mass.; John E. Brady, Fall River, Mass.; Murty M. Moriarty, Fitchburg, Mass.; Michael W. Mulhane, Millberry, Mass.; James A. O'Reilly, St. Joseph, Penn; Edward A. O'Reilley, St. Joseph, Penn.; J. Barry Smith, Baltimore, Md.; Thomas B. Lawler, Worcester, Mass.; William F. Carmody, Worcester, Mass.; Jeremiah D. Burns, Worcester, Mass.; Patrick H. Carey, Kingston, Mass.; John P. Gaffney, Danvers, Mass.; John J. Farrell, Boston, Mass.; Levi J. Achim, Spencer, Mass.; Patrick H. Smith, Woonsocket, R. I.; Michael T. O'Brien, Old Furnace, Mass.; John T. O'Brien, Plymouth, Mass.; Patrick Kilroy, Springfield, Mass.; Thomas B. McQuaid, Webster, Mass.

At Mount St. Mary's, Manchester, N. H.

MOUNT St. Mary's Academy observed its twenty-fifth annual commencement on the 25th of June. Miss Lulie Albe was the salutatorian, Miss Fannie M. Snowdon of Boston, the valedictorian. The attendance was very large, embracing a distinguished assembly of the Catholic clergy of New England, and many former pupils. Right Rev. D. M. Bradley, bishop of Manchester, officiated in the presentation of fully 100 medals, decorations and other prizes, for excellence in scholarship, deportment, politeness, needle-work, etc.

American Aid for Ireland.

IRISH PARLIAMENTARY OFFICES,
PALACE CHAMBERS, 9 BRIDGE STREET,
LONDON, S. W., May 15, 1885.

The Very Rev. Chas. O'Reilly, Treasurer Irish National League of America:

My Dear Dr. O'Rielly — The Hon. Treasurers of the National League have duly received your letter enclosing draft value for £2,000 for the credit of the Parliamentary Fund, which they will expend strictly for parliamentary purposes, in accordance with your wish and directions. I desire to take this opportunity of thanking you, and through you the subscribers to this fund, for the very timely remittance. There are many claims and requirements which we are daily obliged to leave unsatisfied owing to the want of such a fund, and as the general election approaches, these matters become more urgent and important. In fact, our position as regards the parliamentary branch of our operations has been very much that of men who have been compelled to make bricks without straw; and it is marvellous to those who know the facts that we should have been enabled to win every bye election during this parliament, increase our numbers, and consolidate our strength and position almost without money or resorces.

Your remittance will help to fill a very great void, and to tide over until a general election places us in the position to make a formal appeal at home and abroad in aid of a regular Parliamentary fund.

Yours very truly,
CHAS. S. PARNELL.

Our Minister to Austria.

Boston Saturday Evening Gazette:— Mr. Keiley's appointment as Minister to Austria has given rise to a number of rumors of the most perplexing description. In the first place, it was said he would not be received because the Italian Minister at Vienna did not like him. That Austria would commit the impertinence of refusing to receive the Minister of one power, because the Minister of another power objected to him, is scarcely credible. Then, again, it has been stated that it is impossible Mr. Keiley should be received by Austria because Mrs. Keiley, being a Jewess, could not be received at court, no exception on this point ever having been made even in the case of members of the diplomatic corps. There would seem to be something in this, as all the Vienna papers have discussed the point unfavorably to Mr. Keiley. That Jews should be hunted and killed by the ignorant people of Austria is not to be wondered at, when the Imperial Court, which may be confidently looked upon as composed of the most intelligent part of the Austrian community, manifests such mediæval intolerance. A marked contrast in civilization is shown in England by the elevation of Sir Nathaniel de Rothschild to the peerage. If Austria has no less frivolous grounds than those stated for refusing to recognize Mr. Keiley, our government should show its just resentment by leaving the Austrian mission unfilled.

"MURDERER! MURDERER!"

The Cries that Rang in Earl Spencer's Ears as he Departed from Dublin.

LONDON, *June 27.*— Fully nine hundred people attended the farewell reception of the retiring lord-lieutenant of Ireland at Dublin Castle to-day. During the reception an immense crowd of people gathered around the castle, taking up a position as close to the building as the police and military cordons would allow, and rent the air with shouts, hoots and groans. All sorts of deprecatory remarks with regard to the retiring official were indulged in. At the conclusion of the reception Earl Spencer was driven to the railroad station in a closed carriage, surrounded by a strong guard of military. His appearance was the signal for prolonged hooting by the crowd. As he entered his carriage the father of Joseph Poole, who was hanged for the murder of John Kenny, and whom Earl Spencer refused to reprieve, shouted at the top of his voice: "That's the man who murdered my child," which remark the crowd

took up and supplemented with shouts of "Murderer! murderer!"

Earl Spencer presented to the detective officers, who acted as his bodyguard during his term of office, valuable mementoes as tokens of his appreciation of their valuable and faithful services.

THE subscriptions to the fund for the family of the late A. M. Sullivan, have been closed. The total amount subscribed in England was £1,570 and in Ireland, £7,430, making a grand total of £9,000, ($45,000.)

Urgent Appeal from the National League.

IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE OF AMERICA }
EXECUTIVE OFFICE, }
LINCOLN, NEB., JUNE 19. }

Dear Sir:— In view of the momentous events of the last few days, we deem it a duty to address you for the purpose of pointing out the urgency that exists, for at once calling your branch together and taking steps to push the collections for the Parliamentary Fund.

Mr. Parnell with his band of thirty-nine followers (and not even all of those reliable), has succeeded in defeating and driving from power the strongest government that ever ruled in England, banishing from Ireland the disgraceful Earl Spencer and his brutal and loathsome minions, and causing such an awakening in public opinion, at home and abroad, on the subject of English misrule in Ireland that the attainment of self-government is almost within our grasp. The new ministry in England, representing a minority in the House of Commons, can only govern on sufferance during the balance of the sessions, and a general election in September or October is now assured. With a moderate amount of the "sinews of war" at his command, Mr. Parnell can secure at the general election the return of eighty reliable followers, and, with that number and the balance of power in the hands of an honest Irish National Party, the next two or three years will, we believe, bring forth results which few of us hoped to see accomplished in our time.

We are at present in communication with Mr. Parnell on the subject of fixing a time for our annual convention, and hope to be able to lay his views before you at an early date. Meantime we urgently appeal to you to do all in your power to push on the organization, and particularly to aid in raising for the Parliamentary Fund such a sum as will enable Mr. Parnell to take advantage of the all-important opportunity now so near at hand. Relying on your prompt and vigorous response to this appeal, we remain, yours, very truly,

(Signed)
PATRICK EGAN, *Pres.*,
CHAS. O'REILLY, D. D., *Treas.*,
ROGER WALSH, *Sec.*

MOST REV. DR. WALSH.— The Pope has confirmed the nomination of Dr. Walsh as Archbishop of Dublin. The *Freeman's Journal*, commenting upon the appointment, says: "His appointment links Ireland to Rome in tenfold bonds of sympathy. Rome has been true to Ireland, as Ireland has been always true to Rome."

THE *Working Boy*, published monthly at the Working Boy's Home, 113 Eliot Street, Boston. Price 25 cents a year. It is edited by Rev. Fr. Roche, the founder of the home. All subscribers are members of the Sacred Heart Union.

REV. DENIS O'CALLAGHAN, pastor of St. Augustine's Church, South Boston, sailed for Europe on an extended tour in the Cunard steamer, *Pavonia*. A large number of the good pastor's parishioners and friends escorted him to the steamer. Among those present at the Cunard dock were the Rev. M. Bryne, S. J., Boston College; Revs. Frs. Keegan and Haloran, St. Augustine's; Revs. M. J. Supple and James N. Supple, Charlestown; Rev. Fr. Corcoran, St. Vincent; Rev. L. J. O'Toole, Cathedral; Judge Fallon, Thomas Flatley, Patrick Donahoe, John Farley, Timothy Gorman, John P. MacLoughlin, Lieut. Lambert, Joseph G. Lennon, J. Frank Donahoe, M. H. Keenan and others. During Fr. O'Callaghan's absence his pastorial duties will be assumed by the Rev. James J. Keegan. Rev. Father Tierney and sister sailed in the same steamer.

THE CORPUS DOMINI Procession in Vienna was a splendid display of Faith and piety. The Cardinal-Archbishop carried the Blessed Sacrament. The Emperor, the Prince Imperial, the Archdukes, all joined in the ceremony. The House of Hapsburg remains faithful to its traditions.

ST. AUGUSTINE CEMETERY ASSOCIATION.— A society to be known as the St. Augustine Cemetery Improvement Association, was formed Sunday afternoon, June 7th, at St. Augustine's Chapel, South Boston. Much interest was manifested by those present, and 75 persons signified their readiness to enroll themselves as members of the organization. The following officers were elected:— President, Patrick Donahoe; Vice-President, John F. McMahon; Secretary, Timothy F. Gorman; Treasurer, Rev. James J. Keegan; Directors, Bernard Foley, Richard Monks, William R. Cavanaugh, Patrick Crowley and Abraham J. Lamb. The annual dues will be $2, though contributions to any amount will be acceptable. When the object becomes more generally known, it, no doubt, will enlist aid from hundreds scattered all over the United States who have relatives and friends buried in the sacred spot. The newly-elected officers pledged themselves to active work in the good cause, and the large audience present adjourned to meet every Sunday afternoon until further notice. The cemetery is the oldest in Massachusetts.

THE 4th of June was the 52d anniversary of the birthday of General Lord Wolseley, who was born at Golden Bridge House, near Dublin, on the 4th of June, 1833.

THE Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen*, is not only a *citizen* but it is a good exponent of Catholic sentiment. In a recent issue it said of us: Father Newman's Southern Sketches in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, when completed, will make an entertaining volume.

A WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.— Miss Wolff, a "maiden lady," worth millions, is said to be backing a new know-nothing crusade against Catholics. One hundred thousand dollars is to be spent in pamphlets, and the agitation is to be national.

THE Transatlantic ocean steamship lines, including the Cunard, White Star, Guion, National American, Anchor and State lines, have entered into an agreement to advance steerage rates 25 per cent., with *outward* trip. From the other side the rates continue to be $15.

THE ex-Empress Eugenie of France completed her 60th year a few days ago.

DURING the month of May, 11,663 emigrants left Ireland (according to the Board of Trade returns), being 4,520 less than the number for the corresponding month of 1884.

THE *Catholic Home*, a journal devoted to the interests of Catholic families and societies. The official paper of the Illinois Catholic Order of Foresters. It is a sixteen-page paper, with a cover for advertisers. The editor is John F. Scanlan, and it is published at 137 East Madison Street, Chicago, Ill. The price of the paper is not stated. Perhaps our contemporary intends giving it away free gratis for nothing. Generous editor.

MR. JOHN DILLON, formerly M. P. for Tipperary, who has been residing for some months with a relative in Colorado, returns to Ireland next month, with a view of being nominated for a seat in the new Parliament.

AT a private audience granted by the Holy Father on the 26th of April, Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel, His Holiness at the prayer of Very Rev. Edward Sorin, C. S. C., Superior-General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, bestowed the Apostolic Benediction on the *Ave Maria*, and its subscribers in all parts of the world. At the same audience the Apostolic Blessing was requested and granted for the entire Catholic press of the United States.

THE Archbishop of Melbourne, Australia, Mgr. J. A. Goold, was obliged to censure a few Catholics who, "unadvised by ecclesiastical authority," decided on devoting the evening of Good Friday to a "pseudo-religious performance in a profane place." He positively forbade his clergy or religious to use the proceeds of such performances.

THE Grotto at Lourdes is a spot constantly in a blaze of light. It is estimated that, at the lowest, *eighty-one thousand* candles of all sizes are burned every year. And yet these lights represent but a small fraction of all the prayers and intentions offered up with them, for the Church and country, for family and friends, for all the wants of soul and body.

A NEW FLAG.— The new city flag of Dublin, presents a combination of the civic and national emblems, by exhibiting a yellow harp on a green ground, and displaying in one quarter (in the upper portion next the flag-staff) three white castles on a blue ground. The flag is to be hoisted every day at the City Hall from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.

THE IRISH IN PHILADELPHIA.— Martin I. J. Griffin delivered an address recently before the Parnell Branch of the Irish National League on "The Irish in Philadelphia." In the year 1728 over 5,000 Irish Presbyterians landed in Philadelphia; in 1729, 5,000 additional immigrants arrived, and were followed later by thousands of others who had been driven from Ulster by the English. The descendants of these early settlers, retaining an enmity toward the British Government did much to encourage and support Revolution. Philadelphia, he said, owes much of her intellectual and material progress to the efforts of Presbyterian and Catholic Irishmen.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF WORKING GIRLS. —Sister Mary Frances Clare, better known as the Nun of Kenmare, whose devoted labor in behalf of the poor for upward of half a century has been blessed with such abundant results, is at present actively engaged in the good work of establishing a home and convent in Jersey City, mainly in the interest of poor servant girls. The Catholic public will be glad to learn that the project is meeting with ample success. Recently Sister Frances has secured a large house and grounds in a delightful portion of the Orange Valley, to be used as a summer retreat in connection with the home. Working girls employed in the city can visit this pleasant country retreat on Saturday and remain until Monday, or, if they desire, can spend a week or a fortnight there. The terms are so low that all can easily meet the expense, and there is no more delightful spot in which to enjoy a few days in the country. During the months of July and August three spiritual retreats will be conducted at the house for the benefit of visitors.

A LADY M. P.— A curious difficulty promises to arise out of the forthcoming General Election. Miss Helen Taylor has accepted an invitation from the Camberwell Radical Club to become a candidate for North Camberwell at the General Election. Miss Taylor asserts that there is no law in existence to prevent a woman sitting and voting in the House of Commons. Supposing Miss Taylor is elected for the constituency of North Camberwell, and supposing the lady M. P. proceeds to take her seat, how will the House act, and what statute, if any, will be enforced against Miss Taylor's admission? Miss Taylor was a warm sympathizer with the members of the Ladies' Land League.

IT is a strange fact that although Mr. Gladstone has been fifty-three years in Parliament he has never even once opposed a Coercion Bill. Even Mr. Disraeli did, and by joining with O'Connell in 1846 defeated Peel's last Coercion Bill, which defeat drove Peel from power.

MARRIAGES in the evening have been strictly forbidden by a recent decree of the Sacred Congregation of Rites. The rule was not made any too soon.

AN IRISHMAN, one Moore, has died in Buenos Ayres worth £450,000. Candidly, we look upon it as a shame for any individual to possess so much money as that, as we consider it a sin for him to have hoarded it, however honestly. There must have been an uncomfortable spice of the miser, that most despicable of characters, in his composition. What a number of chances of benefitting his family, his servants, and his kind he must have neglected while amassing that enormous sum. But he has made tardy compromise with conscience by leaving a *one-hundredth part* of what he can no longer enjoy in charity. As usually happens, the remainder is the subject of litigation among his sorrowing relatives, thinks the *London Universe*.

SICKLY YOUNG MEN.— The trouble lies in the fact that sickly young men think they can work hard all day and then use the hours of night for frolicing and dissipation. They are, to use an old expression, burning the candle at both ends. They are trying to work without the necessary rest. It is a violation of nature's laws, and they cannot be disobeyed with impunity. Before these young men reach thirty years of age they are in their graves, and many of them have lived just long enough to start a few sickly descendants

upon life's journey, to prove even greater wrecks than their fathers. The defeat of the French armies by Moltke's German soldiers is said to be due to the fact that the young men of France gave themselves up to dissipation and the physical manhood of the French only preceded the departure of the military power of the nation. Vitality is given in its superabundance between the twenty-first and the thirty-fifth year. If wasted and dissipated during that period the man is a washed-out being thereafter. Young men ought to "husband their strength" mentally, morally and physically if they wish to live long and die well.

THE people who live under the impression that the Land Act has done away with evictions in Ireland, may be surprised to learn that there have been nearly 15,000 persons evicted during the last year.

A CONSOLIDATION between the Inman Steamship Company and the Red Star and American (Philadelphia) Lines, by which all three will hereafter be practically under American management, has taken place.

FROM a list prepared by the *Philadelphia Press*, showing the comparative cost of the chief commodities in use by the American people, it appears that the largest expenditure is for liquors. Tobacco ranks second, bread third, meat fourth, iron and steel fifth, and woollen goods sixth.

BELFAST is in deep grief and refuses to be comforted because its gushingly-loyal mayor has been only offered a poor, beggarly knighthood, while two plain citizens of Dublin have obtained baronetcies. Was it for this that Belfast screamed itself hoarse, flung forth its almost countless flags, and kindled up its illuminations during the royal visit, asks the *London Universe?*

THE will of the late Cardinal McCabe having been published, it is found that his house, furniture, carriage, and all personal possessions have been bequeathed to his successor in the Archbishopric. The money of which he died possessed amounts to about seven hundred pounds, and this is willed to his executors, Canon Fricker and Canon Walsh.

VICTOR HUGO has left one saying on the record for the which we (*London Universe*) can forgive him much. Speaking to an interviewer—*genus nefandum*—recently, he said: "The Irish are quick-witted and warm-hearted. I love them." Now if the poet had confined himself to eulogies like this, and had spared the Pope his odium, Voltaire his adulation, and his political enemies his concentrated hatred, we could have pardoned his vanity, condoned his anathemas for the ludicrous inflation of their style, and almost tried to keep at his heels as he strode along the plains of poesy on his sesquipedalian stilts.

A RICH merchant of Lyons, France, built at his own expense the St. Louis Hospital at Jaffa, the ancient Joppe in Syria. The cost of the building was over one million francs. The generous benefactor has bequeathed an additional sum of 12,000 francs a year for the current expenses. The most Rev. Patriarch of Jerusalem recently dedicated the hospital.

THE SCOTTISH CROFTERS in the Highlands and islands are to have their condition amended by a measure which has been introduced by the Lord Advocate. It bears some resemblance to the Irish Land Act of 1881. It provides for a large amount of security of tenure. Landlords and tenants are to endeavor to settle on a fair rent by agreement, but if they cannot agree they may apply for valuers to be appointed under the Act to fix a fair rent. There are also provisions for compensation for improvements, and for the advance of public money to enable the Crofters to stock additional land. We think that our friends in the North might have waited a long time for their land act, if it had not been for the Irish land agitation, which they imitated very closely in some of the islands last year.

SAYS the Rev. Mr. Bray, pastor of the Protestant church in New Haven, Conn.: —"I venture the prediction that if the cholera is to visit New York or New Haven this year, not a Sister of Charity or Catholic priest will run away. A thermometer which registers below zero does not cool off a Catholic, as it frequently

does a Protestant, and keep him away from church." Thanks Mr. Bray; it is a pretty compliment for our priests and sisters — and all the prettier because it is true.

HON. P. A. COLLINS, M. C., of Boston, is to take a trip to Europe this summer for relaxation, coming back on the same steamer that carries him over.

GLADSTONE'S DEFEAT.—When it was announced in the House of Commons that the Ministry was defeated, the Irish members could be heard shouting, "Spencer!" "Coercion!" "Buckshot!" "Miles Joyce!" [This man was believed to have been hanged when innocent.] Churchill and the Irishmen were on benches waving their hats. The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* commenting on the defeat of the government on the budget, says: "The defeat is due to the action of the Parnellites in refusing to uphold a cabinet from which they received nothing but broken promises, and from which Ireland could expect nothing but injustice, as was foreshadowed in the proposed attempt to again saddle upon Ireland the iniquitous provisions of the crimes act. The result of the vote last night will cause Earl Spencer and his lieutenants at the castle to quit Ireland, leaving behind them the memory of an administration, which was pre-eminently noted for cold-blooded brutality and frigid, calculating injustice. Earl Spencer may receive a dukedom for his misrule of Ireland; but it would be well for the Queen and Mr. Gladstone to bear in mind that it was the lord-lieutenant's hand that destroyed the greatest government England has had during the last century. If it had not been for Earl Spencer's misstatements in regard to the condition of Ireland, and his influence in the cabinet, Mr. Gladstone would have sought the friendship of Mr. Parnell and his followers, instead of provoking their hostility by such arbitrary measures as the proposed renewal of the coercion bill."

REV. JEREMIAH O'SULLIVAN, Pastor of St. Peter's Church, Washington, D. C., has been appointed bishop of Mobile, Ala. He was born in Kantuck, Co. Cork, and is forty-one years of age.

IT is stated Mr. St. George Mivart has accepted a Professorship in the coming American National Catholic University.

DEATH OF FATHER GRIFFIN, Franklin, Mass.— The Rev. James Griffin, pastor of St. Mary's Church, Franklin, Mass., died at his parochial residence on the 26th of June, of cancer, with which he had been suffering for a long time. The funeral took place on June 29. The church was crowded, and a large number of clergymen were present. May his soul rest in peace!

MR. MICHAEL MEAGHER, of Monanore, Toomevara, county Tipperary, coroner of the North Riding of that county, died at his residence the last week of May, at the venerable age of seventy-eight years. Mr. Meagher was a life-long patriot, and rendered valuable assistance to O'Connell at the Clare election in 1828–29. He also aided Richard Lalor Shiel, when that orator "stood" for Tipperary. Mr. Meagher held several elective offices, and remained faithful to the cause of the people to the last. He leaves numerous descendants.

REV. D. J. O'CONNELL, D. D., of the city and diocese of Richmond, has been named by the Holy Father Rector of the American College in Rome. Dr. O'Connell was one of the secretaries of the late Plenary Council.

THE *New York Herald* illustrated well the besotted character of the average Englishman when, commenting on Gladstone's defeat, it said while the premier squandered the money or blood of Englishmen he was safe, but was overthrown as soon as he touched their beer.

IRELAND AHEAD!— According to the governmental statistics for the years 1882–3 presented to the House of Commons, Ireland, with a population of 5,174,836, had a school enrollment of 1,083,298, or over 21 per cent., of children attending schools. The population of Scotland was 3,738,573 with a school attendance of 555,660 or 14.8 per cent. of children going to school. England and Wales with a population of 26,325,376 has a school enrolment of 4,189,612 or 15.9 per cent. These figures show that 5 per cent. more children in proportion to the population attend school in Ireland than in England, and 6 per cent. more than in Scotland.

Banquet to Father Murphy.

A PARTY of fifty Irish-American citizens, among whom were Mayor O'Brien, Thomas Brennan, Commissioner of Charities of New York, Fire Commissioner Fitzgerald, John Boyle O'Reilly, Major McNamara, Major P. J. Grady, Rev. N. J. Murphy, Boston Highlands, School Committeeman Thomas F. Doherty, Clerk John P. Manning of the Superior Criminal Court, Rev. V. P. Flood, O. P., Dublin, P. J. Flatley, M. J. Ward, William Doogue, city florist, J. J. Doyle, D. G. Finnerty, John Tighe, John J. McCluskey, Colonel Roger Scannell, Representative P. F. F. McGaragle, Owen Lappen, Captain Tobin, Dr. Kelly, Edward Riley, T. J. Broadbine, Thomas N. Cummings, T. B. Fitz, James Dowling, T. J. Murphy, Eneas Smyth, P. J. Riley, Henry C. Griffin, Dominick Foy, John Reardon, State Forester, and others met at the Parker House on the evening of the 15th of May, and participated in a complimentary banquet tendered to Rev. Patrick B. Murphy, for his patriotism and energy, by the Dr. Cahill memorial committee, that gentleman being the most instrumental in the removal of the remains of the distinguished patriotic priest to his native land. Mr. T. J. Dacey presided, being guarded on his right by Mayor O'Brien and on the left by Father P. B. Murphy. The entertainment was a very enjoyable one, and reflected much credit upon the committee, and honor upon the reverend gentleman, who was honored on the occasion.

Charitable Irish Society.

A MEETING of the Charitable Irish Society was held at the Parker House, evening of the 15th of May, President D. H. Morrissey in the chair. The attendance was quite large, and a long and interesting discussion ensued on propositions to amend the constitution. It was voted by a large majority to hold the regular meetings monthly, omitting June, July and August. Seven candidates were admitted to membership. The committee of twenty-five on the subject of a new building for use of Irish-American societies held a meeting after the society had adjourned, and a sub-committee of seven was appointed to present a systematic plan for raising funds. It has been decided to have an entertainment under the auspices of the society at Boston Theatre, or some other large theatre or hall, in the month of September or October, the net receipts to be set aside as a nucleus for a building fund, and a committee of seven has been appointed to make arrangements.

Musical Boston.

"MUSICAL Boston" may well be proud of the success attained by the New England Piano Company, its proprietor, Mr. Thomas F. Scanlan, being thoroughly a Boston boy, and one who has been identified with the leading business interests of our city for many years. The success of the New England Organ Company, of which he was one of the founders, is already a matter of history. In organizing the New England Piano Company, Mr. Scanlan adopted as a cardinal principle that he would employ none but the *best*, whether of raw material, or skilled labor, to form a harmonious whole. Consequently, we to-day see in the New England Piano Company an organization with all the advantages possessed by the oldest manufacturers in the United States. The present manufactory located on George Street, Boston Highlands, is one of the largest and most complete piano factories in the world. It has a frontage on three streets of 225 feet in length, by 125 feet in depth, with 7 floors; all parts of the piano are made here with the exception of casting the iron plate. The result is a piano of which any manufacturer may well feel proud. In all the essentials of a strictly first-class pianoforte the New England stands in the front rank, and occupies a field particularly its own; perfection in all the minor details being the constant aim of the manufacturer. The New England Piano enjoys an enviable reputation for perfection of action and tone, combined with great durability, the indispensable qualities of a first-class piano-forte.

Memorial Church to the Memory of Rev. Father Tom Burke, O. P.

REV. V. P. FLOOD, O. P., the successor of Fr. Burke, in Tallaght, came to this country some months ago, to collect money to finish the church now being erected to the memory of Father Burke. With the depression in business and other causes, his mission has not been so great a success as it otherwise would be, did the times permit. Notwithstanding this, the Irish race in America should contribute sufficient funds to complete the building, which we trust they will eventually do.

Father Flood lectured on Sunday evening, June 14, at the Boston Theatre to not a very large audience — not half as large as it should be. Mayor O'Brien introduced the speaker, who was enthusiastically received. The lecturer gave a brief sketch of the life of Father Burke, his great labors in defence of church and country, the large sums derived from his preaching and lectures in the United States—some $400,000—the great gathering at the coliseum in Boston, which realized $12,000 for the Home of Destitute Catholic children, etc. Immediately after the great fire in Boston, Father Burke hearing of the distress among the poor, came to Boston, and delivered a lecture which realized upwards of $2,000. The lecture of Father Flood was listened to with rapt attention, and at the conclusion the Reverend gentleman was loudly applauded. Previous to the lecture a chorus of eighty voices, made up from the choirs of the different Catholic churches of the city, under the direction of Messrs. J. Frank Donahoe, J. J. McCluskey, and Charles T. Dolan. The well selected musical programme was splendidly rendered and well appreciated.

Donations and communications regarding lectures, etc., may be addressed to him at 869 Lexington Avenue, New York.

Mount St. Joseph's, Cambridge, Mass.

BOSTON readers need no description of the splendid property at Fresh Pond, Cambridge, lately purchased by the Sisters of St. Joseph. The house and grounds were long a well-known summer resort; But for the benefit of our readers elsewhere, it is proper to state that this place is one of the most picturesque and healthful spots in New England. The grounds cover about twelve acres, and include a magnificent pine-grove. The larger building, formerly Fresh Pond Hotel, now Mount St. Joseph's Academy, stands on a height overlooking the pond, and commands a splendid view on every side. It has been thoroughly renovated and adapted to its new purpose. A little in the rear stands the convent, which is to be henceforth the novitiate of the community in the Archdiocese. The boarding and day school will be opened early in September. In the meantime, in the Academy Building, the Sisters will receive a limited number of ladies and children as summer boarders. There could not be, especially for those in need of healthful rest and quiet, a more desirable place of summer sojourn. Mt. St. Joseph's is very accessible from Boston, both by steam and horse-cars. The Sisters' endeavor to find a suitable place for the projected Academy, was ably seconded by the Rev. John O'Brien, pastor of the Church of the Sacred Heart, East Cambridge, through whose efforts the present delightful location was secured.

The Sisters of St. Joseph, though comparatively a short time in the Archdiocese, have already won, as they win everywhere, an enviable record as Christian educators. Their first foundation was at Jamaica Plain, until recently the novitiate. Here, at Stoughton, and in the Gate of Heaven parish, South Boston, they conduct schools that are models of all that parochial schools should be. The pupils attending these schools receive an education equal, if not superior, to that given in the best of the public schools: to which is superadded the priceless blessing of instruction in the doctrine and practice of the Faith. The pastors of the places above-named, the Rev. Fathers Magennis, Higgins and Kiely, by their helpful supervision and unwearied interest, greatly aid the teachers and encourage the pupils of these flourishing schools.

The Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph has the largest membership of any religious organization of women in the United States. They were introduced into this country in 1836, by Bishop Rosati, their first foundation being in St. Louis. They have now large and well-patronized boarding-schools and day academies, besides numerous parochial schools, in the dioceses of St. Louis, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, Albany, Buffalo, Rochester, Savannah, St. Augustine, St. Paul, Leavenworth, etc.

MT. ST. MARY'S, *Emmitsburg, Md.*— The annual commencement of Mt. St. Mary's College, one of the oldest and most venerated shrines of learning in the country, took place in the presence of a large concourse of distinguished divines, on the 24th of June. The archbishop of Baltimore attended specially, and was met with much ceremony by the president, Rev. William Byrne, who returned from Boston especially for the occasion. There were several graduates, hailing from all portions of the Union, who were invested with the degree of bachelor of arts, among whom were Joseph A. Campbell and Michael P. Mahon of Boston. Boston carried off the honors of the day, the gold

medal of the first class being awarded to Michael P. Mahon of Boston. The gold medal of the fourth class went to Bernard J. Bradley, of East Braintree, Mass. Among the speeches prepared and delivered by the graduates, was one by Jos. A. Campbell on "Wendell Phillips," and "Joan of Arc," by Michael P. Mahon.

THE GODDESS OF "REASON."—*New York Freeman's Journal:* Flags flew, drums beat, and the French steamship bearing Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty was welcomed with acclamations from a people delighted to get such a mass of metal for nothing. French Republican liberty — which the statue symbolizes — is not needed here. The only annoyance experienced during the general jubilation over the gift was the regret that France did not send a pedestal. Bartholdi's Liberty is a true picture of liberty in France —

"The baseless fabric of a dream."

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.— A most frightful accident happened at a circus just prior to the opening performance. Among other out-door attractions was a balloon ascension, and just as the ropes holding the balloon were cast off, the accident occurred by the overturning of a hot-air stove used in inflating the balloon, causing it to catch fire. The burning balloon shot up into the air at a rapid rate with Wm. Patterson, an aeronaut, in the basket. When a short distance up, the crowd yelled "jump," but he did not heed the advice, and after going several hundred feet up, the balloon collapsed, and Patterson fell to the earth a lifeless mass of humanity.

THE appointment of the Earl of Carnarvon, as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, is a great improvement on the red Earl Spencer. Lord Carnarvon has an unsullied reputation. He is known to be a man of principle, and would not sacrifice the interests of justice and of honest government for partisan and unholy purposes. He is, at least, as the *Dublin Freeman* remarks, a neutral viceroy.

BEQUESTS.— The following public bequests have recently been made: Catherine O'Connor of Boston, bequeathed $400 to the Catholic seminary at Brighton and $200 to the Redemptorist Fathers. Rev. Patrick J. Rogers, late of Brighton, bequeathed $6,000 to the Boston Ecclesiastical Seminary; to the Carney Hospital, House of the Good Shepherd, Little Sisters of the Poor, St. Mary's Infant Asylum, $500 each; All Hallows' College, Dublin, Ire., $2,000. The residue of his property is bequeathed to such charitable and religious societies as his executors may determine.

THE handsome Shetland pony, cart and harness, disposed of at the race in Beacon Park, June 17, for the benefit of the Home for Destitute Catholic Children in Boston, were awarded to Joseph L. White, the Washington-Street ticket agent of the Boston and Albany railroad.

THE strawberry festival at Mechanics' Building on June 17, in aid of the debt on the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, was a marked success.

REV. FATHER BOYLAN, for the past ten years connected with the church at Brookline, assumes charge of St. Joseph's Church, at Medway, Mass. The society was started about twenty-two years ago, as a branch of the Milford church, but for nearly fourteen years has been under the care of Rev. Father Quinlan of Holliston.

United Ireland is of the opinion that the advent of the Conservatives to power will be for the benefit of Ireland. They are likely to grant to the country more of self-government than the Whigs.

THE General Chapter of the Dominican Order has been convened to meet at Louvain on the 14th of September, under the presidency of the Right Rev. Father Larroca, the Master General. The disturbed state of affairs in Italy makes it impossible for the Chapter to meet in Rome.

SUICIDE. — The Protestant Rector of Ballinamallan, near Enniskillen, Ireland, who was to have been tried at the Petty Sessions on a charge of forging a will, in which he devised to himself the sum of £8,000, drowned himself in a tank attached to his residence, a few weeks ago.

Personal.

THE Very Rev. Richard Phelan, Vicar-general and Rector of St. Peter's Church, Alleghany City, has been named by the Holy See, as Coadjutor Bishop, *cum jure successionis* — with right of succession — to Right Rev. Bishop Tuigg, of the united Dioceses of Pittsburgh and Alleghany, Pa.

MICHAEL DAVITT received an ovation in Dublin, on June 10th. The occasion of the demonstration was that the term of his "ticket-of-leave" had just expired. It is reported that Mr. Davitt will contest the county Mayo at the approaching Parliamentary election.

ROBERT BUCHANAN says that "America possesses the most original poet in the world, Whitman; the noblest soldier, Sherman; the profoundest philosophic physiologist, Draper; the quaintest humorist, Mark Twain; the finest living actor, Joseph Jefferson; and, above all, the memory of the wisest and honestest statesman, Abraham Lincoln, who towered a full head and shoulders over any politician that was ever raised in Europe."

VERY REV. VICAR SCANLON, of Utah, is about erecting a Catholic college in Salt Lake City. He has firmly established the Catholic faith in the centre of Mormondom, and with true Apostolic zeal looks to the care of the young, and their rearing in the true faith.

REV. FATHER BURKE, pastor of the Cathedral of Dubuque, Iowa, who has just returned from a visit to Ireland, brought back with him a gift to Rt. Rev. Bishop Hennessy, from his brothers, including a complete altar set, candlestick, pyx, chalice, etc., made of solid gold and costing $10,000.

AN Argentine paper states that His Holiness has resolved to raise to the dignity of cardinal, the Most Rev. Dr. Paul, Archbishop of Bogota. If so, Archbishop Paul will be the first South American who has ever received that honor.

REV. D. A. CLARKE, the able editor of the *Catholic Columbian*, of Columbus, Ohio, announces that he has associated with Mr. L. W. Reilly, formerly editor of the *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, Md. In the future conduct of the paper, Father Clarke could not make a better selection than Mr. R. We are sure he will make the *Columbian* still more worthy of the large patronage it has already attained.

JOHN DILLON, the Irish patriot and ex-Member of Parliament, passed through New York on his way to Ireland. He sailed in the steamer Gallia on the 20th of June. As will be remembered, Mr. Dillon passed through this city, a year ago last Fall, on his way to the ranch of his brother William, about fifty miles from Denver, Col., where he has been since, resting and recuperating.

IT is stated that the Rev. Dr. Delany, S. J., President of the Catholic University College, Stephen's-green, has been nominated by the Crown to the vacancy on the Senate in the Royal University, occasioned by the death of Cardinal MacCabe. The Rev. Dr. Delany is a distinguished member of the Jesuit Order, and has had a long experience as an educationist, having been formerly Rector of Tullabeg College.

MR. RICHARD MARTIN, D. L., of Dublin, has been created a baronet. Sir Richard, who is a Catholic, is the chief among Dublin's few merchant princes, largely identified with Irish railway and banking enterprise, and head of an old-established firm in the timber trade, which gives constant and well-remunerated employment to great numbers in Dublin. At present he is President of the Chamber of Commerce, and deputy Chairman of the Artisans' Dwellings Company, in the working of which he takes a very active interest, being a generous employer, and keenly alive to everything that can improve the condition of his employés. Personally, he is a man of a singularly genial, generous, and amiable nature. So greatly is Sir Richard Martin honored and esteemed in Dublin, that numbers of people of all classes will feel this graceful and well-deserved gift to him from the Queen almost as a favor conferred on themselves.

IT has been definitely settled that the vacant ribbon of the Order of St. Patrick will be conferred on General Lord Wolseley. The new Knight, who succeeds the late Lord O'Hagan, is by birth an Irishman, and his distinguished military career is too well known to need any narration.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

WOMEN OF CATHOLICITY. By Anna T. Sadlier. author of "Names that Live in Catholic Hearts," etc.

The book comprises a series of biographical sketches embracing the names of Margaret O'Carroll, Isabella of Castile, Margaret Roper, Marie de l' Incarnation, Marguerite Bourgeoys and Ethan Allan's Daughter, the author's aim being to represent not only different countries and races, but also the several phases of human life and the various positions in which Christians are placed by the all-wise providence of God. That these sketches, the subjects of which are carefully selected and treated in a pleasing and attractive manner, may help to awaken an interest in the lives of the truly Catholic men and women of history — many of whom are known little more than by name even to their co-religionists.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

HISTORY OF ST. MONICA, by M. L'Abbe Bougaud, Vicar-General of Orleans. Translated from the French by Rev. Anthony Farley, St. Monica's Church, Jamaica, L. I.

"Read St. Monica's Life. You will see her care for her Augustine, and find much to console you." *From a letter of St. Francis de Sales to St. Jane Frances de Chantal.* The book comprises a volume of four hundred pages, and is well gotten up. It is dedicated to the Christian Mothers of America by the translator. We hope they will procure and read it. We want more mothers like St. Monica.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

WILD FLOWERS. By Rev. M. A. O'Connor.

This book is beautifully gotten up. The poems are very pretty, and prose pieces are interesting and instructive.

GOD'S WAY; MAN'S WAY. A story of Bristol. By Henrietta M. R. Brownell.

The reader cannot but be entertained by the perusal of this volume.

THE EVE OF THE REFORMATION. An Historical Essay on the Religious, Literary, and Social condition of Christendom, with Special Reference to Germany and England, from the beginning of the latter half of the fifteenth century to the outbreak of the religious revolt. By Rev. William Strang. Part I.

The reader will find this book well worthy of perusal. Its author displays great industry and research in treating of the period of which he writes.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore.

AFTER WEARY YEARS. By the Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D. D., Archbishop of Halifax. Price $1.50.

His Grace, the Archbishop of Halifax, has given us a very interesting work. It makes a book of four hundred and thirty-five pages. The author has great hopes of the New Dominion. He says: "If we are true to ourselves, Canada will be the great nation of the future. It has all the natural elements of imperial greatness, and its sons will surely rise to the height of their destiny." The book is written with great ability, as is everything emanating from the pen of the distinguished prelate.

Fr. Pustet & Co., New York.

THE RESPECTIVE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF FAMILY, STATE AND CHURCH, IN REGARD TO EDUCATION. By Rev. James Conway, S. J., Professor in the College of the Sacred Heart. Prairie du Chien, Wis.

The article, which forms a pamphlet of sixty pages, appeared in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, and has attracted considerable attention on both sides of the Atlantic. Part I. of the article treats of Rights and Duties of the Family. Part II., Rights and Duties of the State. Part III., Rights and Duties of the Church. Those who have not read the article in the *Quarterly* should procure this pamphlet. Price 25 cts.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE CELEBRATED SANCTUARY AND MIRACULOUS PICTURE OF OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNCIL AT GENAZZANO. From the Italian, by F. M. T.

This is No. IV. of the *Ave Maria* Series. We cannot add anything in praise of these interesting and instructive publications. The price is only 10 cts. Send for not only this issue, but take the series from the beginning.

Sheldon & Co., New York and Chicago.

ELEMENTS OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. A text-book for High Schools and Academies. By Elroy M. Avery, Ph. D., author of a series of physical text-books, illustrated by more than 400 engravings. Introductory Price, $1.15. Exchange Price, 75cts. Sample copy of the Revised edition will be sent (to any teacher desiring to examine it with a view to introduction) on receipt of 50 cents. Sample copy of the New Chapter on Electricity will be sent on receipt of 20 cents.

Determined to maintain the reputation of this text-book as being deservedly ahead of all competitors, the author has given it a careful revision, availing himself freely of the results of six years' use of the book

in most of the leading High Schools and Academies of the country. The entire chapter on Electricity and Magnetism has been rewritten and constitutes, beyond question, the most satisfactory elementary treatise yet put before the public. The wonderful developments of electrical science within the last few years have been fully recognized; the newly adopted electrical units are explained and rendered familiar by continued use. Ohm's law and its many applications are clearly treated and studiously enforced; the treatment of electric lighting, telegraphy and telephony has been judiciously amplified. An entire section on the relation of electricity to heat and mechanical work has been added. Among the many new features may be mentioned the Kinetic Theory of Gases, "Radiant Matter," Helmholz's Resonators, etc. The Appendix contains new and valuable tables of wire, etc., with valuable articles on electrical measurements, the instruments used therefor, etc. In order that the new edition may be used without annoyance in classes, some of the members of which have copies of the old edition, the chapter on Electricity and Magnetism is published separately and may be obtained for that purpose. Although the illustrations and general typographical excellences of the old edition have never been equalled, they are greatly improved in the new edition. In fact, everything that painstaking authorship and liberal expenditure could secure to make a book wholly satisfactory, is here presented.

P. O'Shea, New York.

AN ESSAY CONTRIBUTING TO A PHILOSOPHY OF LITERATURE. By Azarias, of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, President of Rockhill College, Maryland. Fifth revised edition.

It is the design of the present essay to embody in a united whole the laws and principles of literature in its most general relations. He deals with such living issues as Positiveism, Evolutionism and Illegalism, only in as far as they agree or disagree with that condition of things that is most favorable to the production of a perfect literature. The essay is intended for young men of advanced classes. The book is not only interesting to the student, but will prove a very useful book in the family.

B. B. Russell & Co., Boston.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WENDELL PHILLIPS. By George Lowell Austin.

The book treats of Mr. Phillips' Ancestry and Parentage; The Period of Youth; The Early Anti-Slavery Movement; The Garrison Mob and its Results; The Debut of Wendell Phillips; Phillips an Abolutionist; Marriage; The World's Anti-Slavery Convention; Progress of the Anti-Slavery Cause; Era of the Fugitive Slave Act; A year of Mobs and Conventions; Phillips and the Women's Rights Movement; The Preparation for War; Phillips During War-Time; Nearing the End; Phillips as a Philosopher; Eulogies and Tributes. The volume ends with John Boyle O'Rielly's beautiful poem on the most remarkable man of the age, the lamented Phillips.

We are indebted to Messrs. Lee & Shepard for a copy of the book, which may be procured at their store on Milk Street.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE controversy about the authorship of the *De Imitatione Christi* still rages. Last August a monument was raised at Verceil in honor of Jean Gersen, with great rejoicings. On the other hand, Father Denifle, a learned Dominican employed in the Archives of the Vatican, has, according to the Abbé Delvigne, "completely demolished the legend of Gersen, the mythical abbot of Saint-Etienne, at Verceil." Father Santini, General of the regular canons of the Lateran, has published a volume of some 500 pages in favor of the claim of Thomas à Kempis; and one of the canons, Father Lolli, has written two pamphlets to the same effect. Finally, the Abbé Delvigne has protested, in a little pamphlet published at Brussels, against the monument at Verceil.

THE oldest book in existence of American origin is the *Doctrina Christiana*, which was printed in Mexico in 1539, more than one hundred years before literature was introduced into the States.

FATHER MORIARTY, author of *From the Manger to the Cross*, etc., will soon have another work of his published by the Catholic Publication Society Co. The title is "The Keys of the Kingdom; or, the Unfailing Promise."

THE Annals of Our Lady of Lourdes. A monthly Bulletin of the Confraternity of the Immaculate Conception, canonically established at Notre Dame, Ind., and affiliated to the Archconfraternity at Lourdes, France. Rev. A. Granger, C. S. C., Director, Notre Dame, Ind., Published monthly at 50 cts. a year.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

ARCHBISHOP.

THE great and good Archbishop Bourget, of Montreal, Canada, has passed away. The Catholic Church in Canada has lost its brightest ornament, its most zealous apostle, its holiest pontiff. Archbishop Bourget, full of years of grace and merit, breathed his last on the 9th of June, in the solitude of his humble retreat at Sault au Recollet. It has been given to no prelate of the Church in the New World, since the Cross was first planted in its virgin soil, to have such monuments of sacerdotal labor and zeal, such fruits of Christian piety and for the amelioration of man's condition left behind him as the dead archbishop has left behind him, intimately connected with his imperishable memory. For sixty-four years of active and responsible service, both as priest and bishop, did he labor and pray for his flock and the Catholic people of Canada. Fifty years ago, when the young and humble bishop was placed at the head of the diocese of Montreal, its religious prosperity was at a low ebb. To-day the entire Catholic world knows no more prosperous diocese than that which bears the name of the Canadian metropolis. None but a great and holy man could make it in a lifetime, the Rome of America. Its churches, its colleges, its schools, its convents, its asylums, its refuges, its seminaries, and its monasteries, are the admiration of the stranger. In fact, a contemplation of these monuments of Christianity confound him, if he be an unbeliever, and leave him unable to realize how such wonders can be accomplished. Those that reap the fruits that flow from this grand manifestation of the Catholic Church, and who in any way benefit by the presence of these institutions, will tell you that they have sprung from the faith and charity of the good archbishop. At the time of his succession to the charge of the diocese, it included the Sees of St. Hyacinthe and Bytown, Ottawa, the former established in 1848, the latter in 1851, and the Grand Vicariate of Pontiac, erected about a year ago. In this great Episcopal district there were, at the time of Bishop Bourget's appointment as coadjutor, only 75 parishes, with 97 priests, and a population of 196,480 souls. The population at present is not less than 500,000 souls; there are over 400 priests and ecclesiastics, 200 churches, missions and chapels, besides many seminaries, colleges, hospitals, asylums, and academies, and some nine hundred Catholic schools.

The Irish people of Canada owe a debt of gratitude and of honor to the memory of the departed Archbishop Bourget, which it would be well to acknowledge over his closing tomb. It was in the year 1847, when the Irish race were suffering from famine, extermination and epidemics. Montreal was enjoying a profound calm. One morning several thousand of Irish exiles were landed on the banks of the St. Lawrence, opposite the city. But they had brought with them the horrors of a terrible scourge and contagion. The greatest alarm spread throughout the city with the news of the danger which threatened the public health. The exiles were gathered in a field in Point St. Charles, but the dread of the pestilence was such, that but few ventured to wait upon the dying. Among those few, and among the first to fly to their assistance, was the venerable Bishop Bourget. He saw eight priests and ten sisters as well as a number of laymen fall victims to the scourge, and finding that the city clergy could not suffice for the task, the bishop addressed himself to those of the country. "I am convinced," he wrote, "that no one will recoil before the glorious sacrifice that religion demands of each of us; *and if the justice of God demands yet another victim, I pray with all my heart that I may be chosen before all others.* Mgr. Bourget himself made his words fruitful; he hastened to these poor unfortunates; he visited them one by one, cared for them, consoled them and encouraged them. It was too much for his strength, and he, in his turn, yielded. The thought of the sufferings endured by the poor emigrants caused him more pain than his own sickness. The grace of God raised him up. Again he went to work. The plague had taken away the parents, but the children were left. His lordship wished to save these

orphans; the difficulty was great. A house of refuge was built for them and the bishop went in search of the children at Point St. Charles, which had been the scene of so much misery and mourning. Covered with rags, pale, enfeebled, emaciated, the poor orphans, with His Lordship at their head, traversed with slow and weary steps the streets of Montreal to their new home. But as Mgr. Bourget knew that the asylum and the refuge could not offer a perpetual shelter, and the promise of a career to all the orphans, he appealed to the French-Canadians to come to his assistance by adopting the orphans into their families. Nothing more eloquent, touching and urgent than this expression of his great loving heart. Accents so profound, so touching, did not rest without an echo. Doors opened before the poor orphans, and the heart of the good bishop was abundantly consoled.

The Funeral.

The funeral obsequies of the lamented prelate took place on the morning of the 12th, in the Church of Notre Dame, in presence of an audience estimated at not less than 10,000. Punctually at nine o'clock the services began. The officiating clergymen were Archbishop Williams, of Boston; Bishop Wadham, of Ogdensburg; Bishop Fabre, of Montreal, and Bishop Duhamel, of Ottawa. Archbishop Tache, of Manitoba, preached the sermon. After the service at Notre Dame, the funeral procession formed and proceeded to the church of Notre Dame de Pite, where the remains of Mgr. Lartigue, the first bishop of Montreal, had lain. These were exhumed on the 11th inst., and lay in state for the view of the faithful. The procession, headed by two hearses, containing the bodies of the archbishop and bishop, then wending its way to St. Peter's Cathedral, where another imposing ceremony took place, after which the remains of the two bishops were laid to rest within the same vault. The streets through which the procession passed were heavily draped in black and gold, the pontifical colors. The city was crowded with visitors.

CLERGYMEN.

EUROPEAN scholarship has suffered a severe loss by the death at Rome of the famous archæologist, Father Kaffaelle Garrucci, of the Society of Jesus. He had just completed the revision of the proofs of a work on numismatics, to which he had devoted many years, when he was seized with a faintness, and died with his pen in his hand. He had reached the venerable age of 73 years, being 49 years a Jesuit.

THE funeral of the late Rev. James Ryan, Catholic curate of the parish of Tipperary town, was one of the most imposing demonstrations ever witnessed in the province of Munster. The people attended for twenty miles around, and the cortege was several miles in length. All the houses in Tipperary were draped in mourning, as was also the church in which requiem High Mass was celebrated.

SISTERS.

SISTER SIMPLICIA, one of the twenty-four sisters of the Order of the Poor of St. Francis, attached to St. Nicholas Hospital in Newark, died of consumption June 6. Her worldly name was Margaret Marmion. She was born in Ireland, in 1827.

LAY PEOPLE.

MR. F. M. MCDONAGH, editor of the Nebraska *Watchman*, is dead. Mr. MacDonagh had a very successful and useful career as a journalist and legislator. He was at one time connected with the business department of the New York *Freeman's Journal*. May he rest in peace!

WE regret to observe the announcement of the death of Lieutenant Costello of the Fifth Lancers, son of Mr. James Costello, of Fox Hall, Raheny. Lieutenant Costello fell in the breach at Abu Klea, but not being mortally wounded like his comrades, Major Carmichael and Lord St. Vincent, he was enabled to move on next day with his men to Abu Klea, although bleeding from two spear wounds. At Abu Kru he was again under fire, and next day, before Metemneh, and a few days later on he crossed with a convoy of wounded to Gakdul. He recrossed to Gubat with General Buller's relief force, and, of course, returned with the final retreat of the expedition, so that he crossed and recrossed the Bayuda desert four times. Young Costello received his early education from the Jesuit Fathers, and subsequently took out his degree of A.B. in Trinity College, Dublin. He subsequently joined the army, and having gone through the entire Egyptian campaign, has now fallen a victim at its very close, and just when his family and friends were hoping for his return.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIV. BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1885. No. 3.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Maynooth College — Sketch of the Penal Times.

PART II.

BRIGHTER DAYS.

THE Catholics, on the accession of George II., in 1727, understanding that the two last and most severe penal laws were reported to have been enacted in punishment for their neglect in not having addressed Queen Anne on coming to the throne, were determined to prevent such a plea for coercion in future. Accordingly they drew up an address, expressing their loyalty, which was presented by Lord Delvin to the Lords Justices (one of whom was Primate Boulter), with a prayer that it might be forwarded to the king; but it was received with silent contempt and never transmitted to England.

Rumors of a French invasion, in 1744, gave rise to a fresh ebullition of feeling against the Catholics. A search was made in private houses for priests, and a conspiracy was actually formed to get rid of the Catholic population by a general massacre under the pretence that they intended to murder the Protestants. In the following year, Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, was appointed to the viceroyalty; by temper and conviction opposed to persecution, "he connived," as M'Gee says, "at Catholic worship under the very walls of the castle. The sour and jaundiced bigotry of the local oligarchy he encountered with *bon mots* and raillery. The only 'dangerous Papist' he had seen in Ireland, he declared to the king on his return, was a celebrated beauty of that religion, Miss Palmer."

In the spring of 1757, the first Catholic meeting held since the reign of Queen Anne, took place in Dublin. Over four hundred respectable gentlemen attended to condemn the recent persecution of Mr. Saul, a Dublin merchant and a Catholic, who had harbored a young lady, whose friends wished to coerce her into a change of religion. By their unanimous declaration of loyalty to the throne, at a time when a French invasion was imminent, and the discretion and tact that characterized the preceedings, the way was paved for future amelioration, though no immediate legislation followed. Another important point, which gave Catholics some little standing in Ireland, was

the position their countrymen had acquired abroad in many different lands, and we find the following tribute of respect paid to them, by Macauley, who certainly shows no anxiety to say anything soothing or flattering of our countrymen.

"There were, indeed, Irish Roman Catholics of great ability, energy, and ambition; but they were to be found everywhere except in Ireland — at Versailles, and at Saint Ildefonso, in the armies of Fredric, and in the armies of Maria Theresa. One exile became a marshal of France. Another became Prime Minister of Spain. If he had stayed in his native land, he would have been regarded as an inferior by all the ignorant and worthless squireens, who drank the glorious and immortal memory. In his palace at Madrid he had the pleasure of being assiduously courted by the ambassador of George II., and of bidding defiance in high terms to the ambassador of George III."

It was at this time, also, that Dr. John Curry, Charles O'Connor, of Belangar, and Mr. Wise, of Waterford, first conceived the idea of vindicating the Catholic body from the calumnies which were daily heaped on them, and which credulity and intolerance had too readily accepted. Nothing daunted by the former treatment, which the Catholic address received, in 1727, they having convened a meeting, drew up a second address and presented it to the Duke of Bedford, who was at the time Lord Lieutenant. He professed liberal sentiments, and the occasion was thought a favorable one. A long and anxious interval elapsed before an answer was given; but at length the address appeared in the *Gazette* with a gracious reply, in which the Catholics were told that "the zeal and attachment which they professed, could never be more seasonably manifested than in the present conjuncture, and that as long as they conducted themselves with duty and affection, they could not fail to receive his majesty's protection." These were the first kindly words which the English power addressed to the Irish Catholics since the unfortunate James II. lost his throne.

The state of Ireland was very unsettled on the accession of George III. Landlords, who have from that time up to the present, been grinding the very vitals out of the rightful owners of the soil, had begun their tyrannical and rapacious treatment; and to oppose this, large parties of men, collected and demolished the fences, which had been made around lands, which were, up to that time, commonage. Another cause of discontent was the cruel exactions of the tithe-mongers; "harpies," says a contemporary writer, "who squeezed out the very vitals of the people, and by process, citation, and sequestration, dragged from them the little which the landlord had left them."

It was now that the noble priest of Clopheen, Father Sheehy, stood forward as the champion of the down-trodden poor, and in recompense for his undaunted bravery and courage, has enshrined his name in the hearts of all his countrymen. The "Protestant," or rather the Landlord "interest," the greatest curse that ever fell upon our trampled land, was still strong enough to tear him from his suffering people, and on a false charge of murder had him convicted, and on the 15th of March, 1766, hanged, drawn and quartered in Clonmel. The head of the murdered priest was stuck on a spike, and placed over the front entrance to the goal, and there it remained for twenty years, till, at length, his sister was allowed to take it away and bury it with his

remains at Shandraghan. There, beneath the quiet shadow of the ruined church, sleeps the saintly priest, and the beaten pathway, the inscriptions effaced from the adjoining tombstones by the feet of pilgrims, and the tender solicitude with which it is cared, show at a glance the sacred spot, while the tomb of his proud persecutor, William Bagnell, lies at a little distance unhonored and unnoticed.

It was the awakening horror with which such acts as this were regarded by the whole world, that warned England the time had come to halt in her onward march over the graves of Ireland's noblest sons. Her banished exiles read, with bleeding hearts, of the atrocious butchery of their priests at home, and willingly swelled the cry of defiance that echoed o'er the western wave. "A voice from America," says Flood, "shouted 'Liberty;' and every hill and valley of this rejoicing island answered 'Liberty!'"

Immediately after the declaration of American Independence, a bill for the partial relaxation of the Penal laws was, in spite of tremendous opposition, forced through the Irish Parliament. Yet the concessions were so slender, that the Catholics were not permitted to have arms, horses, education, a seat in Parliament, or vote at an election. A "militia bill" was also passed the same year, authorizing the formation of a volunteer force for the defence of the country against the French and American privateers, which were sweeping the seas around Ireland. This was the movement which eventually secured to Ireland an independence too soon sacrificed to English misrule and bribery. Wrested from our oppressors at the point of the bayonet, and before the cannon's mouth, in 1782, under the leadership of Grattan, our independence was stolen from us again after eighteen years of unexampled prosperity, by England's ever ready and treacherous golden key.

The act for the relief of the Catholics, after admitting that the laws "relative to the education of papists . . . are considered as too severe," permits Catholics to teach a school. But this pedagogical manumission was subject to two conditions. In the first place, before he could teach, the intending school-master should secure a license from the Protestant bishop of the diocese. In the next place, he was prohibited, under all the severe old penalties, to teach a Protestant. But care was taken that this relaxation should not "be construed to allow the erection or endowment of any popish university, college, or endowed school, in this realm."

Ten years passed away without any change, so feeble was Catholic influence, so inveterate was the strength of penal ascendancy. In 1792, the first remission of the penal legislation worth speaking of took place. An act was passed this year, entitled an "Act to remove certain restraints and disabilities," etc. Catholics were permitted to become barristers, attorneys, notaries, and attorney's clerks. And it even went so far as to allow Protestant barristers to marry Catholic wives, and bring up their children in the Catholic religion, without being debarred from practising their profession — provided, however, the marriage ceremony was performed by a clergyman of the Established Church. Catholic schoolmasters were permitted to teach without being required to seek a license to teach from the Protestant bishop,

provided, however, the other conditions required by the Act of 1782 were complied with. And the greatest gain of all, the terrible statute, 7 Wm. III., c. 3, was wholly repealed. This act, it may be remembered, deprived any person, who should presume to send his child abroad for education, of every civil right. Even the right to existence was reduced to a mere shadow; for the offender was not only made incapable of receiving property, or of defending it if it were attacked; but he was further to lose "all his goods and chattels which he has, or which any person has in trust for him," and was to forfeit all his real estate during life. There was, however, in this act of relief, a careful stipulation that no one should take any benefit under it, unless he had taken the oaths of allegiance and abjuration formulated for the special use of Catholics in 1773.

In order to estimate the motives and character of these relaxations, and of others to which we shall presently refer, it must not be forgotten that the French Revolution was in course of transaction in 1792; that the Austrians and Prussians were obliged to fall back before the revolutionary armies; and that England was herself about to plunge into such a war, as, in her crippled state after the American campaigns, should tax her utmost energy. These were the external causes which forced England to relax the penal laws; fear, together with a desire to propitiate the Irish Catholics at a time when their aid would be so much needed, and not even the smallest share of spontaneous generosity prompted her to release her iron grasp a little. In the following year a very significant action took place on the occasion of a visit of some members of the Catholic Convention to the town of Belfast, on their way to present a petition to the king. This petition was signed by Dr. Troy, then archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Moyland, bishop of Cork, and conveyed a firm, though modest representation of their grievances. Some of the most respectable inhabitants of this, the capital of Presbyterianism, waited upon them, and on their departure the populace taking the horses from their carriages dragged them through the streets of the town amidst the most lively shouts of approbation and good wishes for their success. "Let our delegates," they said, "if they are refused, return by the same route," thereby conveying a meaning which, however repugnant, could not but offer a wholesome suggestion of prudence to the king. Certain it is, that the committee were granted the honor of presenting their petition to his majesty, who was pleased most graciously to receive it. On the very day on which the petition was presented, the king of France was awaiting, in Temple prison, his trial, sentence, and execution at the hands of his people. This event was to be the signal for England to enter actively into the war, and it was therefore thought expedient to purchase, if possible, the good-will of the Irish, who make such excellent soldiers; so that instead of having Irish brigades against her, England might have their invincible aid with her.

On the 1st of February the French Republic declared war against England, and a few days afterwards, the Irish secretary, Mr. Hobart, brought in his "Relief Bill" and had it read a first time. This was one of the greatest measures of relief ever passed at one time in

regard to the Irish Catholics. It was supported by the court party and also by Mr. Grattan, Mr. Curran, and most of the opposition; and, in spite of Dr. Duigenan, a pervert, and some others, who hurled against Catholics the most hideous accusations that bigotry ever invented or ignorance believed, it passed both houses and received the royal assent on the 9th April, 1793. The first section enacts that,—

"His majesty's subjects being papists . . . shall not be subject to any penalties, forfeitures, disabilities, or incapacities . . . save such as His Majesty's subjects being of the Protestant religion are liable to."

The seventh section enables Roman Catholics

"to hold or take degrees, or any professorship in, or be masters or fellows of any college to be hereafter founded in this kingdom, provided that such college shall be a member of the University of Dublin, and shall not be founded exclusively for the education of papists or persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic religion, nor consist exclusively of masters, fellows, or other persons to be named or elected on the foundation of such college, being persons professing the Popish or Roman Catholic religion, or to hold any office or place of trust in, and to be a member of any lay-body corporate, except the college of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, of Queen Elizabeth, near Dublin,"—

Provided they shall have taken and subscribed the oaths of allegiance and abjuration of 1773, and a further oath and declaration specially formulated for the occasion. This declaration is of singular interest since in it the Protestant Parliament imposes a belief in the efficacy of the Sacrament of Penance. Amongst other things it states that, —

"A sincere sorrow for past sins, a firm and sincere resolution to avoid future guilt and to atone to God, are previous and indispensable requisites to establish a well-founded expectation of forgiveness; and that any person who receives absolution without these previous requisites, so far from obtaining thereby any remission of his sins, incurs the additional guilt of violating a sacrament."

The eighth section declares Catholics capable of holding any of the professorships of Sir Patrick Dun's hospital, "any law or statute to the contrary notwithstanding." But if we inquire how many professorships have been held in this institution since 1793, we will find that the spirit of exclusion has been as potent and active as when the statute-book clothed it with legality.

In the ninth section all the positions are enumerated from which Catholics are to continue excluded. Among which are both Houses of Parliament, every office of trust, emolument, or honor, connected with the government of the country, and the legal profession, and specifically that of "Provost or Fellow of the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity." It was not until the year 1829, when Catholic Emancipation was granted, that this section was partially repealed.

The thirteenth section was for a long time regarded as the Catholic Magna Charta by many, and even yet by some few continues to be looked upon as such. We give it in full as follows: —

"Whereas, it may be expedient, in case of His Majesty, his heirs and successors, shall be pleased so to alter the statutes of the College of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, near Dublin, and of the University of Dublin, as to enable persons professing the Roman Catholic religion to enter into or to take degrees in the said University, to remove any obstacle which now exists by statute law; be it enacted,

that from and after the 1st day of June, 1793, it shall not be necessary for any person, upon taking any of the degrees usually conferred by the university, to make or subscribe any declaration, or to take any oath, save the oath of allegiance and abjuration."

The necessary changes in the statutes of Trinity College were immediately made, and Catholics were admitted to study and to take degrees in the University of Dublin, but were not allowed to have any share in its government and emoluments. Among the first fruits of this section were Daniel O'Connell and Thomas Moore!

The Catholic committee having met to return thanks to the supporters of the bill, their own future, naturally enough, came also under debate. Some members proposed they should add reform to their programme, as the remnant of the penal laws was not sufficient to engage the interest of the people. Some would have them go much further than reform, while some others were well content with what they had obtained and resolved to rest upon their oars. It was finally agreed to dissolve the committee, and at the same time appoint the following gentlemen from their body to consult, communicate and correspond upon the best and most effectual means of furthering Catholic education, viz: "Hugh Hamill, Thomas Broughall, John Sweetman, John Keogh, Edward Byrne, R. McCormick, and D. T. O'Brien, Esqs. These gentlemen threw their whole heart into the movement, and spared no pains in furthering its success. Since now the people were empowered to found colleges and schools, with the royal assent, for the education of the Catholic youth, the main and important question, which sprung up for discussion, was on what plan this foundation should be made. It was agreed upon that the system should depend fundamentally on the people for support, and be subject to the joint control of the clergy and laity. This point having been settled, they accordingly entered into correspondence with various parts of the kingdom, and nothing could exceed the alacrity with which subscriptions were poured in, giving a bright prospect of future success. The general principles of the system were submitted to the prelates at a meeting shortly afterwards, and were approved of. Dr. Reilly, the primate, and Dr. Troy, archbishop of Dublin, and four others, who were present, made liberal offers of pecuniary aid; and on the motion of Dr. Reilly, it was agreed that the plan should be something to the following effect, viz.: —

That there should be a grammar school in each diocese where the students should acquire a rudimentary knowledge; that there should be in each province a seminary where the higher branches of education should be taught; and finally, there should be one grand seminary where examinations should be held for degrees, and where those aspiring to the priesthood should receive approbation and the necessary training proper to their state alone. This was the primitive scheme for Irish education, and though the powers and resources of the Catholics were crippled and confined, the spirit with which they gave it their support was worthy of the great end they had in view.

We must not forget the manner in which the Irish clergy were educated at the time this scheme was projected. Ireland, which for

centuries had opened wide her hospitable door to the nobles and princes of Europe, and whose shores were the resort of the intellect of the known world, was, at this time, although the penal laws were somewhat relaxed, still compelled to seek in a foreign land a home for her own children in which they might drink of the crystal fountain of learning, so long and so liberally meted out to all comers beneath her own cool shades. Hundreds of bright-eyed Irish youths left their mother earth and thronged the Continental colleges, eager to participate in the banquet denied at home by a heartless and unbelieving government. And after a few years' exile they returned again to feed their devoted and self-sacrificing flocks, to administer to them the heavenly manna, and support and console them in their afflictions. But sadness and gloom overshadowed the land at this time, for the bloody wars which shook Europe to its very foundation, gave a rude check to their education abroad. French armies swept along overturning all that came in their way. The altar and the school were not exempt from destruction, the revenues of the Irish colleges were appropriated to the support of the armies, and masters and students fled at their near approach. In the *Collections* of Dr. Renehan, edited by the late bishop of Kerry, we have related in a letter written by James Roche, Esq., of Cork, to J. W. Hanna, Esq., of Downpatrick, the escape of Dr. Everard, President of the Irish College in Paris, and afterwards, in 1810, appointed president of Maynooth, which will suffice to illustrate the state of the colleges in France. "Of course," says the writer, "the Revolution storm could not pass innocuously over the head of a religious institution, and most imminent indeed was his danger. Of it I can speak authoritatively, for I then resided in the city. An armed band sent to seize his person entered the house. When made aware of their purpose he attempted to escape but was stopped. Fortunately his soutane was old and worn, so that it gave way in the grasp of the revolutionary messengers, and Dr. Everard, or as he was then named, the Abbé, knowing the intricacies of the house, contrived to evade the attempted pursuit. Concealed for a few days in a friend's dwelling, he eventually passed the frontier of Spain, and thence found his way to England."

It was plainly visible that the fountain which so long supplied our suffering Irish Church with zealous pastors was about to dry up; and unless a strenuous effort was made on the part of the Catholics, Ireland's children would soon seek in vain a college where that training and education so indispensable to the priest should be available. The Catholic bishops, thoroughly alive to this fact, presented an address to the lord lieutenant (the earl of Westmoreland) on January 14th, 1794, in which, after stating how, of those designed for the Catholic ministry, four hundred had to resort to foreign countries, they prayed the establishment, in Ireland, of a Catholic college; adding,—

"Your Excellency's memorialists also beg leave, humbly to represent, that although the mode of education practised in the University of Dublin, may be well adapted for the various departments of public business, yet it is not alike applicable to the ecclesiastics of a very ritual religion, and by no means calculated to impress upon the minds those habits of austere discipline so indispensable in the character of a Roman Catholic clergyman, that without them he might become a very dangerous member of society.

"That a distinct place of education is also necessary, because the regulations of the Catholic Church enjoin, that candidates for Holy Orders shall be proficient in certain branches of learning, which are not included in the exercises of the University of Dublin. That even where the Roman Catholic religion is the established religion, candidates for Holy Orders are obliged to receive the most important part of their education in seminaries, distinct from the public universities.

"Being advised, by counsel, that his Majesty's royal license is necessary, in order to secure legally the funds which they may appropriate for that purpose, they humbly beg leave to solicit your Excellency's recommendation to our most gracious Sovereign, that he will be pleased to grant his royal license for the endowment of academies or seminaries for educating and preparing young persons to discharge the duties of Roman Catholic clergymen in this kingdom, under ecclesiastical superiors of their own Communion."

This document bore the signature of Dr. Troy, archbishop of Dublin, "for myself and on behalf of the Roman Catholic communion of Ireland." The following quotations show how great a danger was awarded by not identifying the Irish Ecclesiastical College with the Dublin University. We shall content ourselves with the opinions of a few worthy of acceptance. In the *Dublin Review* of July, 1863, we find it stated that,—

"It is a known fact, that, of the Catholics, who have studied at Trinity College, Dublin, few have escaped without more or less injury, not only to piety but to faith. . . . Hundreds, it is said could easily be counted up, who have lost the faith, two of them a dean and a bishop in the Irish establishment. . . . A Catholic bishop, who studied there, has been heard to say that his perservation from perdition amongst so many dangers, was as great a miracle as the preservation of Daniel in the lions' den."

And again we have the opinion of Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, S. J., speaking of mixed education.

"The great evil to be feared is not apostacy, but a kind of unsoundness, which may easily be found in professing Catholics. A most undesirable class of them are an easy fruit of such training, a class distinguished by doctrinal looseness, joined with a very imperfect allegiance to the Church."

We may advance also the authority of a celebrated American author, the Rev. M. Müller, who says: —

"I truly believe that if Satan were presented with a blank sheet of paper, and bade to write upon it the most fatal gift to man, he would simply write 'godless schools.' He might then turn his attention from this planet; godless public schools would do the rest."

We shall conclude with citing the opinion of the Rev. Charles H. Wright, incumbent of St. Mary's, Belfast, who, in a pamphlet published quite recently, speaks with great candor of the infidelity which prevails in Trinity College to-day.

"There are Professors in the University who are reasonably suspected of Agnosticism, if not of Atheism. . . . But it is a lamentable fact that many students 'unlearn,' at Dublin, as well as at Oxford, the religious principles in which they were instructed at home. There exists in Trinity College what is virtually a propaganda for sceptical views, and too little effort is put forth on the other side in order to stem the tide of infidelity among the students."

When we thus hear honest Protestants crying out against the "propaganda for sceptical views" and "the tide of infidelity among the students," we cannot congratulate the Catholic Bishops too much on the happy step they took in refusing to identify their college with

such an institution. We cannot but recognize the hand of God, and the guidance of the Holy Spirit, in their determined action, even at a time when any form of education would seem welcome to Catholics. Had the students for the sacred ministry of Christ entered within those contaminated walls, it could not be expected that they should in all cases leave them without inhaling some of the poisonous odors which float about within its unhallowed precincts. If even one should have fallen, it is unknown how many souls he might have been the instrument of dragging with him into the pit of hell.

The Extra Man:

An unpublished sketch by Ellen Downing of Cork. "Mary," of the old Nation.

ONCE on a time and a very good time it will be, for it never was, the world and all in it had advanced to that degree that there was no room for improvement! A just and happy generation peopled the earth, and so wisely had they distributed themselves that, while no one part was disagreeably crowded, no part either could be said to want for inhabitants. In this golden age, each was ready to be sacrificed for the benefit of all; and, in choosing an abode, no one thought of being guided by individual preference, but consulted in the first instance the universal good. Estates were portioned out so that each had his own share, and none raised objections to the allotment. How well business went on, when men, women and children all minded their own, and there was no such thing as sconcing. And this was the happy order of affairs when there was suddenly born into the world an Extra Man. I doubt not, gentle reader, but your own mind takes in at a glance the extent of his misfortune,—poor young man! of an active turn and usefully inclined, he was condemned by his sad fate to be of use to nobody. For what end would he enter into a profession? The world was adequately supplied with sages and scholars, and as for doctors and lawyers, there was no longer any need of them. A law-suit would have been a vain thing these days, and an influenza quite a natural phenomenon. Business, you suggest. My dear friends, to make business profitable one must have customers; one, at least, to set things going: but what is a man to do who comes into the world just as housekeepers have grown too just to shift their dealing without good cause, and shopkeepers too conscientious to afford them an opportunity! The navy,—but ships were already manned. The army,—'tis the age of moral force, there was no fighting; poor Extra Man! Now you must not exaggerate these misfortunes of my hero, his was not the fate of Tantalus; he need not lie down and starve in the midst of plenty, far from it; to the unhappy Extra, everybody was kind; some gave him food and others clothes, and he was welcome to the gardens and habitations of all: never was man with whose amusements there was less to interfere; but put yourself in his position, fancy for a

moment that you are, and ever must be, a useless existence. That the least kindness done to you, you can never repay, that, in short, all being all to, you can be nothing to anybody, and I am sure you will easily believe that he had little relish for enjoyment, and but small appetite for his natural food. Things were in this position with our poor Extra, when, late one evening, musing on his unhappy state, a dark temptation entered into his mind. "Would it not be better," thought he, "by poison, or a precipice, or in any other more desirable way to rid myself and the world of a useless and wearisome existence. In the present state of security, I am the only unnecessary tax. To give and to receive is the order of nature; in my case alone has it been reversed. What freak of nature has placed me here I cannot say, but as on this earth I have no business, wherefore should I remain? Most probably I was created for another planet, dropped here by mistake, and am now utterly forgotten. Yes, in my case, suicide is not guilt, but wisdom; it will be my first act of usefulness on earth, and may open to me an honorable calling in some other situation." Now, from one planet to another was a long and doubtful journey, even in those days, death being the only highway; and it is no wonder that our hero paused a little before entering on his career of usefulness; and even while he paused, better thoughts suggested themselves. Was he sure he was dropped by accident? Was he sure he had no use on earth? Wouldn't it be best to wait a while and see? But when he had waited and waited, and nothing still came of it, he formed in his mind the following resolution: "I will go," he thought, "to the wisest of the sages, state to him my doubts, and abide by his decision." The wisest of the sages lived up high in the mountains, in order that, like the sun, he might shoot his light downwards upon men. But the Extra had high business, and travelled night and day, till he stood in the mighty presence. "My son," said the old man, when he had listened to his tale, "what is crime in another is crime in thee, nor art thou warranted in taking away thy existence; like everything around thee thou wast created with an object. It is true that for no multiplied services canst thou render aught in return: thou must eat the bread thou hast not sown, and wear the clothes thou hast not spun: not for thee to think, not for thee to work. Yet live, my son, and for the sake of our naturalists and philosophers, walk proudly over the earth, a breathing type of that Extra race, who, in well nigh forgotten ages, were called the aristocracy."

THE stateliest, strongest vessel must sometimes be brought into port to refit. If she will not submit to be fastened to the docks, stripped of her rigging, and scrutinized by unwashed artificers, she may spring a leak when riding most proudly on the subject wave. Norway fir nor English oak can resist forever the invidious assaults of the seemingly conquered ocean. The man who cleans the barnacles from the keel is more essential than he who hoists the pennant on the lofty mast.— *Margaret Fuller.*

A Voice from the Old Land.

QUINN ABBEY, COUNTY CLARE, IRELAND.

THROUGH the gloom of ages that long have slept, but are not forgotten, we look back with pride to those undying records that speak, in thrilling pages, the history of our ancient "Isle of Destiny."

We find treasured, in golden letters, the many claims of her children to that fame, which is coeval with her national life, namely, their love of Faith and Fatherland. Part of her history is read in her ruins, — those ruins that have withstood the shock of ages, and now bring us back in spirit to her glorious past.

Those venerable land-marks scattered over the entire country give a melancholy grandeur to the character of many scenes, which possess, in addition, an intrinsic loveliness.

The above-named abbey has its title claims to rank amongst the first of those majestic piles scattered over this unhappy land, piles that speak to us from their ruins, of the ghastly work of spoliation, piles now grim with age, but yet, "things of beauty, joys forever."

In a wonderful state of preservation, the Abbey of Quin lifts itself high above the bank of a rapid stream that flows beside its ivy-clad walls. In the good old times it used to be called the Abbey of Quinchy, or, *Coinhe*, — the latter meaning arbutus-bearing land.

It is distant five and a half miles east by south from Ennis, principal town of Clare. A brief sketch of its history, as well as a cursory outline of the material building that still remains the glory, the attraction of Quin, may interest your readers, especially those whose eyes still look back to the old land, and whose hearts beat for it as warmly as ever.

Unfortunately, the historic remnants that have survived to tell of this, or of kindred buildings, are scant indeed. Hence, any sketch of this fine old ruin that may be attempted, must be necessarily brief.

Recent discoveries have led to information on one point, at least, upon which history has been silent. Yes, during the progress of works recently undertaken for the preservation of the abbey, it was discovered that a castle once stood where the abbey was afterwards built, for a portion of the castle walls was utilized in the building of the south wall of the abbey church.

From the fact that the castle consisted of four round towers, with curtain walls between them, it may be reasonably conjectured that it must have been one of the fortified places got up by Robert De Clare of Bunratty, about the year 1280. The four round towers, with curtain walls between them, prove its Norman origin.

The abbey itself, according to the learned Franciscan, Father Luke Wadding, was built of a dark description of marble, in the year 1350, by *Sioda Cam McNamara* (or the silken McNamara with a stoop), of the sept McNamara of *Clon Coillaun*, which place is about three miles east of the village of Quin. The abbey was afterwards

destroyed by fire, but was refounded in the year 1433, by *Mahone Daul* McNamara (or blind Matthew McNamara), who received permission from Pope Eugene IV. to place in it friars of the strict observance. It may be remarked that it was the first of the Franciscan order in Ireland that received that rule. It is one of the finest and most entire buildings in Ireland. Towards the entrance door there is an ascent of several steps, and from the entrance one can command a complete view of the high altar, and of the altars, one at either side of the arch of the chancel. Passing on through the nave, the eye is attracted by a handsome tomb — the tomb of the founder of the abbey, over which, on the wall, is the coat of arms of the McNamaras. The coat of arms is a lion rampant, the crest being a hand with a javelin, with the following motto : *Firmitas in Coelo*, or, strength from above. In the area, around the chancel, are many tombs, with old inscriptions, erected to the memory of the McNamara family.

Next, the building is viewed, and the style of architecture is scanned. A glance reveals a blending of the Romanesque and Norman traced through the entire building.

The former is noticeable in its semicircular arches; the latter is visible in the erection of the tower, at the point of intersection between the nave and transept. It appears again in the deeply recessed doorways with decorated mouldings, and in the massive simplicity, combined with nobleness, that characterizes the entire building.

The cloister, with its couplets of pillars, is in the usual form, but has the peculiarity of having buttresses round it by way of ornament.

Its newer additions assumed a more modern style of masonry; this is particularly noticeable in that portion of the building called Our Lady's Chapel.

This fine old abbey shared the fate of like institutions, during those two hundred years, whose history has been written in blood-lettered lines.

During those years sacred places were plundered and desecrated by unholy hands; the Psalmody that harmonized through the cloistered walls of our fine old abbeys was hushed in an universal cry for blood.

Then the Franciscans were expelled from this abbey, and it was handed over to the English garrison, and converted into barracks. Again, it was re-occupied by the friars in 1626, under the rectorship of Father *Tiegue* McGorman. Their tenure of it then was not blessed with undisturbed peace; nor did the blood-stained assassins cease their butchery of those who preached the old faith, and ministered to the spiritual wants of God's people.

Father *Tiegue* McGorman, with a lay brother named Clancy, were both shot near Clare Castle, in 1651. The abbey having been partly destroyed and the friars expelled, a shelter was granted them in a place called Drim, about a mile to the west of Quin, in the direction of Ennis. We find the last link that connected the more modern, with the more remote history of the abbey, broken by the death of Father John Hogden (the last friar connected with the local traditions here), which took place at Drim, their home of exile. He sleeps with his brethren; his ashes lay beneath the shadow of the abbey.

A visit to this dear old spot is both instructive and interesting. At the outward gate, a courteous old man, of six and eighty winters, that has not shaken his fine physique, meets you and acts the part of guide.

Come with all the information you can glean concerning the abbey, and you will find Jack Reynolds well posted in its varied details. Old tombstones, and consequently old inscriptions, are pointed out to you, and a bright smile of humor lights up old Jack's face as he raps a particular tombstone with his big stick, and says, "There is a man that says he lived and died an honest man."

I need not say old Jack Reynolds is the custodian of, and guide book to, this fine old ruin at Quin.

A crowd of thoughts must naturally rush upon the visitor's mind as he examines every place of interest within the precincts of the abbey. Does not a visit to it awake the thoughts of those balmy days when the kings of Thomond, with their brave and faithful Dalcaissans, knelt and prayed on that sacred spot, where now the sleeping dead are having their long rest. Here, now, all is hushed, and silence falls chill upon the visitor's heart, for a vast city lay before him reposing in breathless trance.

But ever and anon the magic truthfulness of the poet's inspiration rests upon the mind, as this fine old ruin is scanned, that —

> "Even the faintest relics of a shrine
> Of any worship 'wake some thoughts divine."

The surroundings, too, are linked with historic memories. *Coinhe* or Quin, can boast of past glory, and of ancient fame, for the light of learning shed over the land in days gone by, has left the ancient academy of Quin, holding a high place in the treasured annals of the past.

Yes, we find that Fathers *O'Cahan* (O'Kane) and Thaddeus O'Brien infused knowledge, and attracted youths from all parts of Ireland to this once famous resort. Then, eight hundred students were sipping the fount of science, that flowed beside the abbey.

History mentions that a "house for strangers" had been at the other side of the river, to the west of the abbey. But now no trace of it remains; probably it must have been razed to the ground. Some such house must have existed to accommodate the great influx of visitors with.

It was near Quin Abbey (we are informed by history), the Irish army collected, when the Treaty of Limerick (that was not worth the paper on which it was written) was sealed. Here they resolved to enter the service of a foreign prince, rather than submit to the laws of an usurper at home. Around this historic ground, many remnants of antiquity still survive, castles and feudal strongholds. The picture presented to the eye is one of exquisite picturesqueness. Wandering through the abbey, in the stillness of its many windings, the spirit seems to hearken to voices floating across the dark abyss of centuries, echoes of the dead past. And who, let me ask, is not horror-stricken when contemplating those ancient sanctuaries that have been desecrated by the stranger. Oh, yes, each visitor cannot fail feeling that pang of sorrow

that deeply wounds the heart when he sees this, and like buildings, roofless and desolate, the lamp torn from the shrine and the altar overthrown.

This short paper on Quin Abbey may interest your readers. It will revive in the hearts of East Clare men, who have often visited it, but are now at the opposite side of the Atlantic, a love for the old spot. To them, and to all our exiled brethren, who now look back from a new world to the dear old land, — the Emerald Isle, — with looks of love, I send my warmest greetings. My connection with Quin as curate suggested the foregoing sketch of its fine old ruin, its fine abbey.

M. B. Corry, C. C.

Girls, Beware of Dandies.

The human mind is weak and easily led astray. This is true in every case, but in particular when the flexible minds of young, thoughtless ladies come into consideration. Young maidens should bear this in mind, and never lose sight of the established truth that they belong to the weaker sex. The young ladies of our day have a great predilection to finery and foppishness, and hence a vain, showy fellow has little trouble to fascinate their attention and devotion. It is not all gold that glitters. Exterior finery, polished and affected manners, a studied vocabulary and other dandyized affectations cover not unfrequently the most unpleasant of characters and the most disagreeable of dispositions. Such gaudy and trifling pups are found in large numbers everywhere, and it requires no keen observer to spot them. Girls, beware of such dandies!

Cleanliness, propriety, and politeness, we like to see observed by young men, and should be appreciated by all: foolish affectation, on the contrary, creates disgust and aversion in the eyes of all thinking people. Good and fine clothes, a gold watch and chain, silk handkerchief, and such like, are very becoming indeed, not, however, to those who cannot afford to enjoy such luxuries. Extravagance is contemptible and sinful, and is, generally speaking, the first steps to failure and poverty. It is a silly and stupid pride, and pride comes always before the fall.

Ashamed of their ordinary working clothes, they appear usually in their very best, in a first-class suit at that.

Besides, these dandies manage by not paying their washer-woman and tailor, to attend operas and theatres. They attempt to play the gentleman, but prove to be brainless coxcombs. With a sublime but misconceived assurance of their appreciation, they impudently intrude on the society of more reflecting people, and become irksome even to their best friends. Notwithstanding these objectionable features in a young man's character, they find their devoted admirers among the weaker sex. And what is more surprising, apparently thoughtful and sensible young ladies reciprocate their attention.

To all such young maidens we repeat: Beware of dandies!

Dead Man's Island.

THE STORY OF AN IRISH COUNTRY TOWN.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EVICTION.

The story of the incident in Ballybay Chapel reached Campbelltown, and the priest remonstrated with Cosgrave. The priest was the only companion with whom Cosgrave had anything like fellowship of feeling; but he resented the complaint, punished the priest by refusing him a small subscription for a new school, and, when the quarrel deepened, refused to enter the church again, or to exchange another word with his former friend. He did not neglect his religious duties however, for he rode every Sunday morning to another town, where there was a chapel — a distance of some ten miles. As years went on his savings increased, and he added field to field, until he had become owner of three considerable properties outside Ballybay. The change of proprietorship was a change for the better and for the worse. Gifted with marvellous steadfastness, Cosgrave devoted himself to the work of improving his land with a patient industry that nothing could tire. When he was able to get away from his official duties he spent eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in the fields; and there was not a fence, a drain, or a wall which he did not study, examine, speculate upon, with an interest as profound and absorbing as Galileo devoted to the march of Earth through the mighty mazes of the firmament. He tired out the best and most patient laborer. It was said that he spent a whole week in a single field of a couple of acres before his eye was satisfied or his patience exhausted. Under a guardian so vigilant, the properties changed their whole appearance; the flood was beaten off, weeds were exterminated, and the offices and houses changed from ruin and dirt to comfort and cleanliness. On the other hand, the tenants were worse off than before; for Cosgrave was a hard man, without compassion and also without fear. For example, one of his tenants was Andy Connolly, a well-known desperado. Andy had his rent raised, and was even served with a notice to quit at the very time when other landlords spoke to him civilly, and laughed with some pretensions to amusement at some of his very agreeable eccentricities. One of these eccentricities was to carry around a gun, supposed to be loaded, and to set it at full cock, with as much noise as possible when he passed a landlord. He tried this trick with Cosgrave. Cosgrave looked at him steadily in the eye, drew a revolver, and set it at full-cock too. Andy went out of his holding without a word.

As the desperate could not intimidate, so the poor and the helpless could not move him, though their pale faces and those of the children sued for consideration.

Since the death of her husband, the Widow Cunningham had worked the small farm with ceaseless industry. In this, however, she followed only the general custom, for in Ballybay, as in most districts in Ireland, the women work as much in the fields as do the men. Her energies had made some changes for the better in the land, and she was able, with the help of the labor of her son and daughter, to get along pretty well. But a bad year came; the potatoes failed, and her cow died.

It was at this inauspicious period that Cosgrave succeeded the O'Shaughnessys as her landlord. She was one of the first persons whose failure to meet her rent marked her out for eviction. She went to Cosgrave several times, and implored consideration; and entreaties from a woman of her fine figure, set off by the picturesque language which came so readily from one so imaginative, and by her large, eloquent eyes, might well have moved most hearts; but Cosgrave remained absolutely undisturbed. The thought of yielding to her prayers, never even entered his mind, and if anybody had suggested to him that in refusing to consider this woman's case, he was doing an unjust and harsh thing, he would not merely have been surprised, but bewildered. The rights of property were to him things which his intellect was perfectly incapable of questioning. In those days, too, his views on these subjects were the views of nearly everybody who owned land; and then Cosgrave was not a man to be above — he was rather one to be below — the prevalent morality of a class. He was so completely filled with a sense of his own rights, as to be practically incapable of conceiving the rights of anybody else. In short, he belonged to a pretty large class in the life of Ireland, and perhaps in that of many other countries. Incapable of conceiving any claims but his own, he was a tiger masquerading under the outward form of a human being.

Lest the reader should make a fundamental mistake as to this man, let it at once be said that to the casual observer there was little or nothing in him different from other men. When his anger was aroused he looked terrible; but ordinarily, his face was bright and even cheery. He joked and laughed, took his glass of whiskey and stood one in return, like other men; and most of the people of Ballybay would have been surprised, and more than surprised, if he had been considered anything out of the way. The omnipotence of the landlord had become in this place a fact, accepted and resistless as gravitation or any other law of nature.

The Widow Cunningham sat in her house for days after the decree of ejectment had been obtained, lost in the stupor which comes on those who are approached by irresistible calamity. Her son went out in the morning to his work; when he came home in the evening he sat opposite to her, sunk also in brooding silence, and afraid, even if he had the power, to make any attempt at consolation. Her daughter also visited her; and she also could do nothing better than sit for hours silent in the darkness; in the Cunningham household, as in most of the cabins around Ballybay, the luxury of a candle was practically unknown. If one had closely observed the widow, however, one could

have seen, that though she was silent, her lips were not always motionless, and her eyes wandered with a strange wistfulness every moment about the house. She was living over again the past that had departed, with a being that had gone away. She had mourned her husband in a stolid way. What she had felt when the man associated with the romance, with the one luminous and burning eminence in the dull, colorless monotony of her life, had gone, nobody knew; and seeing how silent and tearless she had remained, there were those who knew so little of her heart, and that of woman in general, as to imagine that because her husband had been weak and dependent, he had been little loved and less missed by his strong-willed and muscular wife. The real truth was that her grief was passionate and profound; but stolidity is a gospel with the unfortunate of the Irish, as of the Mussulman races; and finds, too, some expressions that are almost identical.

"It is the will of God! Ah, God is good!"—thus they speak of a great calamity; and then they go to their chapels, or beside the grave, and pray that the beloved one has found a home in a better land.

But now, years after the death of her husband, the Widow Cunningham found the whole past come up before her with a strange vividness. She was young again—as young as the morning when she saw him passing, and her heart thrilled with love's first start; and his face looked at her from the dresser and the plates he had bought, and in the chairs his own hands had made, and in the picture of the Blessed Virgin which they had bought together after their little girl was born. And, sometimes, she wondered with self-reproach if all this were the just fulfilment of her father's angry censure of her marriage.

"You'll carry the bag," he said to her when she insisted on the marriage. It looked as if, indeed, she was going "to carry the bag."

The day of the eviction came at last; and the police and the bailiffs, when they arrived at the house, found the widow sitting within, in the same strange calm in which she had been sunk for many days. When they asked her to rise she got up, and went out without resistance.

But when she got outside, and the men with the crowbars began to take off the roof, all her apathy vanished; and she became the bold, passionate, vehement woman that she was by nature. Her anger went on rising as she saw taken out one by one the articles of furniture familiar to her from her childhood, and sacred with so many memories; and at last she rushed over to the bailiffs and began to strike them.

But they paid no attention, and went on with their work. By and by they came to the partition that divided the two rooms of which the house was composed. Then she grew desperate. She clung to the partition. "I and Mick,"—that was the name of her dead husband,—"med it wid our own hands," she cried; "I and Mick med it wid our own hands!" Then she clung on with desperate tenacity, and she still kept crying, "I and Mick med it wid our own hands, and ye're not goin' to trow it down." But the police came forward; and first one, then two, and finally three, tried to drag her away; and at last the partition fell to the ground and she underneath it.

Everybody thought she was dead, and her daughter, who was looking on, ran over with cries and screams to her mother, and lifted her up.

She gave a groan, then slowly opened her eyes, and looked with a dazed expression all around.

She caught sight of Cosgrave, who was superintending the operation. The fire once more came into her eyes, and her nostrils gave their dangerous and passionate quiver, and, kneeling down on the wet ground — it had come on to rain heavily during the eviction — and with her thick, long black hair streaming down her back, she solemnly gave him the widow's and the orphan's curse.

Cosgrave was superstitious; but the over-mastering sense of his own rights was,— for the moment, at least,— buckler and shield against fear and self-reproach; and he simply answered her by warning her that if she didn't mind she'd find herself inside of a goal.

With her curse her powers were exhausted, and she fell back into the daze from which she had been momentarily aroused. Her daughter and she went off the ground; her son was away from early morning at his work on a distant farm, and when she looked back the ghastly skeleton alone remained of the dwelling which had been built in the blood and tears of herself and her dead husband.

Victor Hugo has given, in "Les Miserables," a description of the social outcast which can never leave the memory when once read. The criminal is compared to the passenger who falls into the ocean from a vessel, and as it disappears, finds himself helpless, alone, friendless, on its broad, treacherous, merciless bosom.

And so it is — or, at least, it used to be — with the victims of an eviction; penniless, resourceless, houseless, they wandered through a country filled by people almost as desolate as themselves — as far removed from human help and sympathy, and from a refuge for their heads, as though they had dropped into mid-ocean.

For hours the widow and her daughter wandered around, no words passing, and the widow tearless and groanless. But at last exhaustion brought them to a standstill, and they both fell on the ground. Close by they caught sight at this moment of a blind railway arch. They crawled underneath, and, after a couple of "Hail Marys," threw themselves into each other's arms, and were soon asleep. Here they dwelt for a couple of years after the eviction. The boy emigrated to America. The girl did not go back to service; her mother seemed to cling to her in a way that made the idea of separation horrible, and they stuck together.

Finally, let it be said of this eviction, that it was witnessed by three people who figure in this story. Mat and Mary were both going to the National School at Ballybay at this period, and they were at their lessons when the news came that there was an eviction. The headmaster paid no attention, and went on with the lessons as though somebody had announced that a cow had calved. But the two children managed to steal away, and when they got on the ground they saw that the monitor was there also — a curious, pale, thin, hatchet-faced youth, who seemed to dream dreams, and rarely spoke. The

children did not understand the scene completely, and could only see that their poor old friend was miserable and injured. Mat clenched his little fists, as he did on the night when he shouted at Mary's father, and Mary quietly cried; but the monitor looked on at the whole thing as though it were a picture which he was seeking to impress upon his brain. When, a few days afterwards, the monitor was passing by the place, he found Mat and Mary within the ruin, and the two children were going through the nooks familiar to them with sad faces.

But as for Cosgrave, these matters little disturbed his equanimity. For the moment his wickedness prospered, and the barque of his fortunes bounded over the sea with all sails set to a favoring breeze.

At the period when this story begins he was thirty-five years of age, and in sight of the promised land to which he had been all his life looking forward. He was approaching the term of years sufficient to get a pension. He was about to send in his resignation; and already he saw himself the country gentleman, to whom tenants took off their hats, whom Parliamentary candidates would court, and who, in time, might hope to reach that loftiest goal and highest pinnacle of Irish *bourgeois* ambition — a justiceship of the peace. "Anthony Cosgrave, Esq., J. P." — there was a luminous butterfly to emerge from such a caterpillar as the "guager" who was a "gombeen's" son.

But Nemesis, though she slept, was only biding her time. Cosgrave had made war on the outcasts and the victims of society; it is a mighty and ubiquitous order, relentless as it is long-suffering. An outcast and a victim of society of a different nationality, and in another land, was destined to work out the vengeance of the great common race to which she and the Cunninghams belonged.

CHAPTER V.

THE CLOSE OF THE "GOLDEN GATES."

One scene more from the days of Mat Blake's childhood. Near Ballybay there was a series of fields known as the "Big Meadows." The "Big Meadows" were a sort of playground to the people of the town. In the summer time, when the grass grew long, they afforded to Mat and Mary a strange land, sacred to expeditions, and tiny picnics, and dreamy abstraction from their work-a-day world. One day Betty Cunningham paid one of her periodical visits to the house of the Blakes; and Mat and Mary and she determined to have a great day in the "Big Meadows" together. Mat made an unusual and splendid preparation for the wild rapture of this outing. He had coaxed his mother out of a quarter of a pound of cheese, and in Ballybay cheese was one of life's most glorious luxuries. The three wandered through the long and hazy hours of the burning summer day in the fields. Betty was the life and soul of the party; while Mat, of course, was its tyrant, guide and dictator. They heard the cuckoo, and Betty put out her strange, long thin tongue; and over and over again, till she was almost worn out, had to give the children her triumphant imitation of the bird. There was another pleasure that had the terrrible attrac-

tiveness of the awful and the mysterious. Ireland is pre-eminently the land of ruins — of tumbling houses, abandoned enterprises, fallen hopes. The "Big Meadows" was bounded on the one side by the bare walls of a once splendid and thriving mill; and the boys of the town, when they wanted pleasure of the same kind as the dizzy intoxication of Alpine climbing, went on expeditions over its crumbling walls and its slippery slates; and more than one unfortunate lad had been killed by falls from its treacherous heights. Mat was not yet of an age to venture on escapades so hazardous, but the "Big Meadows" stretched by the Shannon, and on the banks there lay the wreck of a steamer. Some years before it had bounded over the full bosom of the river; at one time covered with the holiday makers, at others with pilgrims to Lough Derg. But the famine had come, and then the evictions; the pilgrims were scattered over all the world; and there was no joy to make holidays or holiday makers, and the steamer had become, accordingly, a hideous wreck, drawn up high and dry on the bank of the river. But of these things the children and Betty knew nothing; and they climbed and crept through the dark recesses of the cabins of the *Cupid* — so the hulk was known — with delight. Then Betty again gave the imitation of the cuckoo; and they all sat down to the bread and cheese. But Betty would not take a morsel, though anybody who looked at the tigerish glare of her eyes as she gazed on this strange and terrible and fascinating luxury — pray remember, if I am writing thus of cheese, I am writing of it as it presented itself to the appetites, not of an Englishman, but of an Irish peasant girl — any one looking at the fierce light in her eyes could have seen that the refusal cost a terrible effort.

Poor Mat, who was good-natured, and little Mary, who had the same big heart as her mother, would have been glad to share their luxury with the devoted girl; but they could not tell what her refusal meant. As the children sat down and munched their lunch, Betty hummed them the air of "*Adeste Fideles;*" and was able to repeat a few words even of the Latin of the Litany of the Blessed Virgin; and this, indeed, brought Heaven down from the skies; for the music of Ballybay Chapel was the one visitation of the divine realm of art to the children, and the grown people, too, of Ballybay.

Terror suddenly invaded this scene of tranquil happiness; a bull approached. Mary set up a scream; Mat was silent, but grew pale and trembled; but Betty stood up, stopped the quaking of her heart, and faced the enraged animal with a stolid, though unconscious resolve to save Mat and Mary, or die. Some men passing through the meadows fortunately saw the scene, rushed up, and drove the bull away. Then Betty's strength gave way, and she sank upon the earth pale and lifeless.

Her mother came up, too, — the railway arch was not far away, — at the same moment; and she leant down over the girl.

"Poor thing! she's afeared of her life," said one of the men.

"No! No!" said her mother; and then added, "it's the hunger did it."

There was something awful in the tranquillity with which this dread sentence was announced. There was something as awful in the

tranquillity with which the two men to whom it was said received it. Ireland is, perhaps, the only country in which starvation can be thus stoically accepted as one of the ordinary facts of life.

When Betty recovered she first looked to see how Mat was, and when she gathered in the scene, she rushed to him, caught him in her arms, and kissed him with the frenzy of that wildest and tenderest of all loves — the love of the Irish servant.

Then the three went home together to Mary's house. Little Mrs. Flaherty heard the story; the teapot was taken from the hearth; Betty swallowed cup after cup of the steaming liquid; devoured piece after piece of the potato cake which Mrs. Flaherty was so apt a hand at making; told the story of the bull over and over again; and finally, Tom Flaherty himself came in, took Mary on one knee, fixed Mat in the place of honor between his knees, and delighted the three young people beyond expression as he rolled out, with many winks, the then novel and wildly beautiful strains of "Pop goes the Weasel."

And so the golden gates closed on the childhood of Mat, Mary, and Betty.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JOY OF BALLYBAY.

Ballybay was in a state of intense excitement. The *Freeman's Journal* had announced the serious illness of Sir Patrick O'Halloran. Sir Patrick belonged to the days when, to use the words of Mr. Chaplin, there were only gentlemen in the House of Commons. He was the son of a prosperous Dublin shopkeeper, who, when land was going for almost nothing amid the wild cataclysm of the Famine and the Encumbered Estates Act combined, had invested his fortune of £100,000 in land, and had left his son one of the great landholders of Ballybay County. The son wished to complete the family edifice of which the father had laid the foundation. In those golden days Parliament was the path to honor, and the representation of all the Irish constituencies was in the hands of men who sought either title or place. Sir Patrick had now represented Ballybay for twelve years, but he had never won the seat without a contest. It was confidently stated that there were more corrupt constituencies in England and Ireland than Ballybay, but the statement was never proved. The contested election was to Ballybay, in fact, a source of income looked forward to as confidently as the summer season at Margate or the gambling tables at Monaco. Shop-keepers who ought to have been living in a five-roomed house kept up establishments of double that size because they thus had a vote which, if well invested, would pay the rent for a couple of years. It was from the proceeds of the election that Storney Holahan was able to keep a phaeton, and to give his girls an education in a French convent. It was the prospect of election that turned the scale with the manager of the National Bank, who was usually a kindly man, or with the severe autocrat who ruled at the Provincial Bank, when the impecunious suppliant came for a renewal of his three years old bill.

Sir Patrick was a hard business man, and he drove as close a bargain as he could; but, although the voters of Ballybay did not number more than three hundred, an election never cost him less than £5,000 or £6,000. At the last contest an ingenious idea had struck his mind. The shopkeeper of Ballybay was always hard up. This fact suggested a profitable expedient. When next a Ballybay shopkeeper appealed to him for assistance, although the election, according to all probabilities, was three or four years distant, Sir Patrick at once complied, but after this fashion. A bill on the National Bank was drawn up; it was endorsed by Sir Patrick, and then renewed every three months. Thus the voter was always in his grasp. The advantage of the bargain was obvious; the bill was usually drawn for £15 — the accepted tariff for a vote was £40.

Ballybay read the Parliamentary reports with an eagerness as keen as that of any town in the three kingdoms. There was in Ballybay a class of inhabitants who were known by their fellow-townsmen as "politeecians," and the "politeecians" met almost daily at the house of Martin Callaghan. Martin was a silent, quiet man, who listened to all that other people said, but rarely committed himself to anything. He enjoyed a high reputation among his fellow-citizens, and passed as the astutest "politeecian" of them all; for rumor had it that at more than one contested election he had so skilfully arranged matters that he received a bribe from each side.

"I hear," said Ned Flynne," a bootmaker, "that his agent was in the town last night, and that he said it was all up with him."

"I am not so sure," observed Mike Dolan, an eminent butcher and "politeecian" of the town; "he is a very hardy man, they say."

"I hear," interjected Joe Cooney, the Dispensary doctor, "that he has been very fond of the 'dhrop' in late years."

"When I saw him here last Christmas," said Tim Donahoe, the baker, "I said, 'He's booked; them aist winds in March will kill him.'"

Mr. Bernard O'Flynn, the pawnbroker of the town, was passing by with his chest forward and his head erect, and that lofty carriage which had suggested to himself the idea that Nature had intended him for the Judicial Bench — he was, as a matter of fact, generally known by the nickname of the "Judge." He scorned to enter into vulgar details as to his representative. "Did you," he said, as he looked into the shop for a moment, "did you read Lord John's magnificent oration last night? He smashed the Government."

Lord John Russell was no particular favorite in Ballybay, but at this time he was Leader of the Opposition; the Leader of the Opposition was the enemy of the Government; and the enemy of the Government was the great primary cause of dissolutions, and therefore of elections.

The man whose fate was thus being discussed had scarcely a friend or an admirer in the whole town; in fact, there was hardly a person in it who did not loathe his very name. Purse-proud, cold, snobbish, to a degree that can only be reached by an Irish *bourgeois*, he walked through the town with an air of insolent and frigid superi-

ority. Many stories were told of his alternate insolence and servility. A scientific professor in Trinity College, Dublin, who had gained a world-wide name by some important discoveries in chemistry, had met Sir Patrick on one occasion at a dinner at the Chief Secretary's, and they had chatted very affably together until Sir Patrick found out that he was only speaking to a Professor with a few hundreds a year. His manner at once became cold; and he cut him dead the next day in Sackville Street. Some months afterwards a distinguished foreigner honored the Irish capital with his presence, and was passing through one of its museums with the Professor, with whom he had been a fellow-student in a German university. The fortunes of the one, living in Germany, had led him to high official position; the lines of the other, cast in Ireland, had brought him a badly-paid professorship. Sir Patrick happened to be passing through the Museum at the same time, and the Professor, knowing his weakness, said, in a very loud tone of voice, as he was introducing the foreigner to a friend, "His Excellency the Saxon Minister of Education." Sir Patrick rushed up to the Professor at once with outstretched hand, and "My dear Professor" on his lips; the Professor gave him a cold stare, and turned on his heel without a word.

After twelve years of silent servility to the different Liberal Administrations, Sir Patrick had got his reward. He had been created a Baronet, and his wife, who was, perhaps, a little more vulgar than himself, was entitled to call herself "Lady O'Halloran." A characteristic story was told of a letter of hers to the daughter of one of the electors. The young lady's name was Miss O'Connell. Her father had been a consistent supporter of Sir Patrick, one of the very few who had given his vote without purchase; and she had applied to Lady O'Halloran to help her to get a situation in one of the monster drapery houses in Dublin. "Lady O'Halloran presents her compliments to *Miss Connell*," began the reply. Englishmen coming to Ireland and not accustomed to the prefix "O" are sometimes in the habit of dropping it. It is the highest ambition of an Irish snob to be like an English cad; and this was the explanation of Lady O'Halloran's omission of the "O."

Such was Sir Patrick O'Halloran and his connection with Ballybay. About two o'clock every day the train that brought the *Freeman's Journal* came in. The bulletins were scanned with feverish attention, and at last, on one morning in April, the paper announced that Sir Patrick was dead.

"The Lord have mercy upon his soul!" one or two people had the decent hypocrisy to exclaim; but anybody who looked at the eyes of the "politeecians" could have seen the fiery exultation in their hearts; and that night all Ballybay basked in visions of scores of candidates and showers of gold.

CHAPTER VII.

RETURNING HOME.

THE election at Ballybay brought to the town two of its exiles—Cosgrave and Mat Blake. Cosgrave had come for purposes of his

own ; the man who had thirteen tenants was of no small importance in such times. The business of Mat was purely professional. He was by this time a reporter on a Liverpool paper ; the election, for reasons to be presently given, had attracted attention more or less ignorant, and more or less malevolent, in England, and Mat had been sent as a special correspondent to describe the contest.

Many things had happened to him in the interval that separated him from his excursions with Mary and Betty Cunningham to the "Big Meadows."

His early youth brought plenty of reality and suffering. He was, perhaps, but ten years of age, when he first became acquainted with the dread, o'er powering, o'er shadowingfact of his home : that fact was the hopeless poverty of his parents. George Eliot, with the recollection, perhaps, of her own early days in her mind, has done much to explode the idea that childhood cannot have its miseries as keenly felt as those of mature life ; and in the "Mill on the Floss" has told how poverty can darken the lives even of the young.

Mat Blake was certainly made keenly aware of the misery of his parents at a period of his life, when, according to the usual pictures of boyhood, he should be wholly bathed in the sunlight of cricket and football.

For many years the world was going badly with Ballybay. Cosgrave, in evicting the Widow Cunningham, was only carrying out on a small scale what had been done more extensively by bigger men ; and the whole country around the town had been swept of its population. Mat's father and all the other shopkeepers of Ballybay suffered terribly from this ; the whole town was living on credit after a fashion only known and only possible in Ireland. The managers of the Banks were the aristocrats and the autocrats of Ballybay, and were looked up to by the shopkeepers with an awe as great as ever Washington office-seekers gave to a newly-elected president. Two trades only were prosperous in Ballybay — the pawnbroker's and the publican's. A pawnbroker was, indeed, one of the leading, and certainly the most pretentious man of the town. He had recently bought a fine house, once held by the fallen O'Shaughnessys ; and he was supposed to aspire to the bench and a phaeton. Ballybay had also a large workhouse and a commodious gaol.

Poor Mat remembered one sight from the first dawn of boyish appreciation of surrounding fact. This was the sad face of his mother as she sat over a collection of blue limp strips of paper which he came to know were bank bills ; and thick and smaller pieces of card, which he soon discovered were pawn-tickets.

There were other things, too, that might have told the secret of the dread spectre that gripped the household of the Blakes, if Mat had been a different character. He might have remarked that he rarely had butter on his bread at breakfast ; and that the family never ate meat more than twice a week. But Mat was utterly indifferent to what he ate ; therein being like his father, who sat down with the same cheerful face and blessed himself as heartily when the dinner

was potatoes and butter as when it was the national dish of bacon and cabbage.

But there are ways in which the poverty of the family would penetrate to Mat's heart and brain. At school it came to be known that Mat's father was always behind hand with the school-money; and Mat was reminded of this with the brutality that distinguishes boys in their intercourse with each other. Then he could not help remarking how terribly shabby his clothes were; and he came home one day in a perfect frenzy of rage because his school-fellows had discovered the pretty open secret that the bearskin tunic he wore was a reduced edition of the top-coat his poor father had made familiar to all Ballybay by five years of wear. His mother received his complaints with coolness; and he was convinced that she was one of the general conspiracy that had been formed to humiliate and make him miserable. But that night he suddenly came upon her as she was saying her beads, and he saw that she was in tears. She started when she found him beside her; and at once her face assumed the rigid coolness which was its habitual mask; while he, made awkward and constrained by the bewildering discovery, could do nothing better than resume the hard and complaining look with which he had come back from school.

All these lessons had not been lost on the boy, and to lift his father and mother from debt's slough of despond became the main and sacred purpose of his life. By nature of appetites that gave him little trouble, he had reduced his wants further by a system of voluntary, and, to some extent, unconscious asceticism. He never took sugar in his tea; he had never touched a drop of any stimulant; he had, at an early age become a pledged teetotaller. By-and-by, when he was earning for himself, he foreswore for a long time the use of meat. He was of a positive, obstinate, and vehement nature; and whatever opinion he held, he held fanatically. Some one was telling him one day, in Liverpool, that he'd lose his health if he didn't eat meat.

"Meat!" said Mat, with scorn; "do you think I'm going to put more putridity into my system than I can help?"

A priest was one of the first persons whom Mat went to see after he came to Liverpool. The priest was long resident in England; and, desiring to be kind to the lad, gave him an invitation to meet some other Irish lads whom their parents had placed under his care.

"Come and have a bit of supper to-night after Benediction," said Father O'Sullivan to Mat.

"Supper after Benediction!"—the words appeared to poor Mat the most brutal, disgusting, sacrilegious words he had ever heard. Such a meal as "supper" was unknown to the people of Ballybay, except by hearsay. It was rumored that the officers in the barracks indulged in the ungodly luxury. Mat remembered the allusion made one day to it in the presence of his father, and his father's just comment thereon.

"They say that Captain Maxwell,"—Captain Maxwell was an English officer very popular with the shopkeepers of Ballybay, for he was both wealthy and extravagant,—"they say that Captain Maxwell

eats a steak for breakfast every morning," said some one to Mat's father, "and that he has a supper every night."

"Ah, well," said old Mat Blake, "*they* have their heaven in this world."

"They" in this sentence it should, perhaps, be explained, meant the whole race of the rich — especially of the Protestant rich.

"Supper after Benediction!" Mat thought that the very pronunciation of the word "supper" was offensive; the priest, in his imagination, ever remained a man smacking his lips with hateful unctuousness over the sensuous enjoyment of a gluttonous meal. The evil impression was intensified, when Mat, going to the supper, found that it actually consisted of hot meat and hot potatoes served up at ten o'clock, when, according to all his ideas, decent people were in bed, and all eating of meat and potatoes had been over for at least seven hours before.

Mat had taught himself shorthand, and when but thirteen, had begun his life's struggle as a clerk in a solicitor's office. He had remained there for six years; and then, by a stroke of good luck, had got a situation as a reporter on a daily paper which had been started by an enterprising countryman in Liverpool. He lived all this time with the one Irish family that had migrated from Ballybay to England; and outside his office he rarely, if ever, mixed with any but Irish people. For all English people he had a feeling curiously compounded of hatred and contempt. The few Englishmen, on the other hand, who came in contact with him, liked him greatly.

"It was a curious thing about Mat," said Mr. Scanlan, his Irish landlord, when Mat afterwards became an historic character, "that when he was in the house he spent half his time romping with the children; and he kept us all alive with his tricks and jokes and stories; but the moment he went out of the door he put a frown on his face, and that frown never went off it again until he came back from among the enemy to his own people."

The "enemy" were the English.

Throughout all these years Mat carried out his great purpose steadily and unsparingly to himself. He paid to his Irish friends a small sum for board and lodging — they would have been willing to keep him for nothing; for this venomous, frowning, hot-tempered, and violent youth had a strange knack of making people love him in spite of all his able attempts to make them hate him. He lived on a little over the fourth of his income; the remainder was sent regularly every week to his father and mother in Ballybay. And yet this mighty self-sacrifice did not seem to bring him nearer to the sacred goal towards which he was striving. His father — poor man — felt towards his son the gratitude of a creature towards a Creator — beneficent, splendid, incomprehensible. His letters, too, were ever cheery; but Mat was not deceived. There were other letters at the same time from his mother, which told the truth without mercy and without concealment; and the truth was that the family at home, in spite of every effort of Mat, were daily sinking low in the depths of hopeless poverty. It is thus that the tragedy of Ireland pursues the Irish race wherever it

may go; not England, nor the remotest and most prosperous city of America, nor the gold mines of Australia, can ever drive back from the Irish exile the pursuing spectre of the incurable misery of the people left at home.

This training was leaving its mark on the young brain and heart of Mat. He was grave beyond his years. His nature, originally joyous, had a dash of melancholy; and its fierce antipathies intensified. The seeds were being slowly laid of that profound and deeply-laid anger, which only requires the provocation of untoward events to be transformed into murderous frenzy, and a despair that can long for death, if it be only accompanied by the destruction of hated men and detested institutions.

But as yet this period had not come. In those days political education and conviction in Ireland were but slowly emerging from the all-destructive cyclone of O'Connell's breakdown, and the awful tragedy of the Famine. As Mat took his ticket at Liverpool there were no thoughts of bitterness and no defined plans — political or otherwise — in his mind. He simply felt a strange excitement, half joy, half dread, at the prospect of being once more at Ballybay — of seeing his father and mother; of beholding the figures and the places that had floated in tender recollections before his eyes during all those years of absence — Mary and Betty, Tom Flaherty, and sweet little Mrs. Flaherty, and poor Widow Cunningham. He wanted again to feel the strange reverie of wandering through the long grass of the "Big Meadows," and of gazing from the bridge by moonlight on the beauty of the swift and tranquil waters of the Shannon.

(To be continued.)

BEFORE YOU MARRY.— Of one thing girls may be sure, and that is, that the young men who make the best sons and brothers will also make the best husbands. And young men may be equally sure that those girls who are the best daughters and sisters will also, as a rule, be the best wives. If a young man, before he is married, is destitute of those affections and principles which come out in filial obedience, courtesy, and a controlling sense of duty, he will be equally destitute of them after he is married. The mere fact of wedlock will not change the fundamental principles of his nature. He will be essentially the same human being after marriage — or, at least, after the honeymoon — that he was before it. The same principles hold true with regard to women. She who is selfish and vain and idle and deceitful as a girl, will be pretty apt to be the curse of the man who marries her.

SCALIGER says: "Two hundred years before the age of Charlemagne all the learned were of Ireland."

How Diarmuid Left the Fort.

The following poem, which is printed as an experiment, is derived from the famous old Gaelic romancé, "Thoruigheacht Dhiarmuda agus Ghrainne." A great part, and I may say the least satisfactory as a poem, is almost a literal translation of Chapter 22, in Part I. of the edition published by the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. In translating, or rather interpreting the phrase, "*do dheunfamaois goin gallain gan chairde dhiot*," I have ventured to differ from Mr. S. H. O'Grady's note, not indeed on the score of scholarship, to which I have no claim, but on that of sense. The allusion is certainly obscure, and for the purpose of poetry, the plainest interpretation is the best. I have superadded to the Gaelic account of Clan Emuin, that they were half-bred Sassenach or Saxons. We know from the institution in those days of the "Count of the Saxon Shore," that those Teuton robbers were not unknown as pirates on the British and Irish seas, and Herr Karl Blind asserts that they settled in Ireland in great numbers, and were in fact the "Fianna" or Fenians of Erin—however, if not connected by blood, the Clan Emuin as theives, liars, spies and bullies were certainly near akin morally to the Anglo-Saxons as we know them.

For a most scholarly and exhaustive account of the great "Romance of Diarmuid," the reader is referred to the articles in Nos. 8, 9, 10, 13, 15, 16, of *The Gaelic Journal*, by Rev. John James O'Carroll, S. J. If that admirable publication be properly supported, the day may come, when educated Irishmen may know something about the early literature of their country, without going to Germany to learn. It is not fair for us to drink half their beer and give them all our Gaelic.

His story, whom the daughter of the King
Loved with a love that made his fame and death;
That moved ten thousand hearts a thousand years,
Once told in Erin's tongue of bards and saints,
'Fore kings and queens in days of high emprise,
Making them all more royal in their tears,
O'Duinne's knightly son—a deathless name—
The fairest lord of all the Fenian host,—
Whose voice was sweeter than the dying swan's
On April eves adown Lee's tranquil stream;
Whose face no maiden ever saw but loved,
Whose words no woman heard but gave her heart;
I, latest, harshest voiced of all the bards,
Born in ill days, in stranger accents tell.

The hero stood alone, when outward passed
The King's fair daughter, cause of all his bane,
Wrapped in a magic mist to southward borne,
With Angus of the Brugh, Boyne's Druid Seer.
Straight up he stood, inside his wattled walls,
Weak shield for one when camped an army round,
Like some proud column, straight and strong, begirt
With arms and armor—glorious weeds of war.
On all sides round far stretched the Fenian hosts,
Thro' brake and bush and spreading forest glades;
Seven dreadful legions, whom their monarch's ire
For one proud woman lost, thro' Erin's land
Roused from the feast and chase for one man's fall.
Now from his inmost refuge to the door
The hero came, and called in accents loud,
Who held that post of all the hostile bands.

"No foes of thine are we to any here;
Prince Oisin, son of Fionn, and Oisin's son
Lord Osgar, and their kinsmen, noblest all
Of Baoisne's clan, of whom have thou no fear—
Come out, delay not, here no foeman's hand
Dare work thee harm, O'Duinne's peerless son!"
In tones of kind regret for their dear sakes,
His trusty friends in many a war test tried,
Whom he may meet no more forever, spoke
The hero Diarmuid, "thro' no door I pass,
But where the ruthless monarch Fionn hath guard."
Then strode he onward round the wattled ring,
To where the second wicket leagured stood,
And called aloud, who kept the outward watch.
"Caoilte MacRonain, warlike Cranthair's son,
And his own trusty clansmen, friends to thee,
Come out, and have no dread, our lives thy pledge."
"Oh, friends of mine in war's hard conflicts proved,
For me no blame shall ye have of the King;
I will not win my freedom with your loss;"
Then to another woven door he passed,
And called aloud, who outside stood on ward.
"Here Conan, lord of Morna in the West,
With Connacht's dauntless swordsmen, comrades thine;
Foes we of ruthless Fionn, far dearer thou
To our true hearts, O'Duinne's matchless son!
Seek then among our ranks free exit safe,
No hand of man with us dare work thee harm."
"To ye, brave hearts, from me no ill shall fall;
For that fierce King hath liefer seen ye slain,
All Morna desolate, than me set free;"
Then to another, querying still the same.
"Here, friends and dear companions of thy youth,
Fair Munster's chief, high Chudain's princely son,
And Muma's warriors swayed by his command.
In thine own sunbright land all nurtured free,
All children of one clime, one race, one home,
All sworn them thine with sword and stalwart hand."
In softer mood the hero, "Well loved friends,
'Twere ill your kindness to repay with woe,
Which shielding me from the harsh King would bring;"
Sorrowing he left them, still his quest the same,
Who at that door kept watch—"Here Ulster's pride,
Emania's flower of fight, to victory led
By Gloir's brave son, whose arms shall keep you well
From wounds and danger, trusting in their faith."
"Dear to me Gloir's brave son, thy father dear!
Long standing bonds of friendship chained our hearts,
Yet loth am I that evil spring from love,
Or Fionn's revenge, the same no man can shun,

Disturb your peace for me — Farewell!" and passed
To the last door but one, with challenge free;
In harsh response the words came o'er the wall;
"No friends of thine are we or any here,
But fierce Clan Emuin vowed to be thy doom;
If thou darest cross the wall thy forfeit corse
Our swords shall hack with deep and deadly wounds,
As scalps an artist's hand a druid stone
For tomb or altar in some far off glen."
"An evil race Clan Emuin, known for lies,
A tribe of ravening hounds to trace and spy,
A half-clad herd of slaves, oneshoed to show
Traitors whom men may use, but honor never;
Base, half-bred sons of Gall and Sassenach,
Sea-wandering thieves, the curse of plain and shore,
I will not go among ye, brood too vile
To stain with vermin blood a warrior's arms,
Yet not for fear ye puny coward slaves!"
Then to the fort's last door, his final quest,
The lonely hero came, and fearless called
Who barred the way. A direful yell replied,
"No friends of thine, but deadly foes are we;
He, whom thou'st wronged, great Cumhail's warrior son;
Fionn, lord of armies, whose avenging ire,
For foulest treason, waits thy death-doomed head;
Four hundred spears all greedy for thy blood,
Four hundred swords to hew thee joint from joint."
Calm o'er that clangor, as a war-horn clear
And loud, the hero spoke, "A warrior's word
I pledge thee, Fionn, out at this door I pass."
The monarch heard, and spoke the doom of death,
And death-pains long delayed, and vengeance dire,
If Diarmuid 'scaped their swords, and wounds and fate.
He, Diarmuid, heard, and high in air arose,
Upborne on spear-shafts tall, 'bove gate and wall,
And o'er their heads passed far upon the plain.
As when a hawk clear upwards shears his way,
Long side a forest brim, past cliffs and trees,
Beyond the flight of cranes and curling smoke,
And poises high in heaven's blue windy dome,
Where far and wide his piercing eyes may scan,
In holt or grove, his careless feathery prey,
So, with one bird-like bound, o'er gate and wall,
And hostile spears in many a steely ring,
The hero lightly passed, by foe unharmed,
And, freed once more, stood safe on grassy plain!
Back to his baffled foes a shout of scorn
He scoffing sent; then, turning, passed from sight,
His strong shield careless o'er his shoulders flung,
Westward to sunset, thro' the gladsome land,

All unpursued, for terror seized the host,
And no one man nor many on his track
For life dared follow, when that deed was done!

Thus, from the clutch of fate, and threatening death,
By no man's favor, at no friend's expense,—
Made dearer to all comrades, mourned by all
Who loved him for exceeding gentleness,
At feast and mirth-making in hall and camp,
And valor o'er the world in war proclaimed,
With glory as a star, at eve renewed
To burn forever bright in realms of heaven, —
'Scaped Duinne's matchless son. Yet o'er him hung
A cloud of doom, a sharp, keen sword of death,
Not beauty, strength, nor feats of war and arms,
Nor skill of sage to pierce time's pregnant womb,
Nor power, nor wealth, nor love of men or gods
Could turn aside, when dawned the destined morn;
Such doom as woman worked men evermore
By Tiber's flood, and far Scamander's stream,
On Jordan's banks, and Shannon's flowery shore.
Still intervening years held hope and joy,
And many a glorious day of love and strife,
Of rest and household peace, ere cheerless death
Quenched his bright sun at noon's high golden hour.

JAMES KEEGAN.

The Social Mission of Catholicism.

EACH age has its special characteristics. Restless and ambitious, of a more ideal state of society, men are even changing their views and purposes, and the existing generations often turn their back on what was the gaol of their forefathers. This process of continuous change oftentimes results in the loss of things beautiful, but, on the whole, it is to the benefit of mankind. For the glories which fade away, compensation is afforded in the acquisition of fresh advantages, and the inspiration of new hopes. The brilliant vision of the philosopher's stone that dazzled the eyes of the astrologers has disappeared; but instead, we have true scientific investigation advanced to a degree which it never before reached. The era of chivalry is no more, but the manners of the populace of Europe is more refined than at any previous period. The ardor of polemical warfare has been immensely lessened, but the virtue of fraternal charity is more largely cultivated. The great impulses and movements which are such conspicuous features of human life, the church takes all possible care to guide wisely and in the right direction. Amongst the most prominent notes of the life of the present age is organization, and the church recognizes

that it is part of her mission to direct and influence for good the organized power of the people. She feels that the lust of governing authority, exhibiting itself under the guise of a thirst for liberty, endeavors to make popular organization a tool whereby to exercise a galling and capricious tyranny, and she perceives that the most effective mode of combating this evil and protecting the people is to organize them and open their eyes to the whirlpool into which those who profess to be their friends would draw them.

A magnificent instance of what organization can accomplish occurred in Germany recently, when as many as 15,000 persons, the most of whom were working-men, attended a meeting convened by the Catholic societies of Dartmund. The gathering must have been a spirit-stirring sight, and it certainly bore strong testimony to the power of the church in Germany. To this vast assemblage a striking address was delivered by Herr Bachem, a member of the Centre Party in the German Reichstag. The social mission which the church is carrying out in Germany was his theme, and for the treatment of his subject he had ample groundwork. In every path, despite the determined opposition of its enemies, official and non-official, the church in Germany has shown its vitality. Numerous associations of working-men have been founded with a view of ensuring the moral and material development of the laboring classes. Publications of all kinds relating to social questions have been issued, distinguished clergymen such as the late Bishop Ketteler of Mayence taking a large share in this admirable work of enlightening public opinion. But it is in the Reichstag that the Catholics of Germany have exhibited their strength with the greatest success. Not only have their Parliamentary representatives exacted for the Church concessions largely abating the rigor of persecution, but they have also signally exerted themselves to further the interests of the working classes, struggling to obtain for the laborers Sabbath rest, a legal maximum of the hours allotted to work, and other measures protective of life, health, and morality. Herr Bachem, therefore, did not hesitate to claim that in no other country has the Church fulfilled its social mission so brilliantly and with so much fidelity as in the German Fatherland. This assertion of Herr Bachem is corroborated by an address of his Eminence Cardinal Manning, reported in our columns this week. Referring to the Kulturkampf the Cardinal-Archbishop said: "The hearts of the people were faithful. They stood steadfast with inflexible fidelity, with the constancy of confessors, and a spirit ready for martyrdom, and the Church of St. Boniface, buffeted as was our Divine Master in the night of His Passion, is still living and vigorous, mighty and imperishable." In their spirit of unity and their devotion to Catholic interest the Catholics of Germany have nobly emulated by their co-religionists in Austria and Belgium, where the Catholic electoral power has been exercised to great advantage, The condition of affairs in France and Italy offers not such a pleasing prospect, but there are, at least, in these countries signs of a re-awakening, and let us hope that the day is not far distant when all their dormant energies will be brought into homogeneous action against the enemies of religion.

In England there is no lack of religious activity. Churches have been raised up within recent years as if by magic, and around each sacred edifice flows a fresh and vigorous current of life. But it cannot be denied that there is an absence of that unity and perfection of organization which would enable Catholics to make their power fully felt as an integral body, and to take a worthy part in the attainment of those objects at which the spirit of religion should prompt them to aim. Catholicism has its social mission in this country as well as in Germany and other countries, and if it is to be crowned with satisfactory results, account must be taken of the spirit of the age and the conditions under which success can be obtained. The Cardinal-Archbishop and other eminent ecclesiastics have set a notable example of fruitful exertion on the path of progress, but it cannot be said that the entire Catholic body are exercising adequate influence on the social and public life of this country. In our Catholic colleges — Stonyhurst, Ushaw, Downside, Oscott and Ampleforth — vigorous efforts have been made to raise the standard of education; but whilst large numbers of young men are, year by year, sent forth from these institutions into the various walks of life, how few of them take a part in public affairs, and in the struggle for the promotion of the general interests of their co-religionists. Our upper classes are content to pass their lives in ease and apathy, though the din of warfare rings perpetually around them.

Catholic Times, Liverpool, Eng.

Ex-United States Minister to England.

THE fervidness of Mr. Lowell's Anglomania, which finds expression in his recent utterances, is such as to satisfy us that the critics of his diplomatic career are not greatly in the wrong. He is so carried away as to forget the facts of his own descent. Although he is Scotch on his mother's side — as his middle name indicates — he tells the interviewer, "There is nothing but English blood in my veins, and I have often remarked that I was just as much of an Englishman as they were." If these were Mr. Lowell's exact words — and we have seen no correction of them — they show in him a deplorable confusion of ideas as to the meaning of nationality. English descent makes of no man an Englishman. George Washington was — what Mr. Lowell is not — of pure English descent. He even had inherited a large measure of the stately dignity of the older English aristocracy. But it is impossible to conceive of his using such language as this to any group of Englishmen. His own self-respect as an American, although he was born under English rule and served an English king, would have restrained him from such a claim. And an American minister parading such a claim in London society is a spectacle which we trust the country will be spared for the future. It needs no assurance from Mr. Lowell that there is no Irish admixture in his "English blood." The

whole tone of the interview shows that. He is good enough, indeed, to credit Mr. Parnell with good intentions. He regards him as a man who means well by Ireland, but it seems Mr. Gladstone surpasses him in meaning better than well. "His policy was to give the Irish more than justice demanded." This "more than justice" is worth analyzing. It includes (1) the retention of an unwilling people under an alien yoke, as galling at least as that against which the American people revolted in 1775. (2) The stigma upon that people of declaring that no person of their religion should ever fill the chief place of authority in the kingdom. (3) The perpetuation of the lesser magistracies mainly in the hands of a sect which constitutes less than one-eighth of the population. (4) The forcible suppression of the right of public meeting and the right to keep arms. (5) The enactment of special laws for the suppression of personal liberty, as the only means to perpetuate British rule in Ireland. Under the coercion laws any number of Irishmen who were out of their homes after ten o'clock were liable to arrest and detention by the police. The chief legal officer of the government could transfer the venue of any case from any part of the island to any other, without the consent of the bench. Any Irish magistrate could punish by summary process any act he chose to define as intimidation, such as whistling an offensive tune, cutting an offensive person, advising against the payment of rent, and the like. At any time and upon any occasion the public prosecutor could begin an investigation of an alleged crime without giving notice to the accused person. (6) The offer to a starving population of the choice between emigration and the poor-house, and the refusal of any relief to them in their own homes in a time of general suffering. And this although the English government knows that to enter the poor-house is in Ireland a social sentence of death. (7) The permission of the eviction of tens of thousands of the Irish people for arrears of rent, which, according to the land courts, they should not have been asked to pay, and that although Mr. Gladstone himself had defined eviction as "a death sentence" to the greater part of the people. (8) The systematic refusal to take any step which might lead to a restoration of the Irish manufacturers which had been destroyed by English legislation and English competition equally iniquitous. (9) The arrest of Mr. Parnell and other representatives, and their imprisonment for an act which an American in America, or an Englishman in England might have done with impunity. These are integral parts in that "more than justice" which Mr. Gladstone has extended to Ireland. They would sound not so badly in a Declaration of Independence. They would have collectively as much force as that declaration whose adoption the American people commemorate to-day. But Mr. Lowell thinks there is no hope of Irish Independence. We should have been surprised if he had thought otherwise. Americans of his exuberant attachments to England thought in 1776 that there was no hope for American independence. They sailed off to Halifax when the British evacuated Boston. If Mr. Lowell had been living then, he would have been a very good Tory. And perhaps when he landed at Halifax he would have told some interviewer that George Washington meant

well, but that Lord North's policy was one of "more than justice" to the American people; that at least a fourth of the American people — not the glorious fourth — were heartily loyal to England, and a large number besides would be so if their leaders would allow them to show it. This is his description of Ireland in 1885; it would have fitted America in 1776 just as well. "Cease singing endless changes of eulogy on the men who made North's Boston port bill a failure, while every leading journal sends daily over the water wishes for the success of Gladstone's copy of the bill for Ireland. If all rightful government rests on consent; if, as the French say, 'you can do almost anything with a bayonet except sit on it,' be at least consistent, and denounce the man who covers Ireland with regiments to hold up a despotism which, within twenty months, he has confessed rests wholly upon fear." These are the words of Wendell Phillips. There was a poet Lowell once who thought very highly of Wendell Phillips, and who would have said a hearty "Amen" to such a sentiment as this. He did not teach us to worship force and to deny right. He would not have told us that because England is so near to Ireland and so powerful there is no hope for the independence of the decimated and tortured land. He spoke of a God standing within the shadow, and keeping watch above his own, when the evil cause seemed to prosper. He spoke of a divine order of judgment, which moved on to the destruction of every iniquitous rule, and to the liberation of its victims. Has he become a mere prose Lowell, incapable of the faith that animated his song in youth? Has English society poisoned him with its agnosticism as well as its arthritic port wine? Has he joined the "eye-wise who flout" God out of his own creation, that he thinks a reference to English force the last word on the Irish question? We hope not. Otherwise they that love liberty and believe in the rights of nationality will sing of him as a "lost leader."

Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us — they watch from their graves;
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone slinks to the rear and the slaves!
We shall march prospering — not thro' his presence;
Songs shall inspire us — not from his lyre;
Deeds will be done — while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire.

Philadelphia American.

SPENCER says: "The Irish had the use of letters long before the English, and that 'Oswald, a Saxon king, applied to Ireland for learned men to instruct his people.'"

Camden says: "Ireland abounded with men of genius and erudition when learning was trampled on in every other quarter of the globe."

Plutarch calls Ireland — Ogygia *i. e.*, the most ancient isle.

Southern Sketches.

XIII.

Charms of Green Cove Spring and its Vicinity in January.

If you get tired of Jacksonville, and long for a quieter spot, one of the nicest places in the world to go to is Green Cove Spring. It is only thirty miles farther up the river, and can be reached in a few hours by any of the daily line of steamers. This may well be called the Saratoga of Florida, as it has a fine, health-giving mineral spring, some excellent hotels, and quite a fashionable society in the winter season. Bidding good-by to my Jacksonville friends, among whom I reckon the merchant grocer, Mr. Byrne, a gentleman of refined and Christian feeling, I left for Green Cove on board the *Water Lily* one morning in the early part of January. The steamer was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and the sail was as pleasant and mild as an excursion up the Hudson would be during summer. A band of colored minstrels supplied us with characteristic music, while a crowd of youngsters on the lower deck were engaged in devouring oranges, bananas and pieces of sugar-cane. We came in sight of Green Cove about one o'clock. The long, narrow wharf that ran out into the blue waters looked very neat and smooth, and the white-washed warehouse at its western end glittered in the golden sun. Groups of guests from the hotels and cottages stood waiting for the steamer, eager to see the strangers or anxious to meet and welcome some special friends. The polite proprietor of the Riverside Cottage was conspicuous among the crowd by his dignified, martial appearance, and profusion of smiles. His charming ways constituted an exquisite net in which seekers after comfort and pleasure were trapped. A lank old "cracker," seated on a primitive cart, behind a spavined, woe-begone, melancholy old mule, announced his readiness to carry the luggage of travellers to their respective destinations. A few tasty negroes hustled here and there, soliciting passengers to accompany them to the different hotels whose separate names were displayed in large, black letters on the white leather bands that adorned their caps. Giving my valise to a colored urchin, I requested him to lead me to the famous and charming Swiss Cottage, which was owned and conducted by Mr. Lucas Muhoberaly. On our way we passed two stores that stood on each side of the street. Here might be seen a miscellaneous collection of goods, and a capital assortment of village hangers-on around the corners. Since I took dinner on the boat, I walked leisurely along, admiring on my way the charms of the village. I saw right in front, an undulating little park with its oaks and mosses, enclosed by a handsome picket fence. Part of the Clarendon Hotel front could be observed through the opening in the trees, and further on the white, sandy street seemed to change to a grassy lane; on the right I noticed several cottages and gardens, which were overtopped a short distance away by the square tower of

the St. Clair Hotel. Every object here — air, house, tree, browsing goat, lazy mule, loitering traveller, and pale-faced cracker suggested ease and rest. I seemed to catch the spirit of the place as I walked dreamily on. Down in the hollow of the park, to the right, near a group of wooden buildings, was the famous spring, and the strong sulphur odor of its waters filled the warm air. Robins, cardinals, blue birds, mockers, and an occasional treacherous jay hopped and twittered now and then on the trees and grass of the park. A little rustic bridge spanned a tiny chasm, through which the pale-green waters of the spring are discharged into the St. John's. I sat down for a few minutes to rest and contemplate the lovely prospect. The river lay to the left like one vast sheet of molten silver, reflecting the glories of the sky on its shining face, the quiet glades leading into the wild woods to the south, reminded one of a scene in Robin Hood, while the park-like features of the rest of the view gave the whole a refined and luxuriant character. While resting on the bridge, I looked down with delight on the lovely grassy outlet. It was perfectly transparent and carpeted at the bottom with light gray, green, deep brown and velvety black waving grasses and mosses. The fish ran to and fro in great shoals, some going for the bait on the hook of a vigilant fisherman, others jumping for sunshine and flies, while many recreated themselves in the shadow of the palmettos that bordered the waters. The foliage of the trees and the green grass looked as fresh and luxuriant on this January day, as if Green Cove had never known winter. The warm breath of the spring mingled with the breeze that came from the river. We continued our walk along the plank path, around the park, till we came in sight of the two-storied Swiss cottage, which was perfectly new, partly shaded by oak foliage, and exceedingly picturesque in its appearance. Its owner was very fortunate in securing such a site for a residence, as it stands in one of the quietest, coolest, cleanest, and most romantic parts of the village. When my negro guide showed it to me, I was delighted with it. "Here," said I to myself, "I can surely pass a few pleasant weeks away from dust and city excitement. The study of plants, birds, insects, and native as well as foreign characters will afford me an agreeable pastime. While reflecting, I found myself passing through the gate that led to the cottage door. On the left was a neat garden stocked with young orange and other fruit trees. Beautiful flowers of various kinds grew in beds of deep black mould above the prevailing silvery sand. The elegant little piazza, with its six wooden pillars, commanded a fine view of the river and the neighboring grounds. A handsome lamp was fixed near the front door, and was intended to give light to the guests on dark evenings. I rang the bell. The echoes of its music filled the quiet place. It was promptly answered by a female with a big, peculiarly shaped sunbonnet. Her somewhat bronzed complexion, dark hair and eyes lead me to think that she was a Cuban or Minorcan, but her unmistakable and delicious Cork brogue immediately dispelled this erroneous idea. A daughter of Erin, not of Spain, stood before me.

After dismissing my dusky escort, I was shown to the parlor, which proved a perfect little domestic paradise. Fine carpets, pictures,

pastoral as well as classic, Southern curiosities, elegant furniture, a magnificent piano and other ornaments made it look all that could be desired. I had not long to wait here before Mr. Muhoberaly, the proprietor, entered; on learning that I was a priest, and the bearer of a note of introduction from his friend, Father O'Reilly, of Jacksonville, he could scarcely restrain his joy. He was a tall, stout, middle-aged, handsome, black-haired, dark-moustached gentleman, an Austrian by birth, with a frank, though slightly nervous manner, and a heart brimful of tenderness and charity. He had spent several years in Havana, Cuba, as proprietor of the St. Carlos Hotel there, but growing tired of the heat and excitement of that city, and being favorably disposed towards Green Cove — having been cured of rheumatism by its spring — he decided to settle in this lovely Florida village.

His wife, to whom I was soon introduced, was a young lady of very attractive manner and appearance. I was agreeably surprised to learn that she was a native of patriotic Tipperary, in Ireland. As I afterwards found out, her strong religious faith, as well as native wit and humor, were a source of edification, admiration and delight to her large circle of friends and acquaintances. They were overjoyed when I informed them that I would celebrate Mass every Sunday in the village church. They appreciated this blessing, as they were usually attended but once a month by one of the priests of Jacksonville. I soon felt quite at home among these kind people, and procured a nice room that faced the west and overlooked some pretty cottages backed by piney woods. On returning to the parlor, I met two young gentlemen who had just engaged with the proprietor to stay for a month or two at the cottage. After alternately introducing each other, we plunged into an interesting chat. During my stay in Green Cove, I often congratulated myself on the happy chance which led me to become acquainted with these young men, as their society afforded me no small share of enjoyment.

Messrs. Edward and James Knight were brothers, and hailed respectively from Boston, Mass., and Camden, Maine. The former accompanied the latter to Florida, to cheer and encourage him in his search after Ponce de Leon's health-restoring and youth-infusing spring. They had visited Fernandina and the towns above it; had latterly stayed for some days in Jacksonville and now decided that Green Cove was likely to prove the Mecca to meet all their wants. Our friend Ed was a capital sportsman. He brought a good deal of his hunting paraphernalia from the North. His spirits were as light and free as the wild game that he came to shoot, and like most lovers of nature and outside sports, he could not help imparting to our social cottage circle those feelings of generosity, frankness and good humor which usually animated himself. His brother possessed a very amiable but retiring disposition. After some time was spent conversing about the weather, North and South, the scenery of these parts, the various current topics and the prospects of coming local enjoyment, we all felt as warmly disposed towards each other as though we had been friends for years. A walk to the spring being suggested, we set out to take a look at it. We crossed the street, entered the park, and following

the course of a narrow inclined path, arrived in a minute or so at the edge of the deep and shining waters. The basin is about twenty feet in diameter. The spring boils up from a fissure in a sandstone rock about twenty feet below the surface, at the rate of 3,000 gallons per minute. The ribs and cracks in the rocks beneath and the thousands of little stones and velvet mosses, vested in all the colors of the rainbow, present a beautiful sight. Each of us took a drink of the water out of a tin vessel, that is always at hand for the convenience of visitors. The draught cost us nothing, but according to each one's experience afforded a soothing sensation. Though the strong, sulphurous odor and flavor could not be considered very palatable, still, the after-taste was quite agreeable, and the amount of good effected in the regions of the stomach, liver and kidneys compensated largely for any minor drawback.

One of the guests at the Clarendon informed us that if this water were allowed to remain in a clean glass for twelve hours or so, it would become as clear, tasteless and inodorous as the purest distilled water. It is iced and used in the hotels and private houses of the village. Neat, tidy, separate bathing-houses for ladies and gentlemen are situated just near the spring, whose waters regularly feed the long and beautiful swimming pools, where thousands sported and plunged last winter, while Northern lakes and rivers were covered with ice two and three feet thick. A bath in one of these pools is quite a luxury. The feeling of suppleness, smoothness and exhilaration experienced after taking one is indescribable. The waters are considered a capital remedy for all rheumatic and kidney complaints. I met several gentlemen, for some years resident in Green Cove, who came to the place miserable, pitiful-looking wrecks, and are now in the enjoyment of excellent health. They are never tired of praising the spring from which they have derived so much benefit. It is certainly a remarkable evidence of God's love and goodness towards man who so often ungratefully offers insults instead of thanks to his Maker for the favors bestowed upon him.

As the afternoon was a beautiful one, I made up my mind to take a stroll through the village and see St. David's Path, or Lover's Walk, which constitutes one of the principal attractions of this popular winter resort. The houses in Green Cove are spread over a large area of ground. The majority of them are pretty cottages with handsome gardens attached; the chief edifice in the place is the Clarendon Hotel. This has a capital reputation. The St. Clair, also situated in the northern end is a very respectable establishment, and was magnificently managed last winter by Mr. Melen, of hotel celebrity. The Catholic church stands at the south-west end, near whispering pines, scrub palmettos and a few houses. It is a plain but neatly-built structure. On my way to St. David's Path, I took the street near the river, and, after passing Riverside Cottage, with its tastefully laid out dooryard, I came out from the open green sward which afforded an uninterrupted view of the river for miles up and down. The garden of the St. Clair Hotel is separated from the St John's by a picket fence and a narrow plank pathway, which edges waters, rocks and smooth black logs. In

a few moments you pass the little gothic frame Episcopal church, built by a wealthy Northern gentleman, after whom the walk was called. Though the name is plain Davids, still some wag has christened the path St. Davids, and it is now commonly known by that title; it may be a satisfaction for the old gentleman to think that after his death many may have taken him for a saint.

Mr. Davids has done a great deal to beautify his place, and spared no expense in the way of affording pleasure and comfort to those who visit his grounds. This walk to Magnolia is about wide enough for two. It runs along the edge of the river, and as the ground gradually rises after leaving the church till it attains a height of forty or fifty feet above the water level, the view of the St. John's, with the distant forests extending for miles, bursts in upon the sight like a splendid panorama. Though the day was warm, the breezes here were fresh and cool, and the shade made by the lofty oaks, pines and magnolias screened me from the heat. The fine mansion of Mr. Davids was adorned in front by a handsome pleasure ground, where palmettos, Spanish baynots, cacti and century plants flourished in abundance. As I moved along I saw that the forest trees assumed grander proportions. On the other side of the gentleman's private grounds, the walk diverges in two directions; the one to the right edged the river, while that on the left, called the *ramble*, took a lonelier and more retiring course. I followed the latter, determining to take the other route on my homeward trip. As I moved along I could not help admiring the solemn silence that reigned here. It seemed intensified by the majesty and grandeur of the trees that lined the path and arched it overhead. Some trunks stood up straight as pillars, while others bent considerably, forming regular bows under which I moved. Branches of adjacent trees met and became entangled; occasional vistas of the blue sky, the sunlight and shadows on the ground forming triangles, squares, circles, and all kinds of fantastic shapes, the waving gray moss reflected on the bright, sandy patches, dead trunks lying here and there on rotten leaves, bending palmettos, rustic seats at frequent intervals, trees growing now and then in the centre of the walk, the lovely natural aisles in those grand forest cathedrals, the music of the river's waves, the sighing of the wind through the leaves, and the little birds twittering away amidst the emerald boughs, all lent an enchanting spell to this dreamy solitude. Here vines climbed up great trunks and ran along the ground in all kinds of curious, snake-like shapes. Lichens, ferns and fungi drew life from the hearts of noble, healthy trees. The magnolia grandiflora grew in great abundance along the walk, often shooting up to a height of one hundred feet. Its white-barked trunk and limbs contrasted elegantly with its big, wax-like, dark-green leaves. These noble trees form a delightful sight in spring, when they are full of large white flowers, whose fragrance sweetens the woods. Whether in park or forest they are always beautiful. As I advanced, the shadows thickened. Here the Druids of old would love to dwell, while their solemn hoary priests offered sacrifice to Baal. How delightful to meditate, in this place, on the glories above the blue sky, where angels are ever chanting the praises of God. Every tree, bush, flower,

heaving billow, ray of sunlight, buzzing insect, and gentle breeze sings to the Most High itsown sweet Alleluia. Here dilatory man might learn a lesson from nature in the way of serving his God, and shout with the Psalmist, "My heart is ready, O God, my heart is ready. I will sing and will give praise with my glory. Arise my glory, arise psaltery and harp. I will arise in the morning early. I will praise Thee, O Lord, among the people, and will sing unto Thee among the nations."

The ceiling of limbs and branches became thicker overhead. Various parasites clasped dwarfed trees in their embrace, and shaped them like pyramids. Now I could catch bright vistas of the river and sky; the next instant I was confronted by dark avenues that were bordered with low straggling shrubs and close-growing trees.

> "Rich pavilions through the opening woods,
> Gleamed from their waving curtains sunny gold."

Occasionally,—

> "Fleeted cypresses reared up their living obelisks,
> Round their trunks the thousand-tendriled vines
> Wound up and hung the boughs with greener wreaths."

The Spanish moss adorned every tree, waved in the wind, shone in the sun, and hung in the shade like bits of delicate lace, immense cobwebs, silky ropes and tattered banners hundreds of years old. Away in the distance, here and there, amid crowded trees, appeared gaping trunks bending low, with pieces of bark taken off, making them look like crouching men lying in wait to surprise, plunder and may be murder the lonely and pensive rambler. If it were early morning, or deep moonlight, with nobody near, a stranger might naturally feel awed in this solitary spot. But, on arriving at the objects of his dread, his fears would disappear on finding nothing but harmless stumps of old oaks or magnolias, their mouldy crowns the homes of millions of little insects. This is surely a walk for poets and artists, and a certain legend prevails, "that bachelors and maidens, who dare to brave its precincts in company, are sure to come out lovers."

What a spot for meditation! Here another David would delight in chanting the praises of the Lord. As I passed I saw a cow reclining on a bed of dead leaves, rather inclined to dream than ruminate, as the poor thing had not a blade of grass to eat. I observed red birds hopping on the walk with their crests looking velvety lovely, their bright eyes wide awake and their bills at work now digging for insects, now dressing their delicate plumage. I noticed immense stumps, torn out of the ground, looking like grottos with large holes, the roots laid bare, all crowned with parasites full of fragrant buds. Natural rustic seats, consisting of dead logs, lay prostrate on the ground, and green lichens and little plants bloomed in their hollows. Now I walked by corridors floored with sand, through natural openings into airy chambers, where the birds dwell, sleeping on mossy roosts, with flowering, delicate vines, full of cobwebs for mosquito nets, vistas of the sky and river for pictures, velvety blossoms for rocking chairs, the dew of the incoming morning to bathe in, the sunlight to dry them, a rural arch

for a ceiling, and myriads of shining green magnolia leaves for looking glasses in which their beauties are reflected. When the blossoms of the morning glories, yellow jassamines, gourd, grape and trumpet-vines mingle in the spring with the flowers of sweet bay, wild azalia, India pipe-stem and magnolia grandiflora, the whole place becomes one wilderness of odors and loveliness. St. David's path is certainly a curiosity, and the finest specimen of Florida forest scenery, that ever I saw. Such is the charm it affords that the walk from the spring to Magnolia, which extends about two miles and a half, seems to the fascinated rambler but a journey of a few minutes. Between it and Magnolia you see Gormon's Creek. The return trip by the path, near the river, was also very beautiful. No one visiting the Cove should miss this romantic stroll.

To be Continued.

The Whisperings of the Wind.

"Ha, ha," laughed the wind, in the days long ago,
As it blew the rich curls on my brow to and fro;
"There are treasures in store for my raven-haired boy,
And Kathleen, his sister, his pride, and his joy."
So whispered the wind in the days long ago.

Together we wandered by many a nook,
Where blossomed the wild-flowers that hung o'er the brook;
And I culled them and plaited a wreath for Kathleen,
And I kissed her soft cheek and called her my queen.
Ah! happy we were in the days long ago.

"Woe, woe," shrieked the wind, as the autumn leaves fell
O'er the grave of dear Kathleen, and how can I tell
The sorrow that crushed all the bright hopes that beamed
Round our pathway, when life like a summer day seemed,
And the wind whispered softly, in days long ago.

All lonely I've wandered this many a day,
Where we once loved in childhood's bright morning to stray,
And the tears from my dimmed eyes unconsciously flow,
And my heart bursts within me with memories of woe,
As I catch in the breezes that heavenward blow
Her voice soft and sweet as in days long ago.

Ulidia.

Dr. Prideaux says: "In the ninth century Ireland was the prime seat of learning to all Christendom."

Episodes in Irish and American History.

The Hero of Monongahela.

An important contribution to the history of the Catholic Church in the United States is Father Lambing's "Historical Researches in Pennsylvania," which gives an account of the early French emigrants in Western Pennsylvania. Father Lambing holds that of all the nations entering the New World, the French treated the aborigines in the truest Christian spirit. And the facts bear him out. Father Lambing touches on the defeat of Braddock and the foundation of Fort Duquesne. A most valuable addition to the "Researches" is a *fac-simile* of the register of the baptisms and interments which took place at Fort Duquesne from the year 1753 to 1756. It is taken from the copy printed by Dr. Shea, in 1859. Dr. Shea, believing that such a record must exist, looked for it and discovered it in Montreal. He had a hundred copies printed on his "Cramoisy Press." A figure not well enough known to Catholic readers is that of Sieur de Beaujeu. Of this "hero of the Battle of Monongahela," the French preface to the "Register," translated by Father Lambing, says: "Before marching against Braddock, he is seen prostrate before the altar receiving the sacraments and preparing himself for death. Evidently he did not expect to return victorious over the English army, so formidable and numerous, but as a noble Frenchman, he felt it his duty to lay down his life in so unequal a contest. His courage and self-sacrifice inspired his warriors with hopes beyond his own, and, though a simple captain of marine forces, he died in the midst of the contest, after having won one of the most glorious victories mentioned in the French annals, a victory so complete that both English and American historians mention it only under the name of Braddock's Defeat."

A Figure of the Declaration of Independence.

The Hon. W. E. Robinson, who is always on hand when a good word can be put in for Ireland, has written the following pungent letter in the interest of truthful history: —

I have been somewhat amused while reading in the newspapers the discussion raised by Mr. Bayard, of Delaware, over the election of President Jefferson, in noticing that the name of the man to whom credit is due for that result is carefully omitted.

In 1746 a male child was born in the county of Wicklow, in Ireland, who at the age of thirteen managed to reach this country, where he had to sell himself to service to pay for his transportation. He served in the first war against England, settled in Vermont, founded the town of Fairhaven in that state, where he built mills and foundries, manufactured paper from basswood and established a newspaper. He became a member of the legislature, a judge, and a representative in Congress from Vermont. He established the first printing-press in Kentucky, transporting the type on horseback across the mountains,

and became a member of the legislature and a Representative in Congress from that state for eight years. He built gunboats for the second war against England, and sunk his fortune in that particular undertaking, and was afterward elected the first delegate to Congress from Arkansas. He was the most conspicuous victim of the Alien and Sedition law, for the abolition of which he rendered such conspicuous service. It was while in prison at Vergennes, under this law, that he was elected to Congress, and it was to this Irish lad — Matthew Lyon — from Wicklow that the election of Jefferson was justly due, as it was by his vote that the State of Vermont was given to this illustrious signer of the Declaration.

I notice in the *Sun* that Prof. Tyndall, who has given magnificent endowments to three of our American colleges, is put down as a "distinguished Englishman." He is an Irishman, and a native of County Carlow. The English conspiracy to slander Ireland and rob her of honors justly due to her, seems to be working charmingly just now, particularly in this country.

Ireland in 1798 and 1882.—A Few Interesting Parallel Incidents.

From living witnesses who have themselves heard of the narration from their parents, the annexed very striking stories have been given us regarding events and incidents that took place in Ireland in the sad period represented generally by 1798. William O'Callaghan, of Tullow, County Carlow, a mounted yeoman of that period, relates that once on evening patrol his troop found an old man outside his cabin cleaning a churn. The officer in command called him to account for being out of doors after sunset. The old man being deaf, looked up smiling, and proceeded with his work on the churn. William O'Callaghan told the officer "that the man was deaf." The latter replied it was no excuse; he ordered six men to dismount, to present arms — fire! The old man fell dead across his churn. The said William O'Callaghan narrated the event to his own son. The Carlow yeomanry paraded in the barrack square by orders of the District General. Mr. Kehoe and some five others were called to the front. The General, taking Mr. Kehoe aside, said he regretted to see a gentleman of his rank and large property charged as a United Irishman, and therefore under orders to be executed. The officer remarked that if he was willing to assign a large portion of the property, an arrangement could be effected to save his life. Kehoe assented to the proposal, when the General said it would be necessary for Mr. Kehoe to name some other United Irishman to be executed in his stead. "I am willing to give up my property to save my life," said Kehoe; "but if a life must be sacrificed, my life can be as well spared as that of any other Irishman; then take my life." The shooting parties were told off, and the men shot down without further ceremony. 1882. A lady Land Leaguer tells the following: She had visited a farmer's house; she found the woman of the house sitting in the debris, looking sorrowfully at her broken furniture; the dresser and its contents lying on the uprooted floor, all having the appearance as if an explosion had taken place. "What happened, my poor woman?"—"Nothing, Miss, only the police came

again last night, tore up the new flooring that was laid down only last week, searching for arms which they knew well were not there." A police constable, addressing a farmer's son: "Tom, you're going to America. If I see you stir, I will arrest you; if you steal away, I will hunt you to Cork, and bring you back to goal; aye, and if you stay longer in this house, I will put you in for six months under the Crimes Act."

Misrepresentations about Ireland in Rome.

THE Archbishop of Cashel, who still continues his visitations throughout his diocese, receiving everywhere the most enthusiastic ovations, made a remarkable speech the other day at a place called Talbally, in which he exhorted the people to place the fullest confidence in the Holy Father, and rest assured that even were he obliged to disappoint their fondest expectations, he would do so only for their ultimate good. Dr. Croke says, speaking of the late combination against Dr. Walsh:—"But though there is only one George Errington in the flesh, there are many George Erringtons in spirit, and several of them are either located permanently in Rome, or visit that city periodically. This class of people lose no opportunity whatever, whether publicly at hotel tables, or in private houses, of discrediting as far as possible everything that is really Irish, representing our people as thirsting for rich men's blood and property, our priests as mercenary demagogues, and some of our bishops — myself, of course, high up in the criminal category — as dumb if not dangerous dogs, wholly unworthy of the important guardianship that has been confided to them. From one end of the year to the other, especially in the winter months, this style of talk is circulating in Rome, nor is it conceivable that much of it would not reach the ears of the authorities in Propaganda, if, indeed, it does not penetrate into the Vatican itself. This is simply the nature of things. But I desire at the same time, to have it distinctly understood as my deliberate opinion, or rather as my settled conviction, that, in the present crisis at all events of our affairs, the British faction in Rome possesses no real power, and can exercise no decisive influence whatever. This is owing to two circumstances about which there should be no mistake. The first circumstance is that the Roman cardinals on whom the bishops called while in Rome, and with whom they conversed on Irish political and social affairs, are now thoroughly convinced that the Irish people labor under a weight of grievances which would be intolerable to any other nation on earth, and that they are fully justified in seeking the removal of them by all legitimate means within their reach. The second circumstance is, and it is clearly far the more important of the two, that the pope, having had private and public conferences with the Irish bishops on most of the grave questions which have of late years agitated

Ireland, cannot be imposed on. The pope would no more barter the affection of his Irish children for any possible good otherwise attainable, than I would part with the affectionate regard of my countrymen by joining Kavanagh's Land Company or becoming a member of the Emergency Brigade. So I earnestly entreat you all to have unbounded confidence in our illustrious pontiff, to trust implicitly to his enlightened wisdom and discretion, and to set your face against any injurious reports that you may hear to the contrary." Dr. Croke suggests that in future there should be, permanently residing in Rome, a really representative man, a staunch and gifted Irish ecclesiastic, who would enjoy the confidence of the Irish bishops, transact for them their diocesan business at the propaganda, be fully imbued with Irish views, and influenced by Irish sympathies, and who should be guaranteed a liberal annuity so as to be on a social level with the highest Roman dignitaries. Most Rev. Dr. Walsh is to be consecrated at Rome by express request and direction of His Holiness Leo XIII.

Catholic Sisterhoods.

Dedicated to Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

THE articles on woman's work, which have appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, suggest that un-used, or ill-used, feminine force is finding outlets more or less desirable; but it is also evident from them that much effort is wasted tentatively. Too much is expected from scientific discovery or from political change in furtherance of women's legitimate desire to help in social progress, and to be less dependent on the labor of men. I desire in this paper to speak of women at their best, and of Catholic nuns as the best of women; the reader can make for himself the necessary deductions from the perfection of all human work. The most faithful nun has her hours of headache, of depression, and of spiritual combat; but I claim for the vast sum of labor performed by Catholic Sisterhoods that, with the best economy of effort, it has a wider scope, more useful aims, and larger results than any other women's work.

The history of Catholic Sisterhoods has yet to be written, and it is difficult to draw aside

The Veil of Humility

with which every good nun tries to cover her success. Not even at Rome is it exactly known how many nuns there are in the world; only the bishop of each diocese, whose duty it is to keep in sight every nun of whom he is the official protector, could supply the number under his charge.

There are certainly over 100,000 nuns in France alone, keeping alive, notwithstanding the cold shade of an irreligious government,

those traditions of ideal, but most actively laborious life, which have done so much to raise the level of European society. As truth makes its way through the controversial misstatements of the last three centuries, the benefits of religious communities to the secular world will be better recognized; but except to draw attention to the unbroken continuity of their practice and intention since St. Augustine gave the rule to his sister, which is the basis of all subsequent rules, I have not space to write of the centuries in which St. Teresa and St. Catherine of Siena are radiant figures even to the least informed, or of the dim crowds of saintly nuns, who hallowed and sweetened the "making" of England.

Millions of Women

have been enrolled under the flag of perfection, and those who enlist under it are now happily more numerous than ever. As I write there is not a country, hardly a city, in the world, where that flag is not flying in some community of women. Under it they labor with the strength of ordered effort against imperfection in all its manifestations of disease and ignorance, error and vice. Their methods, elaborated by nearly fifteen centuries of practice, are at once rigid and elastic. The ancient rules are fitted to each new trouble of humanity, and the extension of sisterhoods during the last hundred years of change, and even their imitation by other communions, proves their practical value to a society that would certainly not otherwise foster them. Modified to suit all exigencies of climate and race, of changing institutions and personal capacity, the conventual rule keeps its primary form, and gains vigor with every step of human advance.

Never were Nuns More Useful Than Now;

to the egotism of wealth they oppose the economics of ideal communism; going to and fro amid the cruelties and luxuries of our Vanity Fair, they are missionaries of cordiality and self-denial. In battlefields, in hospitals, in the worst courts of the worst cities, they disarm evil by the courage of purity. They are witnesses to the value of that free obedience which lies at the base of social order. The weary nun, while perhaps in her humility thinking herself a mass of imperfection, failing frequently in her high aims, subject to every womanly weakness, lost in the crowd of her fellow-workers, is all the while maintaining the most sacred fires of humanity, and helping her sisters of the world in their womanly tasks by her vindication of womanhood in its highest uses.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of," and it is difficult to detach the visible work of nuns from their rule of prayer, and from their efforts everywhere to raise the note of worship to a higher pitch. Some of my readers may think this is their best claim to our gratitude, but it is enough here to point out their mundane usefulness in its obvious results. The world is becoming aware of the necessity of

Bridging the Widening Chasm

between rich and poor. Not without selfishness we want to establish common sympathies with the "people," and here are many hundred thousand educated women, the flower of our civilization, working with success toward the reconciliation of labor and capital, of the learned and the ignorant. The direction that their modern efforts are taking is, to give one among many examples, shown by the recent foundation in France of the "Little Sisters of the Workingman." The mission of this new community of nuns is altogether in workshop and factories; their endeavor is to supplement the neglect of employers, and to fulfil part, at least, of the duties of "patronage." They look after children and women employed in factories, establish homes for the homeless, encourage habits of piety and thrift, and by the magic of their cordiality they are welcomed and at work in several centres of industry. Every new congregation merits a separate monograph. I can but glance at the chief features of the work done by these good women with such far reaching zeal.

"Cordiality"

was the watchword of St. Vincent de Paul. He made it an obligation for his Sisters of Charity, and the many other congregations vying with his in usefulness insist on this quality in their daughters. The value of 25,000 *sœurs grises* practicing and teaching cordiality in our world of private animosities and latent insurrection is very great. I imagine that most of my readers have met the "Little Sisters of the Poor" on their rounds of begging crumbs from Dives for the relief of Lazarus, by which Dives probably benefits at least as much as Lazarus. I wish my readers — readers, perhaps, also of Maxime Du Camp's latest articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* — would go and see for themselves with what tenderness of respect the helpless and forlorn old men and women are treated, and how the voluntary poverty and humbleness of their benefactors sweetens the poor fare which is all that can be sometimes provided. When they have measured the quality of such almsgiving against that of Bumbledom, I will further ask my readers to consider well the story in its details, for which I have not here space, of

The Servant Jeanne Jugan,

who, little more than forty years ago, with a capital of £24, founded the congregation of these "Little Sisters." Recruited from both rich and poor classes, they are now nearly 4,000 in number, and have established 230 houses in different parts of the world. There is clearly a demand for this sort of woman's work, nor is it difficult to account for the demand. Wherever an authorized community — and much is meant by the word authorized — settles, an ideal family in an ideal home begins a life of ordered thrift and prudent charity and labor on the lines of Nazareth.

The safeguards are many against the lapses possible to frail nature, even at its best. Long experience has taught what checks are

suited to the particular failings incident to women working at such high pressure, and the facilities for communication that now exist have reduced abuses to a minimum. Catholic sisterhoods may be roughly classed under two systems of government — one in which each house is a republic, of which the superior is elective, which has its own budget, and, like a hive of bees, can send forth families to be in their turns autonomous; or an order may be monarchical and have one head, elected, however, only for a fixed term of years, who with her staff, controls the labor of the whole society. Such is the rules of the Sisters of Charity, and the responsibilities of the superior can be imagined when we think of the dispersion of her 25,000 daughters throughout the world. Her secretaries must be

Accomplished Linguists,

for her world-wide correspondences is in various tongues. She is elected only for three years, but so well is the system organized that no visible hitch ever interrupts its manifold enterprises. As fast as the sisters are killed off by simple murder, as in some Chinese missions recently, or by epidemics, as in 1855, when three hundred sisters died of cholera in Paris, volunteers are instantly ready to supply their places.

In the hospitals and even battlefields of 1870, the French nuns of every order proved their patriotism not less than their inexhaustible charity. Indeed, while the method of St. Vincent's daughters needs no eulogy, we do not sufficiently recognize that they are but a brigade of the vast army who follow Christ in the Via Crucis. Other and more ancient congregations shared with them, until the recent action of the commune, most of the Paris nursing. The Hotel Dieu, for instance, oldest of the public hospitals, has been, since 1170, served by Augustinian nuns. Eighty-eight different orders or congregations are at work in Paris alone; and there is probably not a commune in France where nuns are not at work — always under the orders of the bishop and the cure, and always teaching the true doctrine of liberty, fraternity, and equality, by their example. The sisters of St. Vincent and many other communities have no lay sisters or servants. Recruited from the highest ranks as from the lower grades of society, the sisters are absolutely equal in the distribution of their work. A Howard, a Montalembert, a Bourbon, scrubs the floors or cooks, or washes the babies in their charge, if such be their aptitude. Can the reader realize what this means, and how these nuns have got at the very kernel of fraternity, while liberty is, perhaps, alone by them truly understood, for they are free of the burden of selfishness and the disabling network of worldly conventions.

MRS. M. C. BISHOP.

NEVER keep vinegar or yeast in stone crocks or jugs; their acid attacks the glazing, which is said to be poisonous. Glass for either is better.

Pride.

PRIDE is defined to be an inordinate desire of our own perfection. A desire of perfection is not only consistent with humility, but it is a part of it; for humility makes a man unconscious of any good in himself, and awakens in him a desire for the perfection which he believes himself not to possess. But, if this desire be inordinate, it is contrary to humility and to reason, and it vitiates the motive of the desire, turning it from good to evil. Perfection is, then, not desired for its own sake, but for our own sake; that is, for the honor, or for the advantage, or for the pre-eminence, or from the glory which may return from it upon ourselves.

By perfection is meant the highest excellence of any particular kind. And these kinds are many.

First, there is religious perfection, and spiritual pride that inordinately desires it. But this would lead us into the realm of theology, and among details hardly in place in *Merry England.* We may dismiss it speedily, by calling up a Pharisee as witness against himself. People, when they wish to murder the reputation of a neighbor, call him a Pharisee, meaning thereby a hypocrite, a sham, a whited sepulchre. But there were good Pharisees as well as bad. There were men among them of strict life and of rigorous exactness. So far as we know, some were men both upright and just; but, for the most part, they were spiritually proud, and separated themselves from other men as from the leprosy. This has given to the name an evil sense. But we must bear in mind that all were not equally bad; that some may have been only incipiently bad. The disease of Pharisaism had its beginning, its growth, and its final stage. In its beginning, they may have been like many among us, with the average faults of self-contemplation, self-complacency, vigilant criticism of other men, which ends in a quick sight of the faults of others, and a blind unconsciousness of their own. This is the Pharisaism of the new law; for there are Pharisees now as there were Pharisees then. But we will leave this sublimer form of pride, and come down to mother earth.

We are told that pride has seven sons, an unpleasant family and bad neighbors. By name they are Vainglory, Boasting, Ambition, Presumption, Hypocrisy, Stubbornness, and Contempt of others. These all spring from one root, and are the first degree in the family tree. In passing, we may say that Vainglory and Vanity are not the same. Vanity may be vainglorious about nothing, for vanity is emptiness; but pride is not empty, and its vainglory consists in the contemplation with complacency of its own excellence. All other sins are multiplied by doing evil. Vainglory alone is fed by doing good. It is called vainglory, not from the absence of matter, but from the disease of self-contemplation, which turns what would be a glory into shame.

Some men are proud of that in which they have had neither merit nor share; as, for example in birth and inherited titles of honor. Aristotle says that the offspring from such men as Pericles tend to stu-

pidity ; and the offspring of such as Alcibiades to madness. Yet, no doubt, their offspring were as proud of their ancestors as they were unlike them in public service or in private worth. There is, however, in this pride something not to be reproved. It restrains men from base actions, and it impels them not only to good, but to the higher forms of goodness. *Spartam nactus es, Spartam exorna.* You were born in Ireland or in England ; adorn it with all your might. St. Paul said that he was "a citizen of no mean city." His consciousness that he was "born free," gave him an independence of spirit in the face of danger. This was what men call an honest pride, founded on the providence of God.

There is another kind of less exalted pride, which we call "purse pride." It is irrational enough to be proud of what we are ; but how much more to be proud of what we possess ? The man must be very poor in brain and heart to be proud of his banker's book. His one superiority to his neighbor is, that he can spend more money. He may have less mental resource and less moral refinement than his own gamekeeper. At school he was a dunce ; at college he was an idler ; in life he is a trifler ; in all things he is a dolt. He is neither ornamental in private life, nor useful in public. But he is rich ; and he feels as if, standing on his money-bags, he were head and shoulders above other men. It is happy for him if he does not become selfish ; unfeeling to those who suffer ; and hard-hearted when they cry to him. Few men are both rich and generous ; fewer are both rich and humble. Wealth, unless controlled by moral elevation, generates a mind of its own which is lofty, isolated, and if not contemptuous of others, unconscious of its own mental and moral inferiority to those whom it consciously looks down upon.

There is also what is called "the pride of life." We feel the meaning of these words, but find it hard to define them. Perhaps the clearest notion of them is this : Vigor of mind, health of body, exuberance of vital power, prosperity in the world, satisfaction with self in the past, complacency with self in the present, and confidence in self for the future, independence of all control, and self-sufficiency in judgment and in action. All this makes up a habit of mind which becomes a worship of self ; and that is the apotheosis of pride. It is pride upon its throne. This kind of pride is sometimes found in men whose moral life is correct so far as the world can see. It is a revived Paganism.

But such examples are rare. Self-worship is rarely found without self-will ; and self-will is the source both of license and violence. The will is its own law and its own law-giver ; license is its legislation, and violence its executive. Such characters cease to be simply human. They become preternaturally evil, and at last diabolical. Pride, if resisted, becomes aggressive ; if defeated, it becomes malicious ; and when put to shame, it becomes shameless. A proud man standing at bay against the moral sense of men is a terrible sight. It is a perversion of manhood which rises to the sublime of evil, and attracts to itself a kind of popular *cultus ;* for "Satan is sometimes to be honored for his burning throne."

But we will come down to common life again. What is "pride

of intellect" in men otherwise good? It means that a man believes or fancies himself to have greater intellectual power than his neighbors: and enjoys the reflection. He takes delight in making others feel it, and relies upon his superiority to carry all before him. But the highest powers are generally unconscious. It is no sign of intellectual greatness to hold other men cheaply. A great intellect takes for granted that other men are more or less like itself. Intellectual assumption, pedantry, despotism, and pomposity are no evidence of great powers. A certain doctor of this kind was described as "a peacocky sort of man." Such men have always their tails spread. In heraldry they would be blazoned as a "peacock in pride." Great intellects are tolerant of the slowness and mistakes of others. They conceal themselves. Intellectual pride inflicts itself upon everybody. Where it dwells there can be no other opinion in the house. Such a man is what the Romans call a *Decretalista*. His judgments are final, under pain of ignorance, or incompetence, or both, recorded against all who differ from him. But here we must end.

The difference, then, between vanity and pride is evident. Vanity makes mischief among men; but pride makes havoc. Vanity may commit follies; but pride commits sins. Vanity can be safely laughed at; but pride is to be always feared; and, if offended, is terrible in its wrath. By pride angels fall; and by it no man can rise.

HENRY EDWARD, CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP, IN *Merry England.*

The Bath.

IF cleanliness, and with cleanliness refreshment and re-invigoration are desired, the true way to take the daily bath is as follows: —

First — It should be taken at night, either just before dinner or just before going to bed, so that the body may be put to bed cleansed.

Secondly — It should be a warm bath.

Thirdly — The instrument of cleansing should be itself easily cleansed. Of all instruments, the hand is, for this reason, the best: but if any other is to be used, it should not be a horrible old sponge, or a still more horrible piece of old flannel, but a pad of grassy fibre such as is used in the Turkish bath, and is capable of getting readily cleansed.

Fourthly — The bath should be thus taken: The bather should provide himself with a deep and large empty bath, having a raised grating or pierced metal floor, in which he may sit or stand, and through which the foul water may run, and with either taps, or jugs-full, or cans-full, of warm water. In addition to this, he should have a basin in which he may make a lather of soap. He should begin by pouring the running water over his hands or his soaping-pad, in order that the instruments of ablution may first be cleansed. This done, he should proceed with his hands to soap himself from the lather

already made in the separate basin; and, having done this sufficently, he should finally wash off the lather by again turning on the tap or pouring over himself jugs-full or cans-full of water.

Having done thus with the body, he may, and should, do likewise with his head, after he has left the bath and dried his body. Nothing is so good for the hair as a daily cleansing of hair and scalp with soap and water.

He is then clean, and entirely clean, for the last thing that has touched him is the clean running water which has run away and left no trace of pollution upon him. In no other way can he be clean. This is the Mosaic and Mussulman system, and those who essay it will find themselves rewarded by a sweet and refreshing night's rest, after which, if they still feel, which they probably will not, any need of a shock or a refreshment in the morning, they must super-add, not for cleansing, indeed, but for the purpose of a fillip, a cold water tub; but this, too, should be taken, not by means of the degraded sponge, but by pouring cold running water over the body.

The Condition of the Canadian People.

THE last census volume, which has been recently issued, contains some interesting figures concerning the origin of the Canadian people, the creed they profess, the space they occupy, and the houses they fill. As to origins of the people, we find there in each 1,000 that are 300.4 of French; 221.4 of Irish (these two thus constituting the majority of the whole); 204.2 of English, 161.8 of Scotch, leaving 112.2 for the other origins, of which Indian appropriates 25.1. As to birth-places, in every 1,000 there are 339.4 born in Ontario, 307 in Quebec, 97.1 in Nova Scotia, 66.7 in New Brunswick, 23.4 in Prince Edward Island. In all, 859.1 out of every 1,000 are Canadian born. 42.9 are foreign born. Out of every 1,000 of our population 506.1 are males, 493.9 females. Of these 319.1 are married, 37 widowed, and 643.9 unmarried; 315.5 males out of every 1,000, and 322.8 females are married. Included in each 1,000 of our people there are 23.2 widowers and 51.2 widows. Of the unmarried, in every 1,000 there are 661.3 males. The unmarried females in each 1,000 are 620.

The number of persons to the square mile of Canadian territory in the several provinces is as follows:— Prince Edward Island, 51; Nova Scotia, 21; New Brunswick, 11.6; Quebec, 7.2; Ontario, 18.9; Manitoba, 0.5; British Columbia, 0.1, and the whole of Canada 1 person to the square mile. Canada can provide each one of her population with 513½ acres of land on an average; but as a matter of fact the acreage of unoccupied land to each inhabitant is 503 acres.

A satisfactory feature of Canadian life is the large number of people who own the land they occupy or till. Out of every 1,000 of the population of Ontario 138 are land owners; of Quebec, 129; New

Brunswick, 143; Nova Scotia, 152; Manitoba, 180. Out of every 1,000 families in the Dominion 725 are landowners. According to provinces, out of every 1,000 families in Prince Edward Island 927 are owners of land; in Nova Scotia, 843; New Brunswick, 810; Quebec, 689; Ontario, 727; and Manitoba, 840.

Each 1,000 of the population is supplied with 198.4 horses, 46.6 colts and fillies, 30.7 working oxen, 369 milch cows, 394 other horned cattle, 704.9 sheep, 272.2 swine.

As regards the housing of the people, whether residing in tenements or separate dwellings, it is shown that there are 5.8 persons to each house in the Dominion. In 1881 there were altogether 753,017 occupied houses with 812,136 families to find shelter therein.

In the Provinces of Ontario, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island there was an occupied house for nearly each family. The average number of persons to each house in the several provinces was as follows: — Prince Edward Island, 6.1; Nova Scotia, 5.9; New Brunswick, 6.3; Quebec, 6.2; Ontario, 5.3; Manitoba, 5.1; British Columbia, 5.0, and the Territories, 4.8. With respect to the average number of persons in each family in Canada, the returns show that in all Canada the average family consists of 5.3 persons, and in the several provinces as follows: — Prince Edward Island, 6; Nova Scotia, 5.5; New Brunswick, 5.6; Quebec, 5.3; Ontario, 5.2; Manitoba, 5.1; British Columbia, 5, and the Territories, 4.8.

As regards the various creeds of the Dominion, the Catholics far outnumber all other sects; they constitute over two-fifths of the entire population. The Methodists follow next, with the Presbyterians and Church of England, who altogether are only slightly in excess of the Catholics. According to the figures, there are in each 1,000 of the population, 414.3 Catholics, leaving 585.7 to be divided among the other denominations. Of the latter 171.8 are Methodists, 156.3 are Presbyterians, 132.9 Church of England, and 68.5 are Baptists, leaving 56.2 to be divided among the minor creeds.

The Grand Army of the Republic.

John S. Kountz, of Toledo, Ohio, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, sends to the *Catholic Review* the following marked passage in his address before the Nineteenth Annual Encampment of the Grand Army, recently held in Portland, Me.: —

Not a Proscribed Society.

Knowing that there is nothing in the Grand Army of the Republic inconsistent with the most exacting personal duty or the strictest religion, I deemed it for the interest of the order to appoint a special committee to lay its nature and workings before the proper Catholic ecclesiastical authorities of the United States, that they may know

our organization has nothing to conceal and that our purposes are commended by all who understand them.

I appointed as such committee, Comrades W. S. Rosecrans, of California; M. T. McMahon, of New York, and J. C. Linehan, of New Hampshire, and have the pleasure to here present their report as follows: —

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 15, 1885.

John S. Kountz, Commander-in-Chief, G. A. R., Toledo, Ohio.

COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF: As chairman of the committee appointed by you, to consult with the proper authorities of the Catholic church in our country, I have the honor to

Report.

That in the fulfilment of that duty I corresponded with the other members of the committee, and thereupon addressed letters to the Primate, the Most Rev. Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, stating to them that while we did not expect to ask any endorsement or ecclesiastical approval of our society, we were anxious to have its nature so understood that it might be known to all confessors that Catholics might, lawfully and with good conscience, be members thereof.

In response to their kindly suggestions I furnished ample explanations, written and printed, showing that our association was for the noble objects of cultivating among its members the spirit of fraternity, charity and loyalty, and in its nature temporary. I also conversed with other archbishops, bishops and theologians, and I have the pleasure to inform you that it was the opinion of every one with whom I conferred that the Society of the Grand Army of the Republic, as now organized and conducted, is not, in the ecclesiastical meaning of the phrase, "a secret society," and that Catholics may, with all good conscience, belong to it.

I congratulate our Order that, in the opinion of such dispassionate judges, we have builded as we intended, an association so broad, liberal and just that it may be worthy the great Republic for which we have periled our lives, and for which so many have shed their blood. I congratulate you also for happily having undertaken the good work of eliciting these expressions of opinion, so important to the honor and future welfare of our Order.

W. S. ROSECRANS, *Chairman of Special Committee.*

How long England will last no one knows. Her drumbeat encircling the world is a hoax. She has less than half the soldiers of Russia, and it may be possible that she cannot hold her 250,000,000 subjects on the other side of the globe under her hands for a great while. — *Prof. Goldwin Smith.*

With Katharine Tynan's Poems.

I.

SWEET maid, I give thee here a wreath of song,
Woven in the golden vales of Erin's clime
By maiden heart and hands, lovely and young,
And holy as a prayer or vesper chime;
To thee, beloved of angels, pure young dove,
This garland fragrant with our sweet Lord's love.

II.

I bless our Lord for all his fair works done,
That give the heart and mind and thoughts delight,—
The flowers and fields that bloom, the streams that run,
The white and yellow stars, the flowers of night;
But highest praise for noblest work is due,
And what hath God more lovelier, child, than you?

III.

Could lyre of mine, by tuneless fingers swayed,
Fill virgin hearts with one sweet holy thought,
Or kindle nobler zeal in youth or maid,
'Twould bring a heart great joy that joyeth not:
Mayhap some day ere many a moon's decline,
I'll twine a wreath for thee, and hearts like thine.

Orange and Green.

THESE colors, the one as well as the other, in military display, were first used by Protestants. If one be more distinctively Catholic than the other, we think the orange ought to have precedency. Green was never used as distinctively national by the Irish people. The first account that we have of its use in military distinction in Ireland, is that the Earl of Ormond's Kilkenny regiment of volunteers adopted it 1797; certainly not considering that there was anything national or Catholic in it. The several regiments of volunteers adopted different colors, as a mode of distinction, and green happened to be one of those colors. Most of the volunteers, and all their leaders, were Protestants. Far would it be from them to adopt anything known to be distinctively Catholic.

Sir Jonah Barrington, speaking of the volunteers, says: "They assumed various uniforms; green, white, scarlet and blue were the

prevailing colors. Their line, therefore, appeared variegated, and peculiarly striking." *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*, page 65. After this green was adopted by the United Irishmen (who were mostly Protestants), as their standard. Since the year 1798 many a poor Catholic has lost his life, even for the mere accidental display of that color. Subsequent to the green being adopted by the "men of ninety-eight," the murdering *Peep o' Day Boys* and the *Heart o' Steel Boys*, in order to have government protection, or rather aid, in the butchery of Catholics, adopted as their standard an orange flag, in memory of the Prince of Orange, and as indicative of their loyalty to the throne, and hostility to its enemies.

Orange is a little town in Holland, and of which William was stadt-holder when he invaded Ireland. Ninety per cent. of the inhabitants of Orange were poor, devout, persecuted Catholics at the time the Irish cut-throats adopted their orange flag.

Western Watchman.

A Great Catholic Empire in the West.

THE census of population for 1880 contains some instructive summaries. Few of our people know what a vast church is springing up between the Mississippi and the Pacific. The following facts are very suggestive of "Romish decay":—

Take Dakota alone. It is about three times the size of Illinois. Its religious population is reported in 1880 as follows: Roman Catholics, 10,000; Lutheran, 7,000; Methodist, 917; Episcopal, 800; Disciples, 575; Baptist, 600; Congregationalist, 411; Presbyterian, 409; United Brethren, 390; with a few representatives of several other religious bodies.

Montana, nearly as large, reports in the census, the following number of church members: Roman Catholic, 12,000; Methodist, 2,756; Presbyterian, 1,067; Disciples, 850; with a few scattering members of several other denominations.

In Oregon and California our cause is older. The first reports: Roman Catholic, 20,000: Methodist, 5,176; Disciples, 4,750; Baptist, 2,916; Presbyterian, 1,095.

California reports: Roman Catholic, 216,000; Methodist, 11,198; Presbyterian, 7,000; Disciples, 49 organized churches, 28 ordained ministers, and 6,000 members.

In the report of Idaho, Mormons are set down at 6,000; the Roman Catholics at 2,300; the Presbyterians at 400; the Methodists at 223; the Episcopalians at 200, with a very few of five or six denominations.

Wyoming gives: Mormons, 3,000; Roman Catholics, 2,000; Presbyterian, 137; Baptist, 62; Seventh Day Adventist, 70; Congregationalist, 45; Disciples, 95.

Nebraska is reported; Roman Catholic, 24,000; Lutheran, 17,500;

Disciples, 13,580; Methodist, 12,498; Presbyterian, 4,340; Baptist, 4,226; Congregationalist, 3,121; with a considerable membership of a number of other religious bodies.

Colorado has: Roman Catholics, 28,000; Methodist, 3,037; Mormon, 3,000; Presbyterian, 1,931; Disciples, 1,750; Lutheran, 1,000; Baptist, 946; Episcopalian, 841; with about 2,000; unclassified representatives of various other denominations.

Utah reports: Mormon, 90,377; Roman Catholic, 2,000; Methodist, 423; Jews, 258; Presbyterian, 146; Congregationalist, 53; Baptist, 16.

Nevada stands as follows: Roman Catholic, 5,000; Jews, 780; Methodist, 635; Episcopalian, 228; with a few representatives of a half dozen other denominations.

Catholicity in Egypt.

ZEAL for the salvation of souls has taken the brown habit of the Friar Minor at least as far up the Nile as commercial enterprise has taken the Greek merchant, and the traveller will find the little chapel and convent not only in far distant Assiut, the extreme limit of the Nile railway, but at Ekhmin and Girgeh, and still farther south beyond Dendarah, near to where, fifteen hundred years ago, in the ruined village of Tabenne, Pachomius founded his monastery and peopled the region with Christian monks, and still away to the more distant Luxor, "the Portsmouth of the Pharaohs," now only the ruined approach through its avenues of broken sphinxes to the more gigantic ruins of Karnak. Each of these missions has its school, wherein the Arabic, Coptic, and also the French and Italian languages are taught. It is a subject for regret that no teaching Order of Brothers or Sisters has yet been able to find its way to these distant regions. The Fathers regret the want of convent schools as the best means of success in their efforts to educate girls as well as boys. The schools are all free, and, owing to the prevailing poverty, most of the scholars have to be provided not only with school books but with clothes! The masters are generally Orientals and laymen, but sometimes one of the priests is impelled by zeal or by unusual poverty to be the master himself. Mr. Loftie records thus: "In the Franciscan Convent at Ekhmin, I found only one monk, but he was bringing up fifty children of all denominations — Jews, Turks, infidels and heretic — and was teaching them French and Italian. They were a clean, happy-looking party; the front row consisting, if I remember rightly, of five Copts, three Moslems, two Greeks, and two Jews." As to Lower Egypt, the impression of a first visit, not very much a mistaken one, is that the Franciscans are in every town; they have, in fact, churches, houses, schools, &c., at Alexandria, Ramleh, Rosetta, Damietta, Port Said, Ismailia, Suez, Kafr-ez-Zaiyat, Mansurah, and Cairo. A glance at the

map will show that this list enumerates the chief towns of the Delta, and nearly all the names now familiar to us from the story of the recent war. All the parochial work in Egypt — Upper and Lower — belongs to the Franciscan Fathers, with the exception of Tantah and Zagazig, which parishes are served by Fathers of the African Missions at Lyons.

Dublin Review.

A Serious Subject.

ONE of the most forcible descriptions of the condition of the laborer in the world to-day, was that spoken by the Count de Mun, at a conference recently held at Louvain. The name of the Count de Mun is known all over Europe as that of a far-sighted leader and friend of workingmen. It is a pity that in English-speaking countries, that of Mr. Henry George is so much better known. The Count de Mun's remedies are practical; those of Henry George's impracticable. Nevertheless, one does not obtain a hearing among the English-speaking, while the other finds many followers.

M. de Mun asked his hearers to look at modern civilization — to look at man, "glorious man," in this world of progress. He pointed to man in the past time, when the Church encouraged and protected the guilds of artisans, and quoted Louis Blanc, an enemy of the Church, as to the benefits derived from her maternal care. The Church encouraged mutual helpfulness, created the Sunday's rest, protected the woman and the child, prevented usury and ruinous speculations. The guilds defended his rights, helped him in his old age, gave him the support of Christian brotherhood. To-day, "he is *alone*," cried M. de Mun; "alone among crowds of companions, without protection; rich for an hour, if his arm is robust and work abounds; wretched the instant sickness seizes him, accident injures him, or old age withers him." The Church, who was his mother, cannot protect him; the leaders of nations have thrown off her laws; he follows their example, and calls himself emancipated. He has denied the name that frees his soul and promises him an eternal crown. He carries another, the sign of his fate: "It is that of 'proletarian,' without home or future."

The Socialist Bakounine cried out: "Let us look to the people." The Count de Mun, Catholic and monarchist, echoes the cry. The Iron Chancellor is startled by the social abyss near which he, in all his power, stands; he calls all the forces of the state to do the work the Church formerly did; Austria timidly prepares laws protective of the laborer; England is alarmed — France is in a criminal nightmare. A social struggle faces the world. The Church alone can strengthen the world when the shock comes.

"Let us go to the people," cries M. de Mun, "away from the

politics and prejudices of the world. Let us go to the workingman, to know him, to love him. Let us go to him to know what he suffers and what he asks."

The Count de Mun strikes a keynote which should make Christians of all nations one, since the same danger threatens all. The unequal burdens of life are the themes of many questions. This is the theme of the war-song on the lips of the Socialists in Europe, in the hearts of the socialists here. The struggle will come — on one side, to borrow Count de Mun's words, the power of gold; on the other, the power of despair. Between these ranks the Christian must stand with the power of Christ crucified.

But we must know the poor. They must be helped to protect themselves. Look at the tenement houses in New York; look through them, study them, and know how hopeless is the future of many in them, until the cause of their gradual degradation is removed. Down they go, day by day. Vice lives in the next room to virtue, and virtue soon learns to know vice. The children, because they are poor, see the most horrible examples of drunkenness and obscenity around them every day. They learn to laugh at drunkenness, to think of obscenity with tolerance. If it were only squalor, bad air, bad health, that weigh on the poor, it would be sufficient to complain of, but not enough. Worst of all, is the lowering of mind, the pollution of thought, the rottenness of heart that creep in day by day, until the fair temple, cleansed by baptism and penance, is all befouled, and the conscience hardened by all daily contact with sin. Except by a miracle, people crowded together, as they are in some places in New York, cannot be raised above the slough of despair.

"If God," says Louis Veuillot, "does not solve the social problem, nothing can wholly solve it!"

"Who," cries Count de Mun, "shall give God's answer to this agitated social body? Who, if not Catholics? And who among Catholics, if not the young men?"

New York Freeman's Journal.

Monument to the Heroes of the Ninth.

A SPLENDID monument has been erected to the memory of the fallen heroes, who fought, bled and died at the famous battle of Gettysburg. The monument is the handiwork of Mr. J. J. Horgan, at his extensive marble works in Cambridgeport. The work is 12 feet high, with a base 4 feet square, and is built of Hallowell granite. The cost of the monument is $700. The cap represents a maltese cross (the emblem of the Fifth Army Corps), on the face of which is carved the coat-of-arms of Massachusetts, and on the back a cannon, flag, musket and sword. Upon the front, on a small panel, is carved

a wreath of shamrock, enclosing the number of the regiment. On the four sides are the inscriptions as follows : —

Erected by the Ninth Regiment Infantry, Massachusetts Volunteers, 2d Brigade, 1st Division, Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac. During the battle of Gettysburg the Ninth Regiment was detached from the 2d Brigade, and it held the position on round top. Casualities, 26 men.

The Ninth Regiment, Mass. Vols., served during 3 years' campaign in Virginia, Maryland and Tennessee, and was in forty-two engagements, including the following, viz.: Peninsula Campaign, Hanover Court House, Seven Days' Battles, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, Wilderness Campaign. Total number casualities, 86.

Erected on Round Top, Battlefield of Gettysburg, June, 1885.

The Ninth Regiment, Mass. Vols., was composed of ten companies, of 101 men each, from Boston, Salem, Milford, Marlboro and Stoughton, and organized at Boston, May 3, 1861 : mustered into the United States Volunteer Service, June 11, 1861. Mustered out at Boston, June 21, 1864. Commanded respectively by Col. Thomas Cass and Col. Patrick R. Guiney.

These inscriptions are all carved on a surface of polished granite, and, as will be seen, give a short history of the regiment. Among those present were Col. Hanley, Captains Tobin, McGonigle and O'Brien, Sergeant Kelleher, Quartermaster McNamara, Sergeant William Mitchell and Color-Sergeant Michael O'Brien. The whole party was photographed in group around the monument, after which a lunch was served.

Major J. W. Mahan gives a stirring account of the regiment's experiences in the terrible three days' fight at Gettysburg, in his forthcoming book entitled "Irish-American Valor in the War for the Union." The following description of the share taken by the gallant Ninth on the last day of the struggle will be found of interest: "The Ninth Massachusetts, in a distant part of the field, solitary and alone, held the important position assigned to them. The Sixty-second Pennsylvania, the Fourth Michigan and Thirty-second Massachusetts — the other regiments of the Second Brigade — were terribly cut up. They fought with their accustomed gallantry, but the writer has had it from many of the survivors that in the midst of the bloody conflict, as the Confederate columns dashed against their front, a murmur ran through the lines, where's the Irish Ninth? Why have they been taken from us? The regiment withstood every attempt made by the enemy to force them from the position they guarded on Round Top. Captain Timothy O'Leary commanded the skirmishers on the right, and Captain John M. Tobin those on the left, while Captains James F. McGunigle and James McNamara were detailed with their companies to defend an exposed position near the centre of the line. Lieutenants Chris Plunkett, Martin A. O'Brien and Murphy were also detailed to assist them. The Confederates dashed like turbulent waves against the little rocky mount, only to recede from the deadly fire poured upon them. The rocks afforded protection to the men of the Ninth, and their shining rifle barrels were thrust over these, the sharp, continuous report of the volleys rang along the hillside, bullets whistled through the air and buried themselves in the trees or struck the rocks, only to glance off and lodge elsewhere. The natural breastworks saved many lives, while the green flag, waving side by side with the

flag of the Union, told the enemy that behind these were foemen worthy of their steel. The charge of Picket's division was watched with admiration for the courage displayed, and when at last, crushed and defeated, the survivors staggered back, there was no undue exultation displayed. General Meade took occasion to thank Colonel Guiney and the rest of the officers and men of the Ninth for their coolness and courage, and Quartermaster McNamara was remembered by all for his efficiency in bringing up supplies and ammunition."

The monument committee of the 9th Mass. Regiment has decided upon the following inscription to be placed on the face of their monument to be erected at Gettysburg: — "Ninth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, Third Brigade, Second Division, Second Army Corps, stood here, July 3d, 1863."

Herat.

Sooner or later it must be determined, by skilful diplomacy or much fighting, whether Russia or England shall hold that time-honored key to Central Asia. The geographical situation of Herat, 34° 22′ North lat., 62° 9′ East long., with its elevation of about 2,500 feet above the sea, gives it a charming climate. The valley in which it lies is the granary of Afghanistan, and its surrounding gardens yield fruits corresponding with those of Southern Europe. Central New Mexico has about the same latitude and a similar climate, though less temperate and somewhat drier. The plain of Herat is well watered by canals from the Heri River, and is said to contain fully 400 square miles of arable land. The upper valley of the Heri is described as a beautful rolling country, furnishing the finest of pasture lands. Three or four miles south of Herat the river is crossed by a magnificent bridge of twenty-three arches. The territory tributary to Herat extends east and west from near the sources of the Heri to the Persian frontier, about 300 miles; formerly it extended north and south 200 miles from the Merv boundary to the northern limit of Seistan. The Russian conquest of Merv has cost Herat all its territory on the plain north of the Parapomisus Mountains, and has pushed the disputed boundary to within forty miles of the city to the north, as the Russians claim, or about twice that distance according to the English and Afghan authorities. The city is in the form of a quadrangle, nearly a mile on each side. On the western, southern, and eastern faces the lines of defence are almost straight, and are broken only by the great gates and their defences. The northern line is broken by two gigantic earthworks, the old citadel and the new citadel, built of sun-dried bricks. The city wall rests on the summit of a huge embankment averaging 250 feet wide at the base, and fifty feet high. The wall proper which crowns this vast earthwork is twenty-five feet high, and fourteen feet thick at the base. It is surrounded by a ditch forty-six feet wide and sixteen feet

deep, and is supported by 150 semicircular towers. The colossal character of these earthworks leads Sir Henry Rawlinson to infer that the city, as a stronghold, must date from prehistoric times — from that period of Central Asian history which preceded the rise of the Achæmenian power, and which in Greek romance is illustrated by the names of Bacchus, Hercules, and Semiramis. Its dominant position with reference to Central Asian and Indian affairs is proved by a military history unequalled by any other city,— a record of more than fifty sieges, undertaken, as Vambery has pointed out, not so much for the sake of the rich soil which surrounds Herat, as on account of the desire for conquest with which it has inspired sometimes India, sometimes Central Asia. The population of the city under these great vicissitudes of fortune has naturally varied greatly. In times of great prosperity and peace it has numbered a million or more; at other times it has dwindled to a few thousand; now, it is variously estimated from 25,000 to 50,000 or more. It is believed that the present city comprises only the citadel of the city that once covered the surrounding plain for many miles.

Two Lawyers and a Cat.

Two lawyers were domesticated in the rude hotel of a country town. The hotel was crowded, and the two legal luminaries had to occupy the same room.

Lawyer Clark lay with his head to the north on one side, and lawyer Thomas lay with his head to the south on the other side of the room. So far as that room was concerned, it might be said that their heads represented the north and south poles respectively.

The central part of the room was deemed neutral ground, in which the occupants of the different beds had equal rights. Here, in picturesque confusion, lay the boots, etc., of the sleepers. There were no lights, and though the door was open, there being no moon, the night was very dark in that room.

The wily lawyers, who had been opposing counsel in a case tried in the town court that day, and had opposed each other with the contumacy of wild pigs, were now the very incarnation of meekness.

But hush! hark!

A deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

"Me-ow-ow!"

Lawyers Clark and Thomas were wide-awake and sitting bolt upright in an instant.

Again the startling cry:

"Ye-ow, ye-ow!"

"There's a cat!" whispered Clark.

"'Scat, you!" hissed Thomas.

The cat paid no attention to their demonstrations, but gave vent to another yowl.

"Oh, gracious!" cried Clark, "I can't stand this! Where is he, Thomas?"

"On your side of the room, somewhere," replied Thomas.

"No, he's on your side," said Clark.

"Ye-ow-ow-ow!"

"There, I told you he was on your side," they both exclaimed, in a breath.

And still the howl went on.

The idea now entered the heads of both lawyers — doubtless owing to their legal training — that by the exercise of a certain strategy they might be enabled to execute a grand flank movement on the cat, and totally demoralize him. Practically, each determined to file "a motion to quash" the cat's attachment for that room.

Each kept his plan to himself, and, in the dark, unable to see each other, prepared for action.

Strange as it may appear, it is, nevertheless, true that the same plan suggested itself to both. In words, the plan would be about as follows: —

The yowler is evidently looking and calling for another cat, with whom he has made an appointment. I will imitate a cat, and this cat will think t'other cat's around. This cat will come toward me, and when he shall have arrived within reach I'll blaze away with anything I can get hold of, and knock the mew-sic out of him.

So each of the portly lawyers, noiselessly as the cream comes to the surface of the milk, hoisted himself on to his hands and knees, and, hippopotamus fashion, advanced to the neutral ground, occupying the centre of the room.

Arriving there, Lawyer Clark felt for, and selected a boot-jack, and Lawyer Thomas, the heaviest boot from the heap, and settled themselves down to the work.

Clark tightened his grip on the bootjack, and, throwing up his head, gave vent to a prolonged and unearthly "Ye-ow-ow" that would have reflected credit upon ten of the largest cats.

"A-ah!" thought Thomas, who was not six feet away, "he's immediately close around; now I'll inveigle him!" and he gave the regular night-call of a feminine cat.

Each of the lawyers advanced a little closer, and Clark produced a questioning "Ow-ow!"

Thomas answered by a reassuring "Purrow-purrow!" and they advanced a little nearer.

They were now within easy reach, and each imagining the cat had but a moment to live, whaled away, the one with his boot, the other with his boot-jack.

The boot took Clark square in the mouth, demolishing his teeth; and the boot-jack came down on Thomas' head just as he was in the midst of a triumphant "Ye-ow!"

When the lights were brought in the cat had disappeared, but the *cat*astrophe was in the opposite corners of the room.

Death of General Grant.

Born April 27, 1822. . . . . Died July 23, 1885.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT, the saviour of the American Union, peacefully passed away at Mt. McGregor, on Thursday, July 23d, at eight minutes past eight o'clock in the morning. The entire nation mourns his loss, and certainly his great services to his country fully entitle him to the highest honors which a grateful and sorrowing people may pay to his memory.

Ulysses Simpson Grant was born at Point Pleasant, O., April 27, 1822, and is of Scotch descent. In 1823 his parents removed to Georgetown, O., where his boyhood was passed. He entered West Point in 1839, the appointee of Congressman Thomas L. Harmer. His name was originally Hiram Ulysses, but through a blunder the appointment was made out for Ulysses S., and so it had to remain. During his course at the academy he showed much proficiency in mathematics. He graduated in 1843, ranking twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. He was made a brevet second lieutenant of infantry and attached as a supernumerary lieutenant to the Fourth Regiment, then stationed on the Missouri frontier. In 1845 the regiment was ordered to Texas to join the army of Gen. Taylor, and on Sept. 30, Grant was commissioned as a full lieutenant. He had his first experience of war in the battle of Palo Alto, May 8, 1846, and he also took part in the battles of Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, and the siege of Vera Cruz. In April, 1847, he was quartermaster of the regiment, but still participated in all active operations, and on Sept. 8, 1847, he was appointed on the field a first lieutenant for his gallantry. Col. Garland, in his report of the battle of Chapultepec, Sept. 13, 1847, said: "I must not omit to call attention to Lieut. Grant, Fourth Infantry, who acquitted himself most nobly upon several occasions under my own observations." For his conduct at Chapultepec, Grant was brevetted Captain. After the fall of the City of Mexico, he came home with his regiment and was stationed first at Detroit, and afterwards at Sackett's Harbor. He married Miss Julia T. Dent, of St. Louis, sister of one of his classmates, in 1848. He accompanied his regiment to California and Oregon, in 1852, and while at Fort Vancouver, Aug. 5, 1853, was commissioned full captain. He resigned his commission July 31, 1854, and removed to St. Louis, where he engaged in farming and in business as a real estate agent. In 1859 he was in the employ of his father in the leather trade in Galena, Ill.

At the fall of Fort Sumter he at once offered his services to the government. As a trained officer he was gladly accepted and appointed to command a company of volunteers, until he became Colonel of the Twenty-first regiment, his commission dating from June 17, 1861. Having organized and trained his regiment, he led it into Missouri,

where he formed part of the guard of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad. On July 31 he was appointed to the command of the troops at Mexico, Mo., forming a part of Gen. Pope's force, and on August 23 was promoted Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He assumed command of the troops at Cairo, which were soon increased by the addition of McClernand's brigade. He seized Paduca, a strategic point of importance, and at the battle of Frederickstown and Belmont held the Confederate General Jeff Thompson in check. Gen. Halleck, commanding the Department of Missouri, gave Grant the command of the district of Cairo, including Southern Illinois, Kentucky west of the Cumberland River, and the southern counties of Missouri. In February, 1862, he advanced on Forts Henry and Donelson with 15,000 men, supported by the gunboats of Commodore Foote. The reduction of the first (Feb. 6) was chiefly the work of the gunboats, but Fort Donelson was only taken after a desperate and bloody assault by the troops ten days later. As the first great victory of the Federal arms, this capture roused the country to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, and Grant was made a major-general, his commission dating from the day of battle. Gen. C. F. Smith had been directed to make an expedition up the Tennessee with about 40,000 men, but he died soon after he started, and the command devolved on Gen. Grant. On April 6, 1862, reorganizing the Union Army, which had been almost routed by Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, at Pittsburg Landing, Grant drove the Confederates back to Corinth. The loss was not far from 12,000 on each side. General Grant was slightly wounded.

On the recall of Halleck, Grant was given command of the West Tennessee Department, defeated Price, put Rosecrans in command at Corinth, and moved on Vicksburg with the Thirteenth Army Corps. After several unsuccessful attempts against "the Gibraltar of the Mississippi" from the north, Grant marched his army down the west bank of the river, crossed over below the city, April 30, 1863, and having defeated the enemy in several actions he prevented J. E. Johnston from joining Pemberton at Vicksburg. He laid siege to the city on the 18th of May. After desperate fighting and fearful carnage the place surrendered July 4, 1863, with 27,000 prisoners. For a season the tide of war began to turn in the favor of the Confederate forces. Grant was promoted to the rank of Major-General in the regular army and placed in the command of the Division of the Mississippi, with Sherman, Thomas, Burnside and Hooker under his orders. After the capture of Vicksburg, Grant sent heavy reinforcements to Sherman, who was thereby enabled to drive the Confederate force under Johnston out of Jackson. Bragg having threatened Chattanooga, Grant concentrated his forces and drove Bragg from Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain. Congress bestowed a gold medal on the victor, and revived for him the grade of Lieutenant-General. Resolutions of thanks were also passed by the Legislatures of New York and Ohio. "My headquarters," said his first general order, "will be in the field." He then took immediate command of the Army of the Potomac and carried on the campaign from the Rapidan to the James. Not before, during the war, did any one General command all the national armies. With

nearly 700,000 men in the field, Grant now planned two campaigns to be carried on simultaneously against vital points of the Confederacy,—the one under Gen. Meade to operate against Richmond, defended by Lee; the other, under Sherman, against Atlanta defended by Johnston.

Grant began his operations against Richmond May 3, and was joined two days later by the Ninth Corps under Burnside, which brought up his force to 140,000 men. He undertook to push through the Wilderness on Lee's right, so as to place himself between the Confederate army and the Confederate capital, but Lee, apprised of his designs, boldly pushed forward to meet him. The result was the bloody battle of the Wilderness. Grant was checked in his endeavor to get between Lee's army and Richmond! Having made another advance by the left flank, Lee again confronted him at Spottsylvania. After this "partial success and bloody repulse" he repeated the movement only to meet Lee in a strong position on the North Anna River; and having tried a fourth time, he found his army confronting the absolutely impregnable pits of Cold Harbor. Having suffered great loss in this attack, Grant once more moved his army by the left flank and crossed the James. The day after the success of Spottsylvania he sent his famous despatch to the Government, which closed with the words: "I purpose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." His losses during this campaign were 54,551 killed, wounded and missing. Lee's losses were 32,000. Sherman opened his campaign to Atlanta as soon as Grant telegraphed to him that he had crossed the Rapidan. Meanwhile several flanking movements that had been ordered by Grant were foiled, Sigel having been defeated at Newmarket by Breckenridge, Crook having been compelled to retreat, and Butler having failed to reduce Petersburg. The situation then narrowed itself down to a siege of Petersburg, which Grant began. Lee tried a diversion movement by the invasion of Maryland and an attack on Washington, but failed, Sheridan having driven back the invaders up the Shenandoah Valley. Meantime Sherman pushed forward in his great "march to the sea," crushing all opposition. Grant conducted the operations against Petersburg with vigor, but at a terrible cost of bloodshed. On April 2, 1865, Petersburg fell, and the next day the "last ditch" was crossed and Grant entered Richmond. Then came the historic scene at Appomattox Court House, when Gen. Lee surrendered with 27,000 men on April 9. The war was at an end, but at what cost! Grant's loss in 1865 alone was over 80,000 killed, wounded, and missing.

Grant then took up his headquarters at Washington, and on July 26, 1866, he was commissioned General of the United States' armies, the rank having been created for him. After the suspension of Secretary Stanton, by President Johnson, Aug. 12, 1867, Gen. Grant was made Secretary of War ad interim, but returned it to Mr. Stanton, Jan. 14, 1868, after the Senate had refused to sanction the latter's removal.

When the Republican National Convention met in Chicago, May 21, 1868, Grant was unanimously nominated for President on the first ballot, and Schuyler Colfax, Vice-President. Their opponents were Horatio Seymour and Francis P. Blair. Grant and Colfax carried

twenty-six States and received two hundred and fourteen electoral votes, against eighty for their opponents. The chief work of his Administration was the reconstruction of the lately rebellious States. In 1871 Grant urged the annexation of Santo Domingo to the United States; but the Senate withheld its approval. The Alabama claims were settled by arbitration, in Geneva, Sept. 14, 1872, when England was compelled to pay the United States the sum of $15,000,000.

At the National Republican Convention held in Philadelphia, June 5, 1872, President Grant was renominated by acclamation, and Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, received the nomination of Vice-President. Their opponents were Horace Greely and B. Gratz Brown. The Republican candidates were elected by an overwhelming majority. On the termination of his second term in the Presidency, he made his famous tour around the world.

At the Republican National Convention, held in Chicago, 1880, Grant was put forward as a candidate for a third term. On the first ballot he received three hundred and four votes; on the thirty-fourth, three hundred and twelve and on the thirty-sixth; when Garfield was nominated, 307.

The events of Grant's life since that day are known to all.

Whiskey and the Cholera.

PROF. MACKINTOSH, of Edinburgh, who ranks high in the medical profession, and who was physician to an extensive cholera hospital, states: — That drunkards were the persons generally attacked. In contrasting the causes predisposing to cholera, he also remarks: And above all, the dissipated, particularly those addicted to the habitual use of ardent spirits. It has been computed that five-sixths of all who have fallen by the disease in England were taken from the ranks of the intemperate and dissolute.

Dr. Rhinelander, who visited Montreal during the prevalence of the cholera there, in the summer of 1832, says: — That the victims of the disease are intemperate. In that city, after there had been 1,200 cases of the malady, a Montreal journal states that not a druukard who has been attacked has recovered, and almost all the victims have at least been moderate drinkers.

Dr. Sewell, who visited the cholera hospital of New York, states that of 204 cases in the Park Hospital there was only 6 temperate persons, and that these had recovered; while 122 of the others had died when he wrote, and that the facts were similar in all the other hospitals.

Mr. Huber, who saw 2,160 perish in twenty-one days in one town of Russia, says:— It is a most remarkable circumstance that persons given to drink have been swept away like flies. In Tiflis, containing 20,000 inhabitants, every drunkard has fallen; all are dead, not one remaining.

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

AMONG THE DAISIES.

Lay her down among the daisies,
With the fringes of her eyes,
Softer than their silver petals,
Closed for blissful reveries.
Fold her little hands in whiteness,
As in prayer, on her breast;
Fear not for their folded lightness
On the heart unmoving pressed,
For that heart of angel brightness,
Tired so early, lies at rest.

Tired so early! — when the dawning
Glimmered white-winged through the room,
And the skies were half awaking,
Half in fading starlit gloom,
From the heaven of the starlight,
Came the angels of the dawn;
And the morning winds were sighing,
And the curtains eastward drawn,
And her sleeping face looked brighter,
And a whispering sob said — "Gone!"

All the daisies were unfolding
In the fields, where never more
Shall the rapture of her child-life
Run in shout and laughter o'er.
Tired so early! She has gathered
All her gladness in swift space,
She has sung her song and ended,
Childlike, turning pleading face
Back to home when joys are weary —
Toward the one familiar place.

Lay her low among the daisies;
Angels knew her more than we;
They have led her home from wandering,
Tired with earthly revelry.
And above her daisied pillow
Let her simple tale be told:
Here the Lover of the lilies
Bade a little blossom fold;
He that wakes the flowers shall wake her,
White as snow, with heart of gold.

HOW A LITTLE AMERICAN GIRL SAW THE POPE.

A GENTLE, winning and brave little American girl, who is travelling in Europe, caring devotedly for her invalid father, a retired naval officer, writes to a lady friend in Washington, giving the following bright and ingenuous description of an interview she succeeded in getting with the pope: —

I went to another anteroom, waited a moment, was called, and went through more magnificent rooms to one more simple, when Monsignor Macchi, after speaking to two Passionate Fathers, came toward me, his pleasant face lighted up and smiling. He asked me: —

"Have you seen the Pope?"

"Oh, yes," I replied.

"And kissed his hand and received his blessing?" he questioned.

"Oh, yes," I said faintly.

"And what more?" he asked, but with such a genial smile that I was encouraged to tell him I wanted your crucifix blessed specially, and I did so want the Holy Father to say a word to me. He laughed, but very kindly asked me all about myself. I said I was an American-Catholic from my birth; papa a naval officer, a convert; and we were to leave Rome the next day. He said the Holy Father was much fatigued, but he would see, and, if at all possible, I should have the pleasure I longed for, but not to be disappointed if I were refused; but I must wait a while longer. I answered I could wait ever so long, and patiently enough. Special audiences, you know, mean several people who kneel about, and the Pope goes round and speaks to each one, and this, I thought, was the way I would have my pleasure, and while I was regretting I could get no more, Monsignor sent for me, and I was led through more grand rooms to one wherein I found waiting the lady from whom I got my idea of special audiences. So, dear friend, I had the satisfaction to know she had not got very far beyond me. She left the room, and I amused myself by watching the three ladies who were waiting their turn, when imagine — my dear, imagine — I was the *second* one called, and before I could realize I had been called, I was in the room with our 'High Priest.' He sat at one end of the apartment, all in white, and looked so benignly at me, while, in a few words, Monsignor made the introduction of the little American girl, who wanted His Holiness to say a word to her. Then he left. The Holy Father smiled and looked so gracious that my fears vanished, and in a moment I was on my knees at his side and alone with him I don't know if I fulfilled a single point of etiquette. I am sure I only called him "Mon Pere," and didn't give a single title. I could think of nothing formal. I knelt there, half leaning on his knee, on which I laid my rosaries. In my left hand I held your crucifix, and in my right I clasped his dear hand which I might kiss at will, while his soft, beautiful, keen eyes seemed to read my soul. He asked me all about myself, and dear papa and mamma, and my home, and my pleasures, and looked distressed when I told him of the trouble which ever grieves me. He said he would pray for us, each and every one, then gave your crucifix a special blessing, laying his hand on it

and my precious little cross, gave me a benediction with both hands on my head, and then with a wave of his hand and a sweet smile, dismissed me; but before I went many steps he called me and sent particular blessing to papa. I did not come out of the room at all in the proper way, for, instead of courtesying myself out, I turned and dropped on my knees in the middle of the room, when he again blessed me, and then, with my head up and my eyes full of tears, I ran out, and I don't believe the Holy Father liked it any the less, for Monsignor called me as I passed to wait, and went into the Pope's apartment, from whence he hastily came carrying a silver medal, which he pressed into my hand, looking very, very pleased as he told me the Holy Father sent it, with a blessing, for my very own. This is my proof that I have not dreamed all this, and the precious gift to the little American girl hangs on my rosary, a souvenir of a visit to be remembered while I live. I did have sense enough left to thank the chamberlains, one and all, as I passed, for their courtesy, and got down stairs and out into my carriage, reaching home at 11 o'clock and wondering if all the happiness had been mine.

LOUIS QUATORZE AND THE SNAKE.

Louis Quatorze is, I quite acknowledge, a rather strange name for a cat. But I think my little readers will say, when I tell them of something he did, that he quite deserved a royal name; and Louis Quatorze, as every little boy and girl knows who reads French history, was a king of France a good many years ago. And our cat who was called after him indeed proved himself to be a king amongst cats, though he did not come by his name on this account. It was given him, when quite a little kitten, by some one who declared his face was just like a Frenchman's; therefore he must have a French name.

Now, we may often notice queer likenesses in people to certain animals. I once knew a person whose face was remarkably like a frog's, and one who looked like nothing so much as a stork very much astonished, and another whose expression extremely resembled that of a codfish, and some persons have quite a cat-like look in their eyes. But to say a cat was like a Frenchman always did seem to me far-fetched and absurd, though it cannot be denied that Louis Quatorze had a foreign sort of look; and although both his papa and mamma were English, or more properly Colonial cats, he was quite unlike any English bred and born cat that ever I saw. We see cats with all sorts of different faces. Some have comfortable, contented-looking ones, neither too fat nor too thin, with straight noses, and nice-looking whiskers, just the right length. Others have round, puffed-up ones, with turned-up noses and no particular whiskers visible beyond their fat cheeks. And others again have long, melancholy, starved, cheekless faces, all eyes, noses and whiskers. But I don't believe any other cat ever owned such a peculiar physiognomy as Louis Quatorze. He was by way of being a black cat, at least his body was all of that color until it got to his ears, and there the black left off and a long white

face began, which looked all the stranger from its ending in a queer three-cornered black mark on his mouth, that had just the look of the imperial which foreigners often wear on their chins.

Louis was a great favorite ; partly because it was our way to make much of all our animals, and also because he certainly was different from ordinary cats. I think I never saw a creature so dreadfully thin as he was ; no amount of food would fill out his long, lean sides in the slightest degree. Any one would have said we starved him, which was not by any means the case. He had always lots of good food, and, besides what we gave him, he took good care to help himself on all occasions, not being at all troubled with any delicate scruples about appropriating anything that he thought nice to eat, if he could manage to do so without being caught ; and I have many times watched him dipping his paw into the milk jug, licking it well all over, and then dipping it in again for some more, which was anything but a pleasant habit of his, and is one that I believe other cats besides Louis are given to.

But I must get on with my story, and tell how it was that Louis Quatorze won our everlasting gratitude, and for which he certainly deserved to be treated like a king ever afterwards.

At the large farm where we lived in Africa there were a great number of snakes. Indeed, when we first went there the garden seemed to be full of them, and the Kaffirs who were set to clear away the weeds, which had spread everywhere, were constantly shouting to each other and running about with sticks, in great excitement at having found another "inyoka," as they call a snake.

This used, of course, to make us feel quite frightened at going about at all, for we were always expecting to tread upon one of the horrid Puff Adders, as one kind of snake is called, and a very dangerous one it is, his bite being nearly always fatal. He is just the color of dead leaves, amongst which he likes to curl himself up, and such a lazy, sleepy creature that he never takes the trouble to move politely out of any one's way, and nothing would be easier than to tread on him before one saw him. Thus I was heartily glad to see the weeds and rubbish disappearing, so that we might tell where the paths were, for at first we could see none.

Besides the Puff Adder there are two other sorts of snakes common in those parts. The black Imamba is one, and a very bad snake indeed it is. Some persons say that it will actually run after people when they are on horse-back and try to bite them ; but I cannot say whether this is true, for I never saw one do such a thing. Luckily, it is not so common as another kind of Imamba, which is green, and likes to live amongst trees, particularly in a very pretty tree with thick leaves, called a "loqûat." This snake is not so deadly as the black one, though his bite is very poisonous,— so the black people say, and they ought to know,— and no doubt anybody would be in great danger who was bitten by him. He is, however, a timid creature, and always wriggles away as fast as possible directly he sees any one.

These snakes are fond of climbing about on the roofs of houses, and looking for bird's nests under the eaves, for snakes are particularly

fond of young birds. One we shot had a poor little swallow in its mouth, that it had just taken out of its warm, cosy nest. Not unfrequently they get into the houses as well as outside them. It was by a green Imamba, which had found its way into our dining-room, that we were all very much frightencd one day, and which brings me to my story.

It was a lovely afternoon in the middle of summer when it happened. A thunderstorm in the morning had cleared the air, so that it felt fresh and cool, and over everything there was the peculiar bright look that we only see in very hot countries.

We were all sitting out of doors, under the delicious orange trees, — that is to say, all excepting our little boy of four years old, whom we had left very happy, and, as we thought, quite safe, building castles of bricks in the dining-room, when all at once we heard a door banged open, and saw the coolie cook, the only servant in the house, rush out of the kitchen, and run towards a large bundle of wood, from which he pulled out a long stick, shouting to us that there was a snake in the house. At the same time we heard the little boy screaming loudly, as if very much frightened or hurt. And when we got to the dining-room there was a sight that seemed to make my heart quite stand still for a minute.

In one corner, hard against the wall, stood the poor child, in an agony of terror, and in the middle of the floor, with its head raised, its tongue darting from its mouth in furious rage, was the longest green Imamba I ever saw. But it was not with the little boy that the snake was angry. He was entirely taken up in defending himself against an enemy who had evidently made up his mind to come off conqueror. And this was no other than Louis Quatorze. I was too anxious just at first to think of anything but our little boy, but the black servant, seeing a good opportunity, soon placed him quickly in safety in my arms, so that I was able to watch the curious battle that was being fought. If I had not seen it with my own eyes (as people say), I never should have believed that a cat would venture to attack a snake. The coolie had rushed in with the intention of killing the snake, fearing that it would overpower the cat. But as Louis was decidedly getting the best of it, he stepped back, with the look of eager interest which his countrymen take in anything in the shape of a *fight;* and it really was curious to see the struggle between the two combatants. Several times puss managed to give his enemy a good nip, which made him more furious than ever, but he wriggled away again, hissing, leaping, and writhing all round the room. Once he nearly escaped by the window, but just when he was half out Louis pulled him back again by his tail. At last, with one clever spring, the cat pinned the snake to the ground by his head ; he could do nothing but twist and twirl his tail about. To get away was quite impossible. Our brave Louis held him fast, and in mercy we told the coolie to kill him.

But though conqueror, Master Louis by no means came off scot-free. The snake had bitten him very badly on the face, which soon swelled up to an immense size ; and poor Louis looked most absurd with one very large, puffed-up cheek, and the other so long and thin.

We were afraid, at first, that he might die of the bite, but he showed no signs of being any the worse for it; but we noticed that he ran out to the garden directly the snake was killed, just as if he was going to fetch something. Therefore, perhaps, what people there say is quite true about cats, which is, that they know of some herb to eat which quite prevents snake-bites from doing them any harm; and, I daresay, Louis went to get a bit of it. At all events, he did not appear to mind his swelled cheek at all; he ate, drank, and slept as usual, and seemed quite himself

Of course, after that, Louis Quatorze was made a greater pet of than ever. He was allowed to steal without being beaten for it, to dip his paws into the milk, and do anything he chose; there never was a cat so thoroughly spoiled. Indeed, we hardly knew how to make enough of him, for we always felt that he saved our little boy from a dangerous bite, perhaps even from death; for the snake would have been nearly certain to have attacked him had not Louis been in the room.

This pet, like all our many others, came to a sad end; at least we always think that he must have done so, for, not content with stealing at home whenever he got a chance, he took to marauding expeditions after game, hares, rabbits, and, I daresay, young partridges out of the 'veldt,' as the wild sort of common land is called in Africa. Sometimes he would stay away for several days, and then come back when tired out. But at last he went away and never came back, so I have no doubt some Kaffir killed him, as they will any stray cat, for the sake of his skin. We had other cats afterwards, but none we liked so well as our poor Louis Quatorze; and though we were some years in Africa, where snakes abound, he was the only cat I ever knew attack one, and I think it must be very seldom that they ever venture to do so

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THE RAINDROPS.

"UGLY, spiteful rain! I knew it would come to-day!" cried Mildred, as she stood at the window, her eyes full of angry tears of disappointment.

"Seems as though it likes to spoil treats," murmured Gracie, between her sobs.

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter, splash, splash went the rain against the nursery window in reply. And splash, splash went the tears down four sad little cheeks.

It was very hard, certainly. Aunt Kate, who lived in the country, had invited Mildred and Gracie to spend a long day, and have a good romp with their cousins and some little friends, as it would be Cousin Clara's birthday. As soon as they arrived, they were to have an early dinner, and then start for the wood, where they would play all the afternoon; then boil the water in the old gipsy-kettle, and have tea under the trees.

Mamma had promised that if they were very good, they should have a holiday and go. For a whole week they had been looking forward to to-day, and had worked so hard at their lessons. Every morning they had run the first thing to the window to peep at the weather, and it was always bright and sunny.

But this very day, the most important one of all, the sky had been cloudy and overcast. Papa, too, had looked rather grave as he tapped the barometer in the hall on his way out, and had said to mamma:

"Dear me! how the glass is falling! I hope you'll be able to go!"

They did not understand what he meant, it is true, but still they felt very anxious as they ran up to the nursery, after giving papa a good-by kiss.

It was nearly time for them to think of putting on hats and jackets when down came the rain in torrents, and mamma sent word to nurse that they would not be able to go to-day,

What a terrible disappointment, to be sure! Just as they were speaking, mamma came into the room, and we can easily believe that she found two woe-begone and rather cross little girls crying by the window.

"I am so sorry for my pets!" said mamma; "but we must have our holiday at home to-day, and our great treat will come soon. Aunt Kate is sure to fix another day."

"Horrid rain!" pouted Mildred. "It always comes when it's not wanted."

"Perhaps it likes to make people cry," said little Gracie. "Mamma, why is it so cross and unkind?"

"I don't think it means to be that, Gracie," replied mamma, smiling. "Suppose I try and tell you the history of some little raindrops, where they went and what they did; and you shall decide whether they really are spiteful and cross."

Nothing pleased Mildred and and Gracie more than to hear one of mamma's tales; they always taught them so much, made them think of so many things, besides amusing them.

So they fetched two little stools, placed them close to the chair on which mamma seated herself, and in the delight of listening, they soon forgot their disappointment:

How happy the little raindrops were the day they fell in a rattling shower on the top of the dear old mountain!

It was the first home they could remember, and what a happy one it was, to be sure! The mountain was so kind, and had so much to show and teach them.

Through sunshine, storm, and rain it was always the same — so calm and patient, protecting the small and feeble, and giving a home and nourishment even to the stiff gloomy fir-trees, whom the little raindrops thought so proud and domineering. But the mountain seemed as good to them as to the young plants and shrubs to which it lent a helping hand when they tried to climb its high steep side.

The day on which the merry shower came chattering down, the drops were all so gay and full of fun that some of the most daring and mischievous of them even ventured to cluster on the branches of the

solemn firs, where they lay for a few seconds sparkling with laughter. But the boughs, offended at the liberty they had taken, shook them off impatiently, and they fell to the ground, where they joined their brothers and sisters, with whom they danced joyously in a little pool, until they became such a large party that they streamed down the mountain-side.

They trickled away, one after another, through the sloe-bushes and the brambles which were holding out their snowy blossoms to the hungry bees; amongst the waving grass and sweet wild thyme, stopping, however, every now and then in the midst of their mirth and frolic to cool and refresh a thirsty blade or parched-up root. Then on they went, happier than ever at having been able to do a kind action and help another.

At length they reached the bottom of the hill, where they leapt on a large boulder which lay before them, in order to take a last peep at the kind mountain-top.

How beautiful it looked! The wind had blown aside the fleecy clouds which had covered it like a veil, and the sun had now placed a glittering crown of gold upon its grand old head.

"Good-by, dear mountain," sighed the raindrops, as they splashed over the other side of the stone. "We are sorry to leave you. You make us so happy. But you taught us that we must not live all for ourselves. We are poor little things, but we'll work together, and try to remember the motto you gave us, 'Be glad and make glad.' It shall be our song as we journey along in life. Good-by, dear mountain, good-by!" and the last little drop dashed over the boulder stone.

By this time they were so many in number, that they became a small brook, which gurgled on over the earth and stony gravel. But it was very different here from the soft, green mountain-side. No sweet young grass tempted it to pass; all was parched up and bare, so the brook found good hard work to do.

But it worked with a will. Now we all know that "Where there's a will, there's a way." So our brooklet found, for in time it dug out a tiny bed in the gravelly soil, in which it rippled pleasantly. The little stones became bright and shining when it passed over them, and the poor, thirsty ground drew strength and moisture from its kindly waters.

As it journeyed through the dreary waste, it often felt weak and tired, and at last had scarcely the force to run; but still it struggled on, brightly and willingly giving to all it met on its way, and singing to itself the mountain's song, "Be glad, and make glad."

Busily and happily it travelled along, never stopping to complain. By degrees the earth became soft and dark, and soon it met with grass once more. Oh, how happy it was! How it sparkled and danced on the tender turf, and burrowed its way quite close to the roots of the little green blades, which seemed like friends from the dear old home.

"Stay! where are you going in such a hurry? Stop and rest a bit with me!" called out a drowsy voice."

The little brook sprang over a branch which lay in its road, and in jumping peeped to see who spoke.

It was a large, round pool, which was lying not far off, and really seemed half asleep, for it never troubled to move.

"We are going through life," replied the brook, "and have so much to do that we can't stop to gossip, Mr. Pool."

"Oh, nonsense!" rejoined the other. "If you bustle along in that absurd fashion, helping every one you meet, you'll exhaust yourself, and be quite used up when the summer comes; and what will you do then? No, no; learn a lesson from me, and take care of yourself, and stay snug in your bed, and leave others to look after their own affairs. 'Every one for himself,' is my motto, friend!"

"The mountain told us to give all we can — to be glad, and make glad — that the good God sent us on His own bright earth to rejoice and work for Him, by helping others with a willing heart — that we must try to be happy in forgetting ourselves, and trust to God for help."

"That's old-fashioned nonsense, my little friend! But there, I can't trouble to argue the matter. Don't bother me, that's all, when you're ruined and all dried up! Ta-ta! never mind answering me; I'm off to sleep!"

So the brook left the selfish pool and went briskly downhill for a time, and then reached a little valley, where another young brook like a silvery ribbon was busily winding along. They agreed to join and work together, and so they became a stream which watered the valley as it passed through.

The tall grass and slender weeds on its banks waved their thanks to it, in changing shadows which fell and played over its shining surface.

The clouds, too, seeing the good it did, came near, and bending over it, opened their hands and filled it so full of soft, splashing rain, that it grew wider and deeper the farther it went.

It passed through meadows sprinkled with daisies and clover, where buttercups shone in golden patches. It moistened the ground, and the trunks of the trees were covered with rich, green moss, in which the violet and anemone hid themselves and played with the sunbeams at hide-and-seek.

The summer arrived, and it became very hot. The clouds gave no more rain, and the sun began to burn and scorch the land.

The stream, however, scarcely felt the heat, for the alders and willows which grew on its banks spread their green arms out to shade it, and moved their boughs gently to and fro to fan and cool its waters; while the young twigs bent down and kissed it and thanked it for all its care, and nodded their green tops, as if keeping time to the music of its song, "Be glad, and make glad."

The cattle came at noonday to rest on its shady banks and quench their thirst. And the children learned to love it, for they soon found out that the finest forget-me-nots and the sweetest cress could be picked at its water's edge. So through the long, hot summer they sat and played by its side, making daisy-chains and wreaths of flowers which they threw to the laughing stream.

One day it heard the children speak of the selfish pool. They

said that its stagnant water had never done any good, but slept in its bed till the thick, green slime had almost covered it. Nothing grew near to shade or shelter it, so when the hot weather came, the sun soon dried it up. Then the farmer ordered its place to be filled up and the pool disappeared.

Time went by till the stream got so strong that at last it could turn the mill-wheels; then it became a river which carried barges and boats.

Thus it sang and labored, and flowed along till at last it drew near the sea Then the raindrops felt that their work was done, and thought that they would now be swept away by the rolling waves.

But why should they be afraid? They had practised the lessons which the mountain had taught them in the old home far away, to forget themselves in their thoughtfulness for others — to be glad, and make glad — and thus to praise and serve the good God.

Nearer and nearer they came to the sea. They could hear its loud, wild roar. Another moment and they will be swallowed up! — but no!

The sun sent down his strong, bright rays, and drew up the raindrops in a vapory mist which floated on for a while, then sank till it lay in a soft, grey cloud round the dear old mountain-top.

"Kind little raindrops! I'm glad they reached home again," said Gracie. "Ah, mamma, what a lot they did! and I know you mean that we must try and be like them."

"But how can we, I wonder?" exclaimed Mildred.

"Be glad, and make glad," replied mamma, smiling. "Begin with little things at home, as the raindrops did on the mountain. If you make up your minds to try, you will find out so many ways. Be bright, smiling little raindrops to papa and mamma, doing all they ask and wish. Be kind and patient with baby, and see how you can amuse and help your little friends. If my little girls do this, and try to forget themselves, they will grow into the happy stream."

"We were sulky Mr. Pools this morning, mamma," said Mildred sorrowfully. "But we'll begin and try to be drops of rain, won't we, Gracie?"

Gracie nodded her head gravely. Then drawing closer to mamma, asked: —

"Must we go down to the big sea?"

"We all go to it, Gracie. But if my darlings are good, they will rise up far higher than the clouds of mist; for our Father in heaven, whom they have loved and served, will call them to a home far brighter than the mountain-top. But see, the rain is nearly over now, and I really think we shall have a little walk together this afternoon! And another day, I dare say, the sunbeam will tell us a little story."

ACCEPT no one for your companion in life who does not fear God, and who is not governed in everything by the maxims of religion; otherwise he may cause you to lose your soul, whatever may be his natural goodness of heart. — *Fenelon.*

Useful Knowledge.

WRITERS in the *London Lancet* call attention to the great value of hot water applications to the head in cases of fainting or syncope. They also say that a prompt use of it, applied to the forehead with cloths, will very often avert such attacks.

IN walk or exercises, learn to keep the mouth closed, and to breath entirely through the nose. You can walk as far again, with less fatigue and without getting out of breath, than when you breathe through the mouth.

A CURE FOR CORNS.— A safe, sure, and certain cure for corns is said to be found in a poultice formed of bread soaked in strong vinegar. It should be applied on retiring at night; in the morning the soreness will be gone, and the corn can be picked out. Obstinate corns may require two or more applications.

SUMMER COLDS are often the worst of all colds, and hang on for a long time. Beware of sitting on stone steps or iron railings; beware of drafts when warm, or of throwing yourself down on haircloth furniture in thin clothing, when heated. If you must be in a draft face it — do not allow it on the back or neck.

LIME WATER.— Housekeepers should never be without a bottle of lime water. To have it always ready and in good order, but with little expense, place in a tall quart bottle of any kind, a gill or so of good lime, just slacked with water. Then fill the bottle with rain, or other pure water, and allow it to stand quietly, well-corked. The lime will settle, leaving clear lime water at the top. Pour this off gently, as wanted, adding more water as needed. Lime water, even when closely corked, often deteriorates; the carbonic acid in the air unites with the lime, and settles as an insoluble carbonate on the sides of the bottle, which it is nearly impossible to remove. This will spoil the bottle for any further use. Therefore select one from the storeroom which is not valued, but which has a good tight cover. A wide-mouthed bottle is preferable. The lime should be removed and fresh put in, once a year or so, unless kept very tightly corked. A pint of cold water dissolves less than ten grains of lime, and warm water still less. The uses lime may be put to are innumerable. If good milk disagrees with a child, or grown person, three or four tablespoonfuls of lime water added to a pint of it will usually help digestion and prevent flatulence; it also counteracts pain from wind in the stomach caused by eating acid fruits. Over-eating of candies and other sweets will sometimes cause acidity, for which this is a sovereign remedy. A tablespoonful for a child of two years old, to a gill or more for an adult, is an ordinary dose; while considerable will have no bad results; in fact, it is a simple anti-acid and slightly tonic. A small quantity put in the tooth mug, with the water for cleaning the teeth, will harden the gums and prevent soft decay, which is a serious evil which many desire to avert. For burns and scalds, to two parts of linseed oil add one part of lime water, and apply with soft linen.

DRINKS FOR THE SICK. — *Orange Whey:* The juice of one orange to one pint of sweet milk. Heat slowly until curds form; strain and cool.—*Egg Lemonade:* White of one egg, one tablespoonful pulverized sugar, juice of one lemon, one goblet water. Beat together.—*Sago Milk:* Three tablespoonfuls sago soaked in a cup of cold water one hour; add three cups boiling milk; sweeten and flavor to suit taste. Simmer slowly for half an hour Eat warm.—*Baked Milk:* Put a half gallon of milk in a jar and tie it down with writing paper. Let it stand in a moderate oven eight or ten hours. It will be like cream, and is very nutritious.

HAM.— Before boiling ham soak it in cold water over night, which will not only make it clean and tender, but will make it plump, and it will shrink less in boiling. Put it into a pot with cold water enough to cover it all about two inches, and let it heat very slowly, so that it will not begin to boil for one and a-half hours. It must then be skimmed and covered, and kept boiling very slowly until it is done, say about four or five hours, according to size. It should be boiled a little longer if it is not to be used until cold.

The Humorist.

IT is noted as a queer misprint the other day, that a doctor felt a man's "purse." Nothing very queer about that.

AN alderman once called on a well-known doctor, when the following dialogue took place: "Doctor, I have a strong tendency to gout; what shall I do to arrest it?"—"Take a bucket of water, and a ton of anthracite three times a week."—"How?"—"Drink the former, and carry the latter up three pair of stairs."

SEVERAL gentlemen were standing at a corner, when one of the most noted fashionable ladies passed on the pavement. "Ah!" exclaimed one of the gentlemen, "what a complexion! There is nothing to beat it. I am proud of that woman, I am."—'Are you her husband?" asked a stranger. "No, sir."—"Her father, then?"—"No, sir. I am no relation of hers, but I am proud of her complexion. I am the druggist that sold it to her. I make it myself."

"MOTHER, who is this Martin Luther that the papers are talking so much about?" asked a fashionable New York young lady. "Martin Luther—Luther," mused the mother, "the name seems familiar enough. What has he been doing?"—"I can't exactly make out, but it must have been something very nice. They are celebrating his birthday."—"Is he a foreigner?" asked the mother. "He must be or the people in this country wouldn't make such a fuss over him." "Luther—Luther," continued the mother; "I met a Mr. Luther in Paris last year—that delightful gentleman, you remember, who took us to drive, and who afterwards borrowed one hundred dollars of your father and forgot to return it, but I don't think his first name was Martin. This gentleman is probably some celebrated Englishman, who is coming to this country to lecture. You must speak to your father about tickets for the opening night."

MISS MIGGS, "I hope, my dear, that you don't go to the theatre alone." Estelle, "No, indeed, I never think of going unless I am chaperoned." Miss Miggs, "Unless you are what?" Estelle, "Chaperoned." Miss Miggs, "That's the way with me. I always like to have a chap around."

"NOW, you tell me I have a fair memory, a great capacity for learning languages, a large bump of veneration and a well developed head generally." "you have," said the phrenologist. "Is there anything," asked the man under examination, in the exuberance of his joy, "that my head needs to make it absolutely perfect?"—"Yes."—"What is it, pray?" asked the man. "A shampoo."

Mr. QUIBBS: "I think Mrs. Forsythe is one of the most beautiful women I ever saw. A lovely singer, too—such a sweet falsetto voice." Mrs. Quibbs (hotly): "Yes, and a false set o' teeth, too."

IN the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel. A church meeting was held. The old rich Scotchman rose and said: "Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel: I'll give five pounds for repairs." Just then a piece of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head. Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said: "Brethren, its worse than I thought; I'll make it fifty pun'."—"Oh, Lord," exclaimed a devoted brother on a back seat, "hit him again."

"YOU needn't tell me, sir," said an angry father to his son, "that you drank nothing but a glass or two of beer; you have been drinking whiskey; I can smell it."—"Father," acknowledged the young man, "it was whiskey that I drank, not beer."—"Well, you shouldn't have tried to deceive me, you young rascal; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."—"I am ashamed of myself. It was very foolish to think that a man of your—your—experience, wouldn't know whiskey from beer."

"WHAT kind of a man is he?" asked a gentleman about a young society man. "Oh, he's mighty popular with the women."—"Is he intelligent?"—"No, not particularly. You see, there's not much demand for intelligence in society now."—"Does he dance?"—"Of course."—"*Au fait* in everything, I presume?"—"Well, I don't know whether he owes Fay or not, but I know he owes about every man of my acquaintance. Who is Fay? I'll look him up and see if he doesn't owe him, too. I'll bet he does."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, SEPTEMBER, 1885.

The Snares Laid for Young Women.

THE degeneracy of Paris, which has long been a favorite theme with British writers, and with their disciples on this side the Atlantic, has at length been discovered to be more than equalled in iniquitous enormities by the horrible sacrifice continually progressing, in London, of feminine virtue at the shrine of lust. The startling disclosures just made by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, one of the most respectable and trustworthy journals in Great Britain, shows such a state of wickedness, vice and depravity among the "lords and gentlemen" of England, that the crimes and impurities of the French capital must, by comparison, be relegated to a secondary position. What *United Ireland* did for Dublin, by exposing the moral rottenness of the Castle element, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has done for London. Boldly and unflinchingly these two journals, undeterred by threats, and impervious to bribes, tore the cloak of hypocrisy and deceit from the lives of these human monsters, and dragged them forth to the light of day in all the hideousness of their grovelling passions. It was a sternly heroic remedy that was thus administered, but the occasion was an extraordinary one, and milder remedies had proved ineffectual. The *Gazette* paid, in the course of its articles, an admirable tribute to the virtue of Catholic girls, and the value of home influences. It is not the purpose of this article to dwell in detail upon the infamous transactions that have been exposed in London, but simply to glance at the salient features of the iniquitous traffic, which has been carried on under the patronage of the so-called "better class," and then to demonstrate that in many of the great cities of the United States, a similar condition of things exist, requiring treatment as radical, and reforms as great in proportion, as are needed in the modern Babylon on the Thames. It is asserted that for years, young girls have been abducted by thousands from Belgium, France, Holland and other countries, by agents of procuring establishments in London. The exposé by the *Pall Mall Gazette* was prompted by the arrest of a notorious procuress, called "Madame Jeffries," who occupied elegant quarters in a fashionable part of London. Books, containing lists of her customers, were also secured by the police, and found to contain the names of wealthy men of leisure, members of the nobility, and others boasting of their "blood" and "social position." This woman had several other houses throughout London, all of which were being constantly recruited by virtuous girls, thirteen and fourteen years of age, who were actually for sale to the lecherous scoundrels desiring to buy. Numerous similar establishments are known to exist, and all are conducted on the same scale. Innumerable devices were resorted to, to decoy country girls to these gilded dens. Some were attracted by neatly-worded

advertisements, offering good positions; others were met upon their arrival in London, by emissaries, disguised as Sisters of Charity; others were led astray by girls of about their own age, who proved to be in the employ of these procuresses. In fact, every possible means were resorted to; and the appalling results show how successfully. Thousands of girls — some say as high as ten thousand — fall victims annually to the wiles and snares of the network spread by these procuresses throughout the United Kingdom and the continent, while thousands more are otherwise entrapped to satisfy the sensuality of fiends dressed in broadcloth and fine linen. The disclosures by the *Pall Mall Gazette* raised a cry of horror among the good and the true throughout England, while a howl of rage went up from the depraved in high stations, who were thus discomfited. This latter class threatened the journal just mentioned with government prosecution; but when the plucky editor significantly dared them to do it, they decided that playing with fire was dangerous, and concluded to let the paper alone. The *Gazette* withheld from publicity the names of the guilty parties, but has since submitted them, together with a mass of other evidence, to an investigating committee, comprising the venerable Cardinal Manning, who, during his long life of seventy years, has done herculean work in the cause of morality, the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury, and one or two others. Unbounded confidence is placed in this committee, and its findings will no doubt be fearless, frank and decisive. It will then remain with the authorities to deal with the iniquity and the authors thereof in a summary manner, and to inaugurate organic reforms.

"It is to be hoped," remarked a leading philanthropist within a few days, "that such a system of vice and depravity will never be known in America." How little acquainted is he with existing facts! For a system quite as bad is not only in existence in this country at present, but has been for generations. This is not stated in palliation of the London iniquities, for such crimes stink in the nostrils of all Christian people, and merit the most condign penalties wherever committed. But it is to draw public attention, and especially the attention of the authorities, to a similar condition which undeniably exists in Boston, and, as in London, oftentimes most flagrantly within a few feet of our police stations, and within the shadow, almost, of our courts of justice.

So far as the system of procuration is concerned, there is little doubt that it exists in this city, and partakes of some of the worst features of the London infamy. The system may vary in detail, and in the exact manner of procedure, but the ends sought are the same — the merciless ruin of the virtuous and unsuspecting. In this city, as in that, cunning advertising is not infrequently resorted to to entrap the unwary; and many a poor girl has, it is feared, met her destroyer in alleged "intelligence offices" and "employment agencies." Undoubtedly there are many, very many, respectable and thoroughly trustworthy people who conduct entirely reputable places for securing positions for girls and women, and for furnishing employers with first-class domestics, but the tares have been sown among the wheat, and there are not a few places in this and other American cities, which, under the guise of intelligence offices, are recruiting places for dens of infamy and lives of shame. It is a fact, doubtless privately known to the police, that the procuresses in this city are as wily and unceasing in their work as are those of New York or London. A private detective once stated to the writer, that while working up a certain case, he incidentally made the astounding discovery, that agents of Boston procuresses were to be found throughout the New England States in all the important cities, and that the keen glance of these human hawks never relaxed in its search for prey. The same officer also stated that two instances had come under his

observation where young women employed as emissaries by these procuresses, had actually obtained positions as "sales-ladies" in stores in this city, where large numbers of girls are employed, ostensibly to earn an honest living, but really to act as go-betweens and accessories for the infamous woman for whom they really worked, and her sensual customers. In both cases the proprietors of the stores in question subsequently discovered the true state of affairs, and summarily discharged the two wretches. But employers are not always so conscientious, as an instance which came under the writer's observation a short time since will tend to show. A gentle, hard-working girl, whose fidelity to herself and her duty in the store was unquestioned, modestly asked for a slight increase in her weekly pay. She had been getting $3.50, and she wanted $4.00. What reply did she receive from her wealthy employer? A refusal, point blank, coupled with the infamous suggestion that if she was "sharp" she could increase her income by the sale of her virtue, as "better girls in the store were doing." The writer advised the girl and her parents to at once prosecute, to the full measure of the law, the scoundrel guilty of this horrible advice; but the dread of publicity, and the innate respectability of the girl and her family prompted them to refrain. This is but a single instance of what, it is to be feared, is continually occurring. Go into some of our large establishments any afternoon almost, and fashionably dressed men, singly and by twos and threes, may frequently be seen, who enter the store without any apparent object except to take an insulting inventory of every girl in the place. Indeed, so far has this gone, that a few well-known firms have found it necessary to enact stringent measures to rid themselves of these Lotharios. Too often it happens that one of the worst foes a good girl can have, is a "friend" of her own sex, with whose surroundings or antecedents she is unacquainted. For these "friends" are too often decoys and tempters, who, having fallen themselves, seemed possessed with a Satanic desire to accomplish the fall of their associates. Many girls by their high moral sense and strength of will escape contamination; while many others, lacking Christian restraint and Christian training, unfortunately fall.

It is high time that radical steps were taken to lift the city to a higher plane of morality. At the West End, at the South End, and at the North End, are whole streets occupied almost exclusively by houses of ill-fame; and it is safe to say that the locality and character of every one of these houses is known to the police. From Dover Street to Causeway Street illicit solicitation among the pedestrians of both sexes is of nightly occurrence, with little or no attempt at concealment. Proprietors of many houses of evil repute boast that they have "fixed" the police, and that the latter will not molest them in their nefarious business. It is time to cry halt to these iniquities, and Mayor O'Brien could not engage in a more praiseworthy work than to at once inaugurate measures calculated to rid the city as far as possible of this moral incubus. Spasmodic efforts will not do; but carefully planned, persistent, energetic and fearless work will. The mayor of New Orleans and other cities have already actively begun a similar work in their cities, and with immediate noticeably good results. Let the mayor of Boston likewise inaugurate needed reforms in the same direction.

THE remains of the late Gen. Grant were buried at Riverside Park, on the Hudson River, New York City, on the 8th of August. Peace to his ashes.

MR. JOHN GALLAGHER, of Bangor, Me., died in that city on July 31st. He had been a resident of Bangor for thirty-seven years, and was esteemed as an upright, honorable, Christian man. He leaves a devoted wife and one son and three daughters to mourn his loss.

Notes on Current Topics.

THE May Festival, in aid of St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum netted $2,205.48.

PRIDE. — Read Cardinal Manning's definition of Pride.

ERNEST F. RITZ is decidedly one of the best photographic artists in Boston. We have tested his ability in this respect, and pronounce him superior to any artist we have sat for. His rooms are at No. 58 Temple Place. Give him a call.

PARNELL. — The New York *Sun* very truly says, "There never was a time when Ireland needed a statesman more than now, and events have shown that in Mr. Parnell she possesses one."

THE POPE AND IRELAND. — The collection in support of the Peter's Pence Fund in the churches and chapels of the diocese of Dublin was one of the most successful of the collections made for the same purpose for many past years. It was a significant manifestation of attachment to the See of St. Peter, and of affectionate recognition of the part taken by his Holiness Leo XIII., in the great event which has given to the diocese the choice of its priesthood and the desired of its people.

A BRAVE SOCIALIST. — A fair sample of the blatant demagogue, who assumes to lead and advise the laboring men, was illustrated in Cleveland, Ohio, recently. Wm. J. Gorsuch, editor of a socialistic paper in Chicago, addressed a meeting of striking iron workers. He contended that the rich had no right to own property, urged the strikers to rob, burn and murder, and declared he defied the police, state, or federal authorities, and would "fight like a tiger if any one attempted to arrest him." While he was speaking, a policeman came on the platform, tapped Gorsuch on the shoulder, led him meekly to the police station and locked him up.

IT is announced that the command of the Second Royal Welsh Fusileers has fallen vacant by the retirement of Col. Luke O'Connor, who originally entered the regiment as a private. This, a correspondent states, was the identical "Welsh" regiment which distinguished itself in the Crimea, and which had in its ranks five Welshmen, all told, the remainder being Irishmen, of whom Col. Luke O'Connor was one.

THE present Italian Embassador to the Court of Vienna is a natural son of Victor Emmanuel, and it is this bastard who declares he cannot associate with A. M. Keiley, says the *Western Watchman*.

A FRENCH CATHOLIC CHURCH IN BOSTON. — The French Catholic parish, which has had its place of worship on Freeman place, off Beacon street, has grown so rapidly lately that it has decided to erect a larger and more convenient church, with a parochial house. For this purpose a piece of land measuring 13,000 square feet has been bought near the Providence Railroad station.

WE are sorry to have to report the death of John O'Kane Murray, M. D., of Philadelphia, a well-known physician, and author of several works relating to Catholic Church history, who died at the Leland Hotel, Chicago, July 30, of consumption. He was on his way to Colorado. He has a brother a priest at St. Bridget's Church, Archer Avenue, Chicago. He was buried from his home in Philadelphia on Monday, August 3d. May he rest in peace.

A POLISH seminary is in course of erection in Detroit, Michigan, for the purpose of educating young Polish Levites to minister to the spiritual needs of their fellow-countrymen who have lately come in large numbers to these shores.

SEEKING THEIR RIGHTS. — The Episcopal Committee of the Irish Catholic, Bishops, recently assembled at Maynooth, have passed a series of resolutions

declaring Irish Catholics entitled to share, in due proportion, in the public endowments for education without being obliged in return to make any sacrifice of their religious principles. They are at present excluded from these endowments, except by accepting a system of education pronounced by themselves and the Pope to be intrinsically dangerous to faith and morals. They call upon the Irish party to press forward, by every constitutional means, the just claims of Irish Catholics in the matter of University education, and to oppose Parliamentary grants to the Queen's Colleges until these claims are provided for. They also claim a due share in the public endowments for intermediate education on conditions consistent with Catholic principles, and a representation on public boards proportionate to their numbers.

THE LABOR QUESTION.— Mgr. Capel says that "The great question which interests the whole world will, sooner or later, have to be brought to an issue in this country,— I refer to that great intricate problem of labor. This problem can never be solved in Europe. The boundaries there are too limited for it to assume the vastness of proportion which amounts to danger, to permit of it being put to a practical test. But here I see every element which foretells the approaching conflict. It is, perhaps, in California that the question's wedge will be first inserted. Human nature is the same here as it is elsewhere. The workingman puts a greater value upon his labors than the employer thinks it right or convenient to give him. This question will one day suddenly be brought up before the employer, perhaps, more suddenly than will be pleasant, but when once before him, it will have to be solved."

NOBLE BEQUESTS. — Rev. Fr. Griffin, formerly of St. Francis de Sales Church, Roxbury, but late of Franklin, Mass., made the following bequests: To the Particular Council of St. Vincent de Paul of Boston, of the parish of St. Francis de Sales, $1,000, to be expended for the poor of said parish; to the Association for Protection of Destitute Roman Catholic Children in Boston, the homestead of the testator, located at No. 105 Vernon Street, Roxbury, worth $6,000 or $7,000; to the Boston Ecclesiastical Seminary, $5,000; Home of the Good Shepherd, Boston, $1,000; Carney Hospital, $1,000; Institution of the Little Sisters of the Poor, Boston, $2,000; St. Mary's Infant Asylum, $1,000. After bequeathing different sums of money to immediate relatives, the residue of the estate is ordered to be disposed of, in the discretion of the executor, to Catholic charitable institutions in Boston. Chas. F. Donnelly, Esq., of Boston, is named as executor of the will.

THE Massachusetts Catholic Order of Foresters has a membership of 3,025, distributed through 52 courts. Since the formation of the Order, in 1879, it has paid out in death claims to the relatives and dependents of deceased members the sum of $135,000.

FATHER GRIFFIN'S SUCCESSOR.—The Rev. John M. Mulcahey, of the Gate of Heaven Church, South Boston, succeeds the late Rev. Father Griffin, of Franklin, Mass., recently deceased. Before his departure for his new field of labor, the reverend gentleman was presented with a purse of $1,509 by the congregation of the Gate of Heaven Church. For a number of years Father Mulcahey attended as assistant chaplain at the House of Correction, where he was not only highly respected by the officers, but by the unfortunate inmates of that institution.

MAYNOOTH. — We give this month the second part of the interesting papers on this celebrated Catholic College. The papers are written by a graduate for our MAGAZINE. The third and last article will be given in the October issue.

THE consecration of the Very Rev. Richard Phelan, as Coadjutor Bishop to Rt. Rev. J. Tuigg, of Pittsburgh, took place on Sunday, August 2d. The Most Rev. Dr. Ryan, of Philadelphia, was the Consecrator, assisted by Rt. Rev. T. Mullen, of Erie, and Rt. Rev. J. F. Shanahan, of Harrisburg, Pa.

THE CATHEDRAL of the Immaculate Conception, St. John, N. B., was consecrated on the 16th of July, feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, by Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, assisted by Bishops Rogers, of Chatham, and Cameron, of Arichat. Archbishops Lynch and Corri-

gan; Bishops McIntyre, of Charlottetown and McMahon, of Hartford; Mgr. Power, V. G., of Halifax, and many other ecclesiastics, were present. The Cathedral, an imposing Gothic structure, was begun in 1853, and has cost about $180,000. The silver jubilee of Bishop Sweeney, of St. John, was joyously celebrated on the same day.

DRAINAGE.— The very great work of the drainage of the valley of the River Suck, to relieve the low lands from periodical flooding, is progressing well in the neighborhood of Ballinasloe. Six hundred men are every day working in divisions within a few miles of the town. Each fortnight about £700 are paid to the laborers. This is a great boon, as actual want is general among the laborers and small farmers of the surrounding district.

RIEL has been sentenced to death at Regina, N. W. T., September 18.

THE Irish farmers complain of the great scarcity of laborers. There is an almost entire absence of the strong, healthy, young people that were to be seen some time ago working in the fields. The stream of emigration has carried away the flower of our race making sad havoc with the laborers.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Newman was present at the performance of the Annual Edgbaston Oratory Play. The piece enacted was an adaptation by his Eminence of Terence's "Formio."

THE death of Gen. Grant leaves Gen. McClellan, the only survivor of the men, who, at different times, commanded the army of the Potomac.

IN the Supreme Court, Judge William Allen, sustained the will of Ann Klemm, who left the residue of her estate, some $12,000, to the Carney Hospital, South Boston.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHEL has declared against the payment of all Nationalist members of Parliament without distinction, and has given good reasons for his opinion, which his grace says is only as yet his own. Such a system, says Dr. Croke, if carried out indiscriminately, would raise up a crop of salary-hunters who might have been mere "parish politicians" and who might be of no use to Ireland in Parliament. It would heavily tax the Irish people, as a sum of perhaps £24,000 a year might be required, and at all events £12,000 would have to be subscribed, though the people are still suffering much from poverty. The wise prelate fully approves of a handsome pecuniary testimonial being given by constituencies to their members who possess talent, honesty, industry, and independence. He would not disapprove of Monaghan giving £1000 to such a man as Mr. Healy, but he would not lavish Irish hard-earned money on any except men whose services are of value to Ireland.

GEN. SHERIDAN. — I regard Sheridan as not only one of the great soldiers of our war, but one of the great soldiers of the world — as a man who is fit for the highest commands. No better general ever lived than Sheridan. — As a commander of troops, as a man capable of doing all that is possible with any number of men, there is no man living greater than Sheridan. I rank him with Napoleon and the great captains of history. He had a magnetic quality of swaying men which I wish I had. — *Gen. Grant.*

A GREAT WORK. — The report of the Superior Council of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, of New York, made to the Council General in Paris, for the year 1884, shows that two hundred and sixty (260) conferences of this most admirable charitable society are named in this report. During the year 1884, five conferences were aggregated; and nine conferences make their first reports. Here is the excellent showing of the society for the year 1884: Number of poor families visited and relieved, 12,771; number of visits paid to poor families, 122,667; families on the relief roll, December 31, 3,007; situations procured, 750; members assisting in teaching Sunday school, 434; average number of boys attending Sunday school, 40,396. The total receipts for the year amounted to $130,882; expenditures for the relief of all kinds to the poor, $127,569; balance at the end of the year, $37,958. Notwithstanding the hard times, this is a most satisfactory exhibit.

Rev. Father Scully's Great Work.

Boston Sentinel.

A RENEWED effort is being made to "wipe out" the church, or parish debt, as it is indifferently called, among the people of St. Mary's Parish, Cambridgeport, Mass. The debt, according to a report issued last month by Rev. Thomas Scully, the pastor, is now $30,000. Three or four years ago, in response to Father Scully's appeal, it had been reduced to $15,000 from about the present amount. Since then, four purchases of real estate have been added to the parochial property; another school-house built; the pastoral residence largely increased in size and accommodations; a rustic grotto, furnished with a miraculous artesian well, constructed; a really fine hall, of the dimensions and style of a public theatre externally and internally, erected; and an asylum for children, in the care of a dozen or more sisters, established. This latter institution occupies a block of tenement houses, once owned by the pastor. The sum it was purchased for is not yet included in the church debt. The population of the parish is less than 10,000 souls. Rev. Father Hickey, the latest of the many able young priests who have temporarily assisted there, has been appointed to visit every family, and to take the names of every member fortunate enough to have employment, with the intention of collectin from each, between now and the 1st of November, at least "five days' pay." By the same date, according to an appreciative account in the *Cambridge Chronicle*, Father Scully will have augmented the real estate of the parish by a splendid brick gymnasium, that will be an ornament to the city, at a cost of $21,000. No doubt, vigorous action like this will be found worthy of high commendation.

Orange Rowdyism at Rye House, England.

A DISTURBANCE of a rather serious kind occurred on Monday at Rye House, Hertfordshire, a popular place with excursionists from the metropolis. It appears that a party of Orangemen had organized an excursion to that place in celebration of the 12th of July — the Battle of the Boyne. About a thousand Catholics from Deptford had also gathered there on an excursion organized in aid of the funds of the Catholic Schools. Despite certain inflammatory addresses delivered by the Orange party, all went well until an Orangeman approached two priests in charge of the Catholic excursionists and waved a flag in their faces. This was the signal for a general disturbance. Railings were torn down; and, armed with these impromptu but effective weapons, the members of the rival parties fell to. The police were overpowered; and for half an hour the *melee* continued. Several of the Orangemen were armed with swords and used them freely. Father Fannan, in the course of strenuous attempts to restore peace, received a heavy blow from a sword; and Father E. Carroll, while making similar efforts, was knocked down and severely kicked; but, happily, neither sustained any injury of a permanent nature. Ultimately the efforts of Fathers Fannan, Ryan, and Carroll were successful in restoring order; and it was then found that none had been seriously injured, though, of course, many had sustained bad cuts and bruises, which rendered the services of a doctor needful. The Orangemen were got off to the railway station under the escort of the police; and thus a very ugly incident came to an end.

Military Riot.

THE anniversary of the battle of the Boyne (12th of July), was signalized in Waterford, Ireland, by a riot between the citizens and a Welsh regiment stationed there. In a drunken broil, which some of the soldiers got into, one of them plunged his bayonet into the heart of a civilian. The result was that the people became enraged, and attacked the soldiers with sticks and stones, driving them to their barracks, which they subsequently laid siege to, breaking every window in the building, although threatened with powder and ball. The excitement of the people continued on Monday morning, and became so threatening that it was deemed best to remove the regiment to other quarters. The man who was killed was named Peter Grant. Two soldiers have been arrested on suspicion. A number of people profess to be able to identify the murderer. The verdict of the inquest was that Grant came to his death by a bayonet wound, inflicted by a soldier of the South Wales Borderers. The soldier has been arrested.

"I SHALL be always with the people, sustaining them in every legitimate struggle, both by word and example, moderat-

ing the exuberant enthusiasm of some, stimulating others to greater activity in the national cause, and thus contributing one man's share towards the realization of the people's hopes, and the attainment of the people's rights. This I believe to be my duty in the present state of Ireland."—*Archbishop Croke.*

The Working Boys' Home.

The building committee having accepted Mr. Ford's plans for the above institution, work on the structure will be commenced immediately, and it is expected that the new building will be ready for occupancy in the fall. The dormitories and refectory will be large and well ventilated, in striking contrast to the present crowded condition of those apartments in the little home on Eliot Street. Ample accommodations will be given the boys for recreation, where, during the early hours of the evening, they can play, romp, sing or read, according as their fancy suggests. Altogether, the building when completed will be a model of its kind. The committee in charge of its construction consists of Rev. Father Magennis, Thomas F. Sullivan, John Conlon, Father Roche and William J. Quinn. The officers and members of the Corporation are as follows: President and treasurer, Rev. D. H. Roche; vice-president, Rev. Thomas Magennis; clerk, John Conlon; directors — Rev. Matthew Harkins, James H. Lambert, Henry F. Naphen, William J. Quinn, Rev. Dennis O'Callaghan; members — Hon. Patrick Maguire, Matthew Keaney, Rev. H. P. Smyth, Rev. J. Delahunty, Thomas E. Sullivan, Thomas E. Doherty, Thomas F. Taff, James E. Dorsey, James J. Donnelly. To aid in establishing a building fund, a picnic will take place in a few weeks, at which numerous athletic games will take place, and experts from all parts of the United States and Canada are expected to take part in the competitions. No charitable institution in the city is more deserving of generous support from Catholics than the Working Boys' Home, and it is to be hoped such will now be forthcoming.

Archbishop of Dublin.

THE newly-elected Archbishop of Dublin was consecrated at Rome, on the 2d of August, and shortly after was created a Cardinal. This is what happened in Rome when Dr. Walsh was nominated to Dubin, according to a Roman correspondent of the *Nation:*— "At nine o'clock on St. John's Eve the Pope was giving audience to the Secretary of Propaganda for Oriental Rites. No question touching the Latin Church has place at this audience, and as a rule none is ever touched. The Holy Father, however, on that occasion, interrupting the business of the evening, desired the secretary to inform the authorities at Propaganda that they could proceed to expedite the necessary Bulls, 'for we have nominated an Archbishop to Dublin.'—'And the name, Holy Father?' Taking a pen, the Pope wrote on the back of a document before him, 'Walsh.' 'We desire also,' said His Holiness, 'that Ireland should have the first intimation. Tell the news, therefore, to no man, except to the Cardinal Secretary of State, the Cardinal Prefect of Propaganda, who will forward the information, and, if not too late, you may go to the Irish College. No doubt Monsignor Kirby would wish to give early notice to his friends.' And so, before the fires of Saint John had died out, the President of Maynooth was officially invested with the authority and jurisdiction of Archbishop of Dublin."

Failure of an Irish Bank.

THE Munster Bank, with headquarters at Cork and branches in Dublin and other Irish cities and towns in Ireland, to the number of twenty-nine, has failed with liabilities amounting to about $3,780,000, and assets that may reduce them slightly. No such financial disaster has occurred in Ireland since the failure of Sadlier's bank, which ruined thousands of confiding depositors in the south of Ireland. Among the names smirched by the Munster bank disaster is that of Mr. William Shaw, M. P., who, at one time, aspired to rival Mr. Parnell in the leadership of the Irish people, and who seceded from the Irish Parliamentary party, on the land reform question. It is feared that the effect on the Munster farmers in particular will be very disastrous, as they must repay the advances made by the bank before their harvests can be realized upon. The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* says, "it is perfectly certain that every creditor of the bank will receive 20*s.* in the £1, and it is true that the shareholders in the bank will receive a substantial dividend even if the bank itself be not resuscitated." The refusal

of the Bank of Ireland to concede assistance to the Munster Bank has aroused the fierce indignation of all the Irish Nationalists. The Nationalist newspapers threaten to organize a crusade against the bank as "a foreign corporation, whose notes the Irish people should refuse, demanding gold." *United Ireland*, Mr. Parnell's organ, declares that the Bank of Ireland is a source of danger to the country. "It is endowed," declares *United Ireland*, "with extraordinary powers, which are used solely for its own aggrandizement, and to the detriment of Irish trade and credit. It is not an Irish bank, it is merely a branch of the Free Mason's Orange Lodge. Of its eighty officers and agents, but eight are Catholic."

Turk, Jew or Atheist.

TIMES have changed since the days when over the gates of Bandon town the inscription was graven bidding Turk, Jew, or Atheist to enter, but no Papist. The flood of nationalism that has spread through the land, has at last touched the walls of the old Cork borough. The result of the polling for the Town Commission was that the Nationalists had returned every man of their seventeen candidates. Thus has fallen the last stronghold of the enemy in the south of Ireland.

In old times the following used to be posted on the walls of this town:—

Turk, Jew or Atheist may enter here, but not a Papist. Some one, it is said the witty Dean Swift, wrote the following underneath the inscription: Whoever wrote this he wrote it well, for the same is written on the gates of hell.

AUSTRALIA HONORED.—His Holiness, Leo XIII., has accorded a cardinal's hat to Mgr. Moran, Archbishop of Sydney. The new cardinal for many years was a great favorite and college comrade of Cardinal Pecci before he became Pope.

THE NEW LORD LIEUTENANT of Ireland, the Earl of Carnarvon, is 54 years of age, and succeeded his father in '49. He was twice married, his second wife being the eldest daughter of the late Henry Howard, of Greystoke Castle. He was Under Secretary of State for the Colonies '58-59, Secretary of State '66-67, and again '74-78. He has two sons and three daughters, his eldest son, Lord Porchester, being 19 years of age.

Consecration of Bishop Walsh.

RT. REV. DR. WALSH was consecrated Archbishop of Dublin at Rome on Sunday, 2d of August, Archbishop Moran of Sydney, N. S. W., performing the act of consecration. The ceremony took place in the Church of St. Ann, which contains, among other relics, the heart of Daniel O'Connell.

CHOLERA has begun to develop alarmingly in the south of France.

I. C. B. U.—The Seventeenth Annual Convention will be held in Brooklyn, N.Y., on Wednesday, September 9th.

VICTOR HUGO, though the son of sceptical parents, had close Catholic connections. His mother's sister became an Ursuline nun in 1787, and died in Nantes at the age of 90. Another aunt and two cousins were members of the same community, as also is a third cousin still living. On the father's side there is a cousin a Carmelite nun at Tulle, and one of his brother Abel's sons died at Rome on the eve of entering the priesthood.

SOME excitement was caused in Dublin by an announcement that the memorial window to the late Mr. Burke, who was unhappily assassinated in the Phœnix Park, had been defaced by the removal of the inscription, which had been carefully excided and had mysteriously disappeared. Various rumors were afloat, and curiosity was all alive; but on closer inquiry being made in the right quarter, it was found that the excided inscription had not been maliciously or mischievously made away with, but was merely removed for some necessary repairs.

MICHAEL DAVITT DECLINES.—Michael Davitt, the Irish patriot, having been again invited to become a candidate for a seat in Parliament, has written a public letter in which he declares: "I have determined that I will never sit in an English Parliament. This determination is irrevocable. Fifteen years ago I was sentenced in the name of the Queen to a term of servitude which is now expiring. I cannot perform an act which would compel me to seal my forgiveness and forgetfulness of all this personal wrong and inhumanity by invoking God's

name as testimony of my loyalty and devotion to the power which inflicted this wrong." Mr. Davitt denies that he ever wrote to Mr. Joseph Chamberlain offering to assist him in stumping Ireland upon a Radical platform.

NAPOLEON. — I always had an aversion to Napoleon and the whole family. When I was in Denmark, I declined seeing the prince imperial. I did not wish to see him. The first Emperor had great genius, but was one of the most selfish and cruel men in history. I see no redeeming trait in his character. The third Napoleon was even worse, the especial enemy of America and of liberty. —*Gen. Grant.*

PEACE IN IRELAND.— The judges of Assize will, to all appearance, return from circuit with a stock of white gloves, says the *Freeman's Journal.* These emblems of a blank criminal calender are being presented to their lordships every other day, and where there is any business at all it is of the most trival nature. On Monday Baron Dowse found that not a single case was to come before him from the county Westmeath, and Mr. Justice Lawson on the same day had a similar experience of the peace and good order prevaling in the county Meath. At Drogheda Mr. Justice O'Brien had to congratulate the Grand Jury upon the fact that that important town was absolutely free from serious crime, and subsequently his lordship received the usual presentation in token of a virgin calendar. At Carrick-on-Shannon Chief Justice Morris had but one case for the Grand Jury, and in Clare and King's County Chief Baron Palles and Chief Justice May could almost say, with Othello, that their occupation was gone so far as the trial of criminals was concerned. This happy state of things is most encouraging, and we trust it may long continue.

THE new Viceroy of Ireland has Catholic family connections in Germany as well as in England. His great-great-granduncle, who died in 1786, was a Catholic priest; Franz Anton Tewis, Archpriest of Aix-la-Chapelle, whose sister, Catherina Elisabeth Tewis, married William Herbert, and became mother of the first Earl of Carnarvon, Henry Herbert. The present Lord Carnarvon (says the *Germania*) erected, about twenty years ago, a tablet in the chapel of the Holy Cross in the Cathedral of Aix-la-Chapelle, to the memory of the Archpriest Tewis, above mentioned. The inscription on the tablet concludes with the words: —

Henricus Howard Molyneux Herbert
Comes de Carnarvon
Germaniae Amans et Germani Sanguinis Memor.

THE LONDON SCANDALS. — The committee to which was referred the evidence as to the truth of the statements recently made in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in regard to vice in London, have agreed upon a report confirming the correctness of the *Gazette's* revelations. The committee consisted of Cardinal Manning, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the bishop of London, and Samuel Morley, M. P. for Bristol.

MUCH NEEDED. — Among the many grand and truly Catholic suggestions lately made by the Irish prelates, there has not been one which approaches in importance to that which has been put forward by the great Archbishop of Cashel. It is to the effect that the Irish prelates shall appoint some pious, learned, and patriotic ecclesiastic to represent Catholic Ireland in Rome.

General Grant was not of the "Anglo-Saxon race." His blood which came to him from Scotch and Irish ancestors was *Celtic.—Catholic Union and Times.*

THE *London Tablet* states that there is no foundation for the announcement that Mr. St. George Mivart has accepted a professorship in the Catholic University at Washington.

MISSIONARY WORK.— To give some idea of the activity of the celebrated Society of the Missions Etrangères of Paris, we may quote from the last Report the following facts: "During 1884 there were working in the twenty-five missionary districts committed to the care of the Society, 29 bishops and 668 missionary priests. The latter were supplemented by 421 native priests and 2,048 catechists, In a total of 2,018 schools and orphanages. there were 46,171 children being educated; and in no less than thirty-five seminaries, 1,594 youths and young men were being trained for the priesthood. The number of baptisms was as follows: Adult heathens, 17,878; children of Chris-

tian parents, 32,698; children of heathen parents, 193,104; that is, 312,740 souls added to the Church. These figures deserve to be widely known.

RICH MEN IN IRELAND.— Some merchants in Ireland must have money galore, observes the *London Universe*. If they are in the national ranks more luck to them. But we fear they are not; they belong to the maltocracy. One of them paid duty to the extent of £60,000 upon whiskey in the Custom House vaults in prevision of the increased duty. He cannot be *bad* in want of a joint for his Sunday dinner. Another, in the tobacco trade, fearing that the impost would be laid on the nicotian weed, invested a precautionary £50,000 in clearing stock. It takes one's breath away to think what piles of lucre must be amassed by the persons who are engaged in bartering spirits and smoke, while thousands of brave, intellectual, industrious men are hard set to live.

THE use of the New Catechism will be compulsory in all Catholic schools next year, says the *Western Watchman*.

FREEMASONS.— *Western Watchman:* Some time ago the Freemasons thought the time had come to establish missions among Catholics. They chose the Catholic town of Freiburg, in Germany, as the theatre of their first operations. They built a gorgeous temple and inducted the merry, mythical, mystical goat. Late papers from that city, state that the temple has been purchased by Catholics and converted into a Church under the invocation of the Holy Family. Will our Methodist friends take a hint?

OUR MAGAZINE IN CANADA.— *The Tribune*, Toronto: DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for June contains as great a variety of interesting articles as usual. Visions within Visions; Musings among Foreign Poets; Southern Sketches; A Sketch of the Life and Writings of the great Orestes A. Brownson; What Cardinal Manning said of the Cross and of Selfishness; The Irish in China, a description of the condition of Irishmen who have made their way seven hundred miles up the Yang Tse Kiang and succeeded where success would seem impossible; What James O'Kelly, M. P., the famous war correspondent, says of the Russian army, and at least a dozen other articles make up a capital number of this popular MAGAZINE.

The National Bank.

THE *Dublin Freeman's Journal* publishes the report and statement of accounts of the National Bank. They disclose, as usual, a continued history of solid prosperity. Notwithstanding the general depression and the fact that the rates for money ruled very low during the last half year, the profit and loss account shows a balance of £91,670 available for distribution. Out of this the board has declared a dividend of 11 per cent., free from Income Tax, carrying forward £9,170, of which £3,200 go to the Rest or undivided profits, and £5,900 to the new account. The Rest or Reserve Fund now stands at the substantial figure of £217,948. The balance sheet shows that the deposits amount to £8,675,367. On the other side it will be found that the Bank has, in gold and silver at the Irish branches, £657,428; cash on hand and at the Bank of England, £648,306; Government Stock and Exchequer Bonds, £1,086,999; and ditto for Rest or Reserve, £214,727; Government Stock on Vestry accounts, £32,735; and Indian Government and Colonial Government Bonds and other Stocks, £439,754, the remainder being made up of advances at call and at short notice, advances on securities at sundry dates, and current accounts and bills discounted. The items which we have enumerated above, and which all could be converted into cash in a few hours, represent a sum of over three million sterling. This enormous sum of immediately available cash shows with what extreme care the business of the bank is conducted. We imagine that there are few banks in the United Kingdom which could show such a proportion of resources actually in hand.

This is the Bank Mr. Patrick Donahoe, 21 Boylston St., Boston, draws his drafts upon. Those sending money to Ireland, may rest assured that their drafts drawn upon the National Bank by Mr. Donahoe, will be paid with the greatest security and punctuality.

THE quarterly return of the registrar-general of vital statistics estimates the population of Ireland at 4,924,342. This shows a great decrease, which is attributed to emigration to America.

Personal.

REV. FR. MCKENNA, O. P., the able Dominican divine, was in Galvaston, Texas, the 18th of July.

THE great Cardinal Manning completed his 77th year 15th of July, 1885. He was born in Hertfordshire.

THE Holy Father has made Mr. Joseph Bannigan, of Providence, R. I., a Chevalier of St. Gregory the Great. Is it not strange that no title of honor has been conferred upon any Catholic layman in Massachusetts?

MGR. BYRNE, lately Vicar-General of Bathurst, and Administrator after the death of Bishop Matt Quinn, has been appointed its bishop.

WE are pleased to learn that Notre Dame has conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on the veteran Catholic writer, Hon. Ben. J. Webb, of Louisville.

COL. GIBBON, whom the President has just named a brigadier in the regular army, is a Catholic. He will be remembered as the author of some very interesting articles in the *American Catholic Quarterly*, entitled "Rambles in the Rocky Mountains."

CANON BAGOT, of Irish butter-making fame, is busy arranging cheap excursions to Killarney and Glengariff, also a more ambitious trip to London and Antwerp, to enable Dublin artisans to visit the Inventions Exhibition in the first city and the Great International Exhibition in the second.

THE Queen's attention having been drawn to the case of the family of the heroic Frank Power, her Majesty's Consul at Khartoum, her Majesty has granted four Civil List pensions of £50 a year each to the Misses Power, of Merrion-square, Dublin, sisters of the intrepid correspondent.

THERE was much opposition to the marriage of Princess Beatrice. Her oldest sister was not invited to the wedding of her sister Beatrice, nor was an invitation sent to any other member of the German Court. Moreover, the Prince aud Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh preferred to remain on board their yachts at Cowes during their visit to the Isle of Wight, going on shore solely for the ceremony, and immediately returning to their yachts, and steaming away at midnight after the fireworks

ST. PATRICK'S Church, Watertown, Mass., was well filled on the morning of July 12, at 8 o'clock, by a large number of friends and acquaintances, to witness the marriage of Dr. M. T. Kelly and Miss Etta Stack, a niece of Rev. R. P. Stack. A Nuptial Mass was celebrated by Father Stack, assisted by Father Brosnahan, of Waltham, after which the young couple were united in the bonds of wedlock by Father Stack.

THE *Impartial* of Ghent states — we know not with what truth — that "one of the first Chairs in Edinburgh" has been offered to the distinguished Belgian geologist, the Abbé Renard, curator of the Natural History Museum at Brussels, who lately received, as we announced at the time, one of the gold medals of the Geological Society of London. The learned Abbé has declined the offer on the ground of being unable to leave his aged mother; otherwise the sight of a Catholic Priest as Professor at a Scottish University would have been indeed enough to make John Knox, of "blessed" memory, turn in his grave!

HON. P. A. COLLINS has made a favorable impression abroad, especially among the Irish patriotic party. His genial address, and ready, off-hand eloquence are taking qualities. Besides, he has a level head, which keeps him from "slopping over," to which the temptations must be very strong when Irish patriots talk together of their country's wrongs. The general has the strong qualities of his race, tempered by American experience and education, qualities which have accomplished good work in this country, in war and in peace, says the *Boston Herald.*

SOME papers have fallen into error in stating that Judge Stallo, the Minister to Italy is a Catholic. He was a Catholic, and for a considerable time was Professor in the Jesuit College at Cincinnati. He married a Lutheran and became an infidel many years ago. He and Carl Schurz fell away from the faith about the same time, poor fellows!

Notices of Recent Publications.

[VERY few books have been issued, during the month of July, from the Catholic publishing houses. The coming holidays will witness a number of attractive books now in preparation.]

P. J. Kennedy, New York.

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; or, WHO WAS GUILTY? By Christine Faber, authoress of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

A story of great interest, which will well repay an attentive perusal.

A GLIMPSE OF GLORY AND OTHER POEMS. By Edward C. Kane.

This is the author's maiden effort. Many of the pieces are above the average of the numerous books of poems issuing from the press. It is dedicated to the president of Boston College.

Fr. Pustet & Co., N. Y., St. Louis and Cin.

TRIBUTES OF PROTESTANT WRITERS TO THE TRUTH AND BEAUTY OF CATHOLICITY. By James J. Treacy, author of "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens," etc. *Magna est veritas et prevalebit.* Price $1.25.

This is a most valuable collection of extracts from the writings of eminent Protestant authors. Among them Sir James Stephen, Archbishop Trench, Bishop Wordsworth, J. von Müller, Rev. J. M. Neale, Sir Francis Palgrave, Charles Phillips, William H. Prescott, John Ruskin, H. W. Longfellow, Lord Macaulay, Sir James McIntosh, William Cobbett, Henry Giles, James Anthony Froude, Grotius Hugo, Sir Archibald Allison, Lord Brougham, Edmund Burke, Thomas Carlyle, and a host of others, the whole forming a book of four hundred pages. From these selections, Protestants are forced to admit the truths of Catholicity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MISS ELEANOR C. DONNELLY'S collection of poems, entitled "Children of the Golden Sheaf," is in its second edition.

ST. JOSEPH'S ADVOCATE.—We cannot recommend too strongly the circulation of this interesting paper. It contains twelve pages of interesting matter, particularly a record of missions among the colored people of the United States, etc. Also missionary labors in foreign lands. It is published at the low price of 25 cents a year. Every Catholic family in the land should have a copy in their houses. Address *St. Joseph's Advocate*, 51 Cortland Street, Baltimore, Md.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

WE understand that the memorial drawn up in 1855, at the desire of his Holiness Pope Pius IX., by Mr. Frederick Lucas, then editor of the *Tablet*, on the state of political parties in Ireland, and their true relation to Catholic interests in that country, will shortly be published. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, who, with Mr. Lucas, was one of the principal actors in the affairs of that period, has undertaken the editorship of the work. The introduction, which he has written to it, is said to be highly interesting; and the Memorial itself will throw considerable light on the persistent efforts of British statesmen to govern Ireland through Rome. Sir Charles considers the document one of the most important State Papers of our time.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "To thy Heart take me Back," Song, by C. M. Crosby. "Walra's Gift," Song by C. H. Osborne. "Oh, Whisper thy Thoughts to me," Song, music by C. D. Blake. "Better Here than There," Song and chorus by E. M. Bailey. "Down in the Woodland Alone," Song by J. P. Weston. "Charming Birdie Mine," Waltz Song, by C. T. Lang.

Instrumental: "Jolly Trumpeter's March," by J. C. Wild and "Stephanie Gavotte," both arranged for Banjo. "The Drummer Boy's March," by James G. Clark. "Anna Waltz," from "Nanon," arranged by Carl Riche. "Just Lovely," Polka by T. P. Ryder. "Progressive Euchre," Galop, by Charles D. Blake. "Comin' Thro' the Rye," Fantasie, by T. P. Ryder. "General Grant's Funeral March," by C. D. Blake.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN asked Gen. Grant: "If given charge, can you take Richmond?" Grant answered: "If you furnish me men enough, and munitions of war enough, *yes!*"

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

VERY REV. J. J. PULSERS, Professor in the American College at Louvain for more than twenty years, and previously a missionary in Michigan, died on the 17th of May, in his country house at Uden, Holland.

VERY REV. DR. QUINN, of Kingstown, died lately. The name arouses touching recollections in the breasts of thousands; the fact overwhelms with grief the gratitude of hundreds. The venerable parish priest of Kingstown had reached the ripe age of seventy-four when death called him to join — after the ministry of half a century — the distinguished brothers who preceded him, and who, as bishops of Bathurst and of Brisbane, were known to two hemispheres. The Very Rev. Monsignor Quinn, V. G., D. D., P. P., was a class-fellow of Pope Leo XIII., was first appointed to a curacy in Westland-row, and then to the parish of Athy, and finally to Kingstown, six years ago, where he worked unceasingly, in spite of ill-health, amongst his parishoners, and where the spire of Monkstown Church and the Kingstown Male Infant Schools are monuments of his labor.

THE Very Rev. Father Patrick Reilly, pastor of St. Mary's Catholic Church, and Vicar-General of the diocese of Delaware, died July 30, of general debility, after several months' illness, aged seventy-eight. The deceased had been in the ministry fifty-one years, and was a classmate of Cardinal McCloskey at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg.

THE Rev Charles H. Stonestreet, S. J., died suddenly of heart disease, at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., on Saturday, July 4. He was a native of Maryland, and had been stationed at the Jesuit colleges in Washington and Georgetown. He was seventy-two years old. The editor of the *Catholic Visitor*, of Richmond, Va., who knew the deceased well, thus speaks of Father Stonestreet: In Washington and Georgetown, where the greater part of his life was spent, he was beloved by all over whom he was placed as minister of the dispensation of God's mysteries. His life was one of continuous and arduous labors in the service of God, and when we say he was a true and devoted and faithful member of that glorious Society of Jesus, we write the greatest epitaph that can be possibly penned.

DEATH OF FATHER GARRUCCI, S. J.— The Rev. Father Raffaele Garrucci, of the Society of Jesus, died suddenly on the 5th of July, at his residence in the Pio Latino American College, Rome. This is a very serious loss for the illustrious Order to which he belonged and for archæological science, of which he was one of the most brilliant luminaries. For nearly half a century the fame of Father Garrucci as a living oracle of antiquities was almost universal. His authority in archæological questions was indisputable, sovereign, absolute: his decisions in controversies regarding Hebrew, Egyptian, Greek and Roman antiquities were without appeal. Whenever some unknown ruin was discovered resource was had to Father Garrucci to describe its origin, history and vicissitudes: he was as familiar with antiquity as if he was born and had lived in it. Three days before his death he said to his companions that he thanked the Lord for having granted him life to see the completion of the three works to which he had, since his early youth, dedicated his thoughts. These works will constitute, as it were, a monument to his memory. They are: "The Monuments of Christian Art," a gigantic work in six large volumes, which contain the history and description of all Christian monuments down to the eighth century; the complete collection of all his "Archæological Dissertations," in which there is an immense treasure of sacred and profane erudition; and the "Numismatica," in which Father Garrucci has given a description of all Italian coins beginning at the period of the *æs rude* down to the present day. Although this last work is not yet published, it is, happily, complete, the Reverend Father having corrected the last sheets for the press a few hours before his death. Father Garrucci, was born at Naples of a rich and honora-

ble family, on the 23d of January, 1812, and in 1826, being then in his fifteenth year, he entered the Society of Jesus, to which he was most devotedly attached. He was one of the four honorary members in Europe of the French Academy. All his archæological science was turned to the benefit of the Church and of Catholic truth. Illustrious and learned, in erudition second to none, he always held high his title of Jesuit, and the rare occasions on which his habitual patience forsook him were when any one sent him a letter without adding after his name the letters S. J.

Rev. E. J. O'Brien, of the diocese of Hartford, Conn., and attached to the cathedral in that city, died on the 27th of July. Father O'Brien belonged to Boston and was a brother of the late Owen O'Brien. He was sixty-five years old. At the time of his death Father O'Brien was the oldest priest in the diocese of Hartford. He had been on active duty for the past thirty-five years and had ministered to the wants of the faithful in New Haven, Middletown, and Hartford, at St. Lawrence O'Toole's and at the Cathedral. His life throughout was noted for simplicity and a fervid devotion to his sacred calling. The remains were conveyed to New Haven for interment.

Rev. Andrew P. Gibbs, the venerable and esteemed pastor of St. Mary's Church, 46th Street, Pittsburgh, Pa., died on Sunday, July 19, after an illness of only a few days. Father Gibbs was the oldest officiating priest of the diocese, having been on the Mission of Western Pennsylvania for the last forty-five years, thirty-one of which he spent as pastor of St. Mary's congregation.

Rev. Wm. Cheymol, died at the Ursuline Convent, St. Martin, Brown County, O., July 17th. He came over with Archbishop Purcell in 1839. Was in charge of the convent since its foundation.

The Church of the Three Patrons, Rathgar, has sustained a special loss of its own by the death of the Rev. Patrick Gorman, C. C. His remains were removed for interment in Glasnevin.

Rev. John E. Reardon, died at Bedford, Pa., on the 26th of June. What a special blessing and grace that, literally, in the arms of his close and loving *confrere*, Rev. Father Daniel O'Connell, the pastor of St. Thomas' Church, Bedford, he breathed his last in sweet peace and joyful resignation, fortified by the Holy Sacraments of the dying. May he rest in peace!

At the parochial residence, Mt. Pleasant, Mich., on Friday, June 19, Rev. James McCarthy, in his 31st year. May he rest in peace.

Rev. Patrick Mulligan, curate of St. Mary's Church, Long Island City, New York, was overcome by the heat, on the 21st of July, while riding in a car. He was at once removed to the parochial residence, where he died before medical attendance could be summoned.

In the recent death of Rev. Raymond Bianchi, Procurator-General, the Dominican Order has lost a learned and holy ecclesiastic. He was a religious very highly distinguished for his profound piety and his great learning. Born at Genoa in 1831, he assumed, when quite young, the habit of St. Dominic. All those who had the honor of his acquaintance deplore his premature death.

Rev. L. S. Malley, aged fifty-one years, died in Baltimore on the 29th of July. And on the 30th of July Rev. M. J. Brennan died in the same city.

SISTERS.

Sister Celia Murray, an aged Carmellite nun, died at the Convent of her Order in Baltimore, Md., on the 5th of July. She was 90 years of age, and a native of Ireland. She came to the United States in 1843, and lived in the above city for 38 years.

The death of Madame Chisholm, religious of the Sacred Heart, occurred a few days ago at Sault au Recollet, near Montreal, Canada.

LAY PEOPLE.

Death of an O'Connellite.— We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. Peter Brady, at the patriarchal age of ninety-seven years, which took place at his residence, Agha, Bagenalstown, on the 12th instant. In early life he was a staunch follower of O'Connell in his Emancipation and Repeal agitations, the history of which he told with glowing emphasis to those who had the happiness to share his friendship. Mr. Brady was father to Mr. Jerome Brady, a very brilliant New York journalist and to the

gifted and patriotic Rev. John Brady. The immense cortege which followed his bier on the last sad journey fully testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held.

WE regret to have to announce the death of Mr. Michael Dwyer, secretary of the Dublin Licensed Grocers and Vintners Society, at the age of about sixty years. Mr. Dwyer died on Sunday morning, July 5th, at his residence, Euston Terrace, Ranelagh Road.

A VENERABLE Irishman has just died, who, in his long life of eighty years, did good service. We refer to Mr. Jonathan Pim, a Quaker, who labored hard with money and work to mitigate the awful sufferings of Ireland in 1847. He and his friends then raised about £200,000 chiefly from America, and their distribution of the fund was both kind and prudent. He was also a good and patriotic writer, as his published works prove, and his idea as to Land Reform were far in advance of his time. He represented Dublin as a Liberal, and broke the Tory monopoly. At a latter period he retired, as he could not come up to the Home-Rule creed, though he wrote in favor of the plan of English, Irish, and Scotch committees settling the business of each country separately in London. He was a good employer, and was head of the largest "soft goods" establishment in Ireland. Altogether he was a useful man.

MR. ROGER DRURY, a well-known citizen of Boston, died at his residence in the Highlands on the 10th of July, of Bright's disease. He had been ill for more than a year. Mr. Drury was born April 15, 1817, in the Province of Connaught, Ireland, and came to the United States in 1843, proceeding from New York to Newport, R. I., where he was sometime employed at Fort Trumbull, from which place he went to Providence, and in 1847 he went to Roxbury, and began business as a contractor. From this time forward he accumulated property by close application to business, and retired in 1870 in favor of his son, Mr. James W. Drury, and turned his attention to building, and some three years later invested considerable money in shipping, but the depression in the general business of the country in 1878, together with the great fall in the value of real estate, embarrassed him, and since then he has been out of business. He had many friends in Boston, and his death will be deeply regretted by them. He was a widower, his wife having died several years since. The funeral took place at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Harrison Avenue, at 10 A. M., on Monday, the 13th of July, where a High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Shandelle, S. J., after which the remains were conveyed to Calvary Cemetery, and there buried beside those of his wife in the family lot. The following officiated as pallbearers: — Col. P. T. Hanley, Captain MacNamara, Messrs. P. Grealy of Boston, Molloy of Boston, and John and James Kelly of New York.

THE mother of Mr. P. S. Gilmore, the eminent musician, died at her residence in Plattsmouth, Nebraska, recently. Mrs. Mary Gilmore was 94 years of age and came to this country from Ireland about forty years ago and since that time has resided in the West. Two sons, Andrew and Henry, were officers in the army during the war, and her daughter Annie, with whom she resided up to the time of her death, was the wife of Captain O'Rourke, also of the army, and more recently mayor of Plattsmouth. Mrs. Gilmore took great pleasure in literary pursuits, and until advancing age dimmed her sight and dulled her mental faculties, devoted a large part of her time to writing. She took special pride as a correspondent, and her letters were always highly praised by those who received them. Her death from old age was not unexpected, and the wife and daughter of Mr. P. S. Gilmore were by her bedside at the time of her death. The telegram announcing her demise was put into Mr. Gilmore's hands as he was about to take his stand for the afternoon concert at Manhattan Beach, and those who sat in the amphitheatre could scarce but notice the tears which flowed freely down the leader's face. The news of the bereavement, when known among the guests of the hotel, brought to Mr. Gilmore several hundred cards of condolence at his loss, and many offerings of flowers were left for him. The funeral took place Sunday afternoon, and at the same moment that Mr. Gilmore was leading his magnificent band through the church choral, "Nearer My God to Thee," the casket was borne from the Plattsmouth residence. Mr. Gilmore felt that he was playing his mother's funeral march, and while his baton moved, his mind and heart were far away.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIV. BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1885. No. 4.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

Maynooth College — Sketch of the Penal Times.

PART III.

ITS FOUNDATION.

IT may be remarked that it was only the Royal license to endow a college the bishops asked for, thus leaving untouched the question as to whether they expected any assistance from the state or not. Their memorial, however, received no answer for nearly twelve months. Lord Westmoreland was recalled early in 1795, and Lord Fitzwilliam replaced him as Lord-Lieutenant. This event gave high hopes to the Catholic population, as Lord Fitzwilliam was known to be a man of broad-minded and liberal principles. And from a letter of his to Lord Carlisle we can plainly see he intended to do justice, as far as in him lay, to Irish Catholics. "From a full consideration," he says, "of the real merits of the case, as well as from every information I had been able to collect of the state and temper of Ireland, from the year 1790, I was decidedly of opinion, that not only sound policy, but justice required on the part of Great Britain, that the work which was left imperfect at that period, ought to be completed, and the Catholics relieved from every remaining disqualification." In a way, which even in our own day would go far to conciliate Irish Catholics, did he commence. Certain officials who were known to be most obnoxious to the people were dismissed from office, and Mr. Grattan was invited to accept the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Ponsonby and Mr. Curran, those of Attorney and Solicitor-General. Castle circles went actually frantic, dismay and resentment filled their ranks, while proportional delight and rejoicing filled the minds of the people. But nothing struck the country with such surprise and pleasure, mingled with apprehension, as the dismissal of Mr. Beresford from the Revenue Board. All the Catholic and liberal Protestants were highly pleased at the prospect, and the *Northern Star*, a Belfast paper, triumphantly announced Catholic Emancipation as a matter settled. But Mr. Beresford, the dismissed Commissioner of the Revenue, at once went to England, and laying his complaints before Mr. Pitt, and even before the King, through the influence of his friends,

eventually secured the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam. Sadness and gloom again fell over the Catholic ranks, their high hopes of emancipation were dashed to the earth, and for nearly forty years afterwards they remained as Lord Fitzwilliam had found them.

Edmund Burke was a most earnest friend of the Catholics during the whole agitation for relief, and in the question of Catholic education, occupied the position of principal adviser to the prelates and people. At his "most earnest request," as he himself tells us, Dr. Hussey hastened over to Dublin, during the viceroyalty of Lord Fitzwilliam, to assist in forwarding the College question. A synod was convened in Dublin, at the request of Dr. Hussey, of which he says, writing to Edmund Burke, "seventeen of the bishops are here now to confer on what is most useful in so important a case." The proposal to affiliate the new seminary to Trinity College, and all others implying an interference injurious to Catholic interest, were rejected through the instrumentality of Burke, as inadmissible. The views of the Catholic bishops were placed before the Lord-Lieutenant by Dr. Hussey, who was frequently sent for by him, and seems to have given up every other desire in pursuit of the one great object, the foundation of a Catholic college; "all others," he says, "are of little consideration when compared with the national benefit I wish to establish." The high hopes afforded by the policy of Lord Fitzwilliam stimulated his exertions, and we find that even as early as January 29, 1795, the question he was devoting his whole mind to had made considerable advance. "The matter of the college," he says in a letter to Burke at this time, "is not settled or arranged in a proper form to be laid before the House of Commons." But it would seem that the plan of the college was assuming a regular form, and the whole question was about to be laid before Parliament. In his next letter to Burke, 19th of February, he hopes to be able "in his next to say something of the plan of the college for the education of the clergy." But the 25th of March saw the departure from Ireland of Lord Fitzwilliam, and with him departed the bright expectations of Catholic Emancipation, and, for a time, every hope of an Education Bill. We shall allow Mr. Plowden to describe the effects of his recall upon the nation: "The report of Lord Fitzwilliam's intended removal was no sooner credited, than an universal despondency, in some instances bordering on desperation, seized the whole nation. Meetings were formed throughout the kingdom, in order to convey to their beloved and respected governor, their high sense of his virtue and patriotism, and their just indignation at his and their country's enemies. All good Irishmen beheld with sorrow and indignation the reconciliation of all parties, interests and religions defeated; the cup of national union dashed from their eager lips; and the spirit of discord let loose upon the kingdom with an enlarged commission to inflame, aggravate and destroy." The day of his departure was one of general gloom; the shops were shut; no business of any kind transacted, and the whole city put on mourning. The reception of Earl Camden five days after, however, wore a different aspect; displeasure was generally apparent, and some of the populace displayed their disapprobation in so marked a manner, that it was necessary to call out the military to quell the disturbance that ensued.

Burke now advised Dr. Hussey to quit Dublin; but being determined "not to desert the object so dear to him," he resolved to inquire before taking such an important step, if any hope remained of the Education Bill being proceeded with. Accordingly he wrote asking the Duke of Portland, with whom he was at this time a most intimate friend, if there was any chance of the projected scheme being carried out, and also if he should remain in Dublin. A few days later he was gratified by receiving a reply from the Duke, in which he assured him the college question was not relinquished, and that "this very session" a bill would be brought in for the purpose of establishing it. The Duke also requested him to remain in Dublin. A gleam of hope again appeared, and the Catholic prelates began to consider in what manner the future college should be supported. It was known that the government, seeing that even as poor as the Irish Catholics were, they were ready to subscribe liberally towards the endowment of the college, had resolved to grant the necessary money in order to secure, to a certain extent, the dependence of the clergy on the state. The advice of Burke to Dr. Hussey was, "if the necessary money be given to your free disposal, *i.e.*, to the Catholic bishops, it ought to be readily and thankfully received, from whatever hand it comes; an account of the expenditure, with proper vouchers, being laid before the House of Commons. All other interference I would resist."

The following official memorandum by Lord Clare, then Lord Chancellor of Ireland, which is given in the *Cornwallis Correspondence* is a short, though accurate account of the establishment of the College:

"In the year 1795, at the opening of the session of Parliament in Ireland, Lord Fitzwilliam, in his speech from the throne, recommended to both houses to take into serious consideration the imperfect system of education in Ireland, more particularly with respect to persons of the Roman Catholic religion. And Dr. Hussey very soon after came into this country, under the patronage of the Irish Government, to be put at the head of a college, to be founded exclusively for the education of persons of that persuasion of all descriptions. Nothing further passed during Lord Fitzwilliam's stay in Ireland, but soon after Lord Camden's arrival, an act was passed, appointing trustees to found a college in Ireland for the education indiscriminately of persons of the Popish religion. An immediate grant was made by Parliament of £8,000 to the trustees, to enable them to purchase a house and other necessary buildings for the accommodation of students. . . . In the session of 1796 a further grant of £7,000 was made by Parliament to the trustees to enable them to enlarge the accommodations for students, and in the sessions of 1797 and 1798 two further grants of £10,000 each, were made for the same purpose."

Lord Camden finding, on his arrival, the Education Bill already in so forward a state, lost no time in bringing it before the House of Commons. And although he did not adopt Lord Fitzwilliam's Policy in regard to Catholic Emancipation, which would have saved Ireland many anxious years of agitation, he, through the pressure brought to bear upon him, and the extreme necessity of the case, took up the education question where it had been left off; and we find Mr. Pelham, the secretary, when introducing the bill on the 24th of April, stating that the money vote for the proposed College, was already taken "in the late administration." This Act of 1795, 35, Geo. III., c. XXI., — establishing a college for the exclusive education of Catholics, — would have been a great step in advance, had it been a complete measure.

It was, however, only the first link of what might have become a great educational chain. There is no doubt that it was intended as a sort of fulfilment of the promise of relief, in the matter of higher education, which had been held out to Catholics by the act of 1793 It "was clearly and distinctly understood, as the Act of 1795 imports, to be the foundation of a college for the education of persons of the Popish religion, indiscriminately."* The first section of this Act recites: —

"Whereas, by the laws now in force in this kingdom, it is not lawful to endow any college or seminary for the education exclusively of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, and it is now become expedient that a seminary should be established for that purpose."

It then enacts that certain public personages, who were Protestants, namely, the chancellor and three chief judges, together with six Catholic laymen and ten Catholic bishops with Dr. Hussey, shall be trustees,—

"For the purpose of establishing, endowing, and maintaining one academy for the education only of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion; . . . and to erect and maintain all such buildings as may be necessary for the lodging and accommodation of the president, masters, professors, fellows, and students, who shall, from time to time, be admitted into, or reside, in such academy."

The second action empowers the trustees, or any seven of them, to "appoint one president, and so many masters, fellows, professors, and scholars on the foundation," as they may consider necessary, and to make whatever regulations they may consider proper for the filling up of vacancies in those positions. The general purport of the language throughout the whole enactment; the precise enumeration of masters, fellows and scholars on the foundation, as distinct from professors and students; the provision for filling up vacancies, — all suggest, as Lord Clare seems to imply, that the institution was to be a college of university studies, and not exclusively for the education of the priesthood. It was to be allowed to grow and develop, in time, into an institution for Catholics, analogous to what Trinity College is for Protestants. The only restriction which the act imposes was that set forth in the ninth section, which prohibits,—

"To receive into, or educate, or instruct in the said academy, any person professing the Protestant religion, or whose father professed the Protestant religion."

The usual penalties were to be inflicted in such a case; but this prohibition is not surprising, considering that the academy was to be founded "for the education, exclusively, of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion."

The Bill went into committee on the 1st of May, when it was found that some informality had crept in, the title not corresponding with the leave given; accordingly a new bill was brought in, which, however, caused but little delay and the committee fixed £8,000 as the sum to be granted to the new college. On the 8th of May it was read a third time and passed *nemine contradicente.* On the 13th, it was agreed to, by the House of Lords without a dissentient voice, and returned to the House of Commons without amendment.

* *Cornwallis Correspondence*, Vol. III., page 372.

From the *Collections* of Dr. Renehen, we find that the first meeting of the Board of Maynooth College took place in Chancellor's Chambers, House of Lords, on June 4, 1795, "At which were present — ecclesiastical trustees, Most Rev. Drs. O'Reilly, Troy, Bray, Egan; Right Rev. Drs. Moylan, Plunkett, M'Devitt, Egan, Delany, French; Rev. Dr. Hussey." One of the most important points, perhaps, they had to dispose of, was the selection of a site for the new College. We learn from Dr. Troy that there were "a variety of proposals received," and he speaks in consequence of "our responsibility in fixing the site of our college." Being a National institution it was most important that it should be placed in a central position. Howth, Wicklow, and a great many other places were proposed as appropriate and agreeable localities, but finally the proposal of the Duke of Leinster, conveyed in a letter to Dr. Troy, was accepted. In his examination before the commission of inquiry, in 1826, Dr. Crothy, then president, stated that, "The Duke was very anxious to have the college at Maynooth, and gave every encouragement to its establishment on his estate." Maynooth, too, occupied a central position, and was but fifteen miles from Dublin, which would render it easy of access. The liberal offer made by the Duke of Leinster, was of itself a great argument in favor of Maynooth, while the well-known kindness of that nobleman towards the Catholics, at a time when they were oppressed and downtrodden, was a still further inducement. It was he who commanded the Dublin Regiment, at the memorable review of the Volunteers in College Green, when their cannons were labelled with the significant words, "Free trade or ———." And after three volleys, the Duke flung up his hat, "with a huzza" which was responded to by all present with the most hearty cheer, perhaps, that ever reechoed in College Green. It was he who proposed an address to Lord Fitzwilliam by the House of Lords when recalled from Ireland, calling him his beloved friend, with whom he never had any difference of opinion, except one, namely, that he (the Duke) was opposed to the war carried on against France, while Lord Fitzwilliam, as a member of the government, was in favor with it.

The residence of a gentleman, Mr. Stoyte, which stood immediately adjacent to the Geraldine Keep, and the ancient college of St. Mary, suppressed in 1537, was purchased by the Duke as a suitable site for the new college, and assigned to the trustees, together with fifty-four acres of land. This mansion which occupies the centre of the front building of St. Joseph's at present, was the infant college of Maynooth. Here first throbbed that heart of Catholicity and Irish vitality, where hearts were destined to be felt throughout the entire world.

As we have said, Dr. Hussey, afterwards bishop of Waterford, was appointed first President, and was to receive a salary of one hundred guineas. On the day following his appointment Dr. Andrew Dunne was elected secretary to the trustees with a salary of thirty guineas a year. Next day, June 27, 1795, Dr. Francis Power, "priest of the diocese of Cloyne, formerly Canon and Archdeacon of Avignon," was appointed Vice-President with a salary of seventy pounds a year, and the following gentlemen were chosen as professors with like

recompense: — Dr. Maurice Aherne, Dogmatic Theology; Dr. Peter Flood, Moral Theology; Dr. Clancy, Sacred Scripture; Dr. Peter S. Delort, Physics; The Abbé Darre, Logic; William James Walker, Esq., English; Dr. John McLaughlen, Irish; Dr. John Eustace, Rhetoric; Bernard Clinch, Esq., First Greek and Latin; and Dr. Charles Lovelock, Second Greek and Latin.

We give the following advertisement which appeared in the *Dublin Journal* of Saturday, November 28th, 1795, knowing it will be of special interest to our clerical readers: —

"ROMAN CATHOLIC COLLEGE — MAYNOOTH.

"THE TRUSTEES of the Roman Catholic College, wishing to give to the benevolent intentions of HIS MAJESTY and both Houses of Parliament, all the effect which the present circumstances of the institution will admit, inform the public that professors have been appointed to teach the different branches of science and belles lettres, which usually constitute a college course. From a want of more ample accommodation at present, it has been found necessary to confine the studies of the academical year to a course of Moral Theology, of the first part of Mathematics and Philosophy, of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, and of the first class of Humanity. Professors in each of these departments are now resident at Maynooth. Lectures on the two first branches have already commenced; and the professors of Rhetoric and Humanity will proceed to lecture, as soon as scholars qualified for each class respectively shall present themselves. To accelerate the period when full operation will be given to the establishment, the trustees have agreed to let certain lots of ground belonging to the college. Each lot will be sufficiently large to allow a suitable garden to each house. As the object of the trustees is to provide the public with the most expeditious means of deriving from the institution the important and extensive advantages justly expected from it, they have given directions that a very small ground-rent be reserved, and such other encouragement given as will secure to those who may be disposed to treat, a profitable return for the expenditure of their money.

"Application to be made to the Most Rev. Dr. Troy, North King Street; Richard Strange, Esq., Eccles Street; or Rev. Dr. Dunne, Maynooth.

"N. B.— Proposals will be received at the college for quarrying stone, and burning brick in the vicinity of Maynooth. Large quantities of these materials will be wanting in the course of next spring for the erection of halls, and other necessary buildings which it is intended to complete with all possible expedition.— Dublin, 20th of November, 1795."

From this notice it would seem that the students were compelled on account of inadequate accommodation in the college to reside in the town, though there were only about fifty attending the lectures during this year. The number, however, had increased to one hundred and fifty in 1799, and rapidly rose till it attained an average of over four hundred. From a contemporary newspaper, we find that the foundation stone of the new building, to be erected, was laid on the 20th of April, 1796, with great ceremony, by the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Camden. He came from Dublin for the purpose, attended by the Lord-Chancellor. Three of the ecclesiastical trustees, the primate, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. Plunkett of Meath, and Dr. Troy were present. The Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Clonmel, and Right Hon. Thomas Connolly were amongst the "myriads of spectators." The students, with a band of music, met the Lord-Lieutenant outside the town, and conducted him, in processional order, to the place of the ceremony. It seems there were three odes, one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English, recited on the occasion by students, having been com-

posed specially by professors of the college, and the Lord-Lieutenant after his return to Dublin sent to Mr. Coleman, who recited the Greek ode, a splendid edition of Homer in two volumes. To Mr. Aherne, of Cloyne, who recited the Latin he gave Virgil's works, ornamented with plates. And to Mr. Cooney, of Tuam, who recited the English ode, Milton's works, six volumes, in beautiful type, were presented. The grant of £7,000 made by Parliament in 1796, was probably to enable the trustees to erect this building, which forms at present the front façade of the college, and is terminated at the ends by the senior and junior chapels. In the two following years further grants of £10,000 were made to erect buildings, probably those completing the quadrangle, and now known as the Dunboyne establishment and first Divine's House. There is so little information available on the point that we cannot be quite sure. The college of Maynooth was now in full working order; but the many difficulties it had to contend with for a long time retarded its progress. It was assailed in the press and in parliament as encouraging the United Irishmen, and retaining, as students, members of that society. This is not to be wondered at, when even in our own day we find such sentences as the following appearing occasionally in print: "Maynooth is a machine for turning out rebels, and it is on this account that the present head of the college has been chosen *diprissimus* for the See of Dublin by so overwhelming a majority.* But in spite of all those slanderous attacks against the college and its illustrious superiors, it has grown from youth to full vigor, occupying to-day the proud position of the first ecclesiastical college in the world. On the 16th of April, 1799, a debate took place in the Irish House of Lords on the proposal of a grant "of £8,000, to complete the establishment of the Roman Catholic College at Maynooth, for one year, ending on the 25th of March, 1800." † Objection was taken that hitherto it was a place of purely clerical education, contrary to the intentions of the legislature when passing the act of 1795. In this debate the chancellor, Lord Clare, admitted that it was understood "on the original foundation of the college at Maynooth, that it was to be made a seminary for educating the Catholic gentry as well as priests." And in a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant dated April 18, 1799, he "considered it essential to the public security that there should be a well-regulated academy in Ireland, for the education of the Roman Catholics." In the course of the year, an understanding was come to between the government and the bishops, that Maynooth was to be henceforth an institution for lay as well as ecclesiastical education; and a further grant was made by the Irish Parliament to carry out this arrangement. But the union effectually interfered to prevent the completion of a scheme, which promised to secure, in time, a thorough system of higher education for Irish Catholics. The unreasoning terror of popery, and the rancorous opposition to what were known as "the Catholic claims," that were so conspicuous in the British Parliament, rekindled the bigotry of the Protestant party in Ireland, which had been fast dying out towards the end of the

* L. Ellis in the *Times*, April 11, 1885. † *Cornwallis Correspondence.*

eighteenth century; so that the men, who had helped to pass the relief acts in 1793 and 1795 resumed a hostility to Catholic interests which they seemed to have abandoned. We have a sorrowful proof of this most melancholy effect of the union in the solemn and deliberate expression of opinion by Lord Kilwarden — a man whom tradition has surrounded with a halo of amiability and tender-heartedness — addressed on the 25th of December, 1801, to the chief secretary, Mr. Abbott. "Lord Kilwarden would advise the crown and parliament, with a view only to the present race, to govern by a strong military force, and keep down the Catholics by the bayonet; but with a view to posterity, he should wish to educate the Protestants and Catholics together; and such was the object of opening Trinity College to the Catholics." * Yet, although the Catholics were to be kept down "by the bayonet," we find our national college increasing in vigor and assuming more noble proportions as the first years of the new-born century rolled away.

PART IV.

GLORIES OF THE PAST AND PRESENT.

We shall now proceed to give our own recollections of a visit paid some time ago to Maynooth College, together with whatever information we have collected from the scanty sources available. Maynooth, or, as it was formerly called, Laraghbryan, is situated in the midst of a level, fertile country, barony of North Salt and county of Kildare, eleven Irish miles west from Dublin, and about the same distance north of Naas. A small river, called the Lyall water, flows through the town, and passing through the magnificent demesne of Carton, the seat of the present Duke of Leinster, falls into the Liffy at Leixlip Castle, about four miles distant. The town consists of a principal street, of tolerably well-built houses, at the eastern extremity of which is the noble avenue of oak trees leading to the Carton demesne, and at the western, the spacious entrance gateway of the college. To the right of this entrance stands the ancient castle of the Geraldines in all its majestic beauty, while to the left, the ivy-mantled tower of St. Mary's College, suppressed in the reign of Henry VIII., looks down with lofty pride on the rising glories of our Irish Church. This college rose with the castle and fell with it again, so that the reader will pardon us if we pause, before approaching the present college, to give a short account of the Geraldine's mighty keep, the history of which is almost identical with that of the house of prayer which flourished beneath its fostering shadow.

The castle was erected by John, the sixth Earl of Kildare, in 1426, and the college was founded by Gerald More, who succeeded to the title in 1477. In the rebellion of Silken Thomas the castle was destroyed, and with its fall came to the more sacred walls of the college a similar fate. Perhaps the most authentic account of the siege of

* *Cornwallis Correspondence*, Vol. III., page 371.

Maynooth Castle is that given in MacGeoghegan's *History of Ireland* from which we extract the following :—

"The Earl of Kildare having put his fortifications into a state of defence, particularly the castle of Maynooth, marched with his army towards Connaught to collect the troops which he was to have been provided with by O'Connor and his other allies, A.D. 1535. Skeffington, the deputy, taking advantage of the earl's absence, surrounded the castle of Maynooth on the 15th of March. Sir William Brereton summoned the garrison to surrender on advantageous terms; but as these were not accepted, he endeavored to effect a breach. His cannon, however, did but little execution during fifteen days, and the castle would probably have held out till the arrival of Kildare, had it not been for the treachery of the governor. Kildare had confided the command of the garrison during his absence, to his foster-brother, Christopher Parese. This traitor, actuated by avarice, and the desire of establishing his fortune on his master's downfall, wrote secretly to the deputy, and proposed to give up the castle for a stipulated sum of money. The deputy joyfully acceded to the proposal. They only waited for a favorable opportunity to carry it into effect, which soon presented itself. The garrison having gained some advantages in a sally against the besiegers, Parese ordered that rejoicings should take place, and whilst the sentinels lay intoxicated and asleep, the commander gave the signal to the English, who scaled the walls, and almost without resistance, made themselves masters of the castle, in which they found an immense booty.

"The deputy entered the place triumphantly. Parese appeared before him, thinking that he would soon be well rewarded for his perfidy. The deputy applauded highly the signal benefit the traitor had rendered to the state. He added, that if the king were informed of it he would not fail to acknowledge so important a service, and in order to enable the monarch to reward him as he ought, for the sacrifice he had made of the earl of Kildare's protection, he required to know in what the favors of that nobleman consisted. Parese, who thought his fortune was already made, informed him minutely of the earl's generous liberality to him. 'How, then, Parese,' replied the deputy, 'could you have betrayed so good a master?' Then turning to his officers he ordered them to pay the sum agreed upon; but as there was no mention made of life in the compact between them, he ordered him to be beheaded. 'Had I known that, my lord,' said Parese, 'you would not have had the castle on such cheap terms.' One Boyse, who was present, replied in Irish, 'Auantra,' that is, 'too late,' which gave rise to the proverb among the natives, 'It is too late, says Boyse.'"

By another account it is stated that the ordinance, which was the first ever used in a siege in Ireland, battered the top of the castle from a northwestern direction, so that the cannon inside were damaged. And certainly the ruined pile bears evident signs even to this day of having suffered severely on that side. After this the ordinance was bent on the north wall of the base court, and for five days and nights continual fire was kept up on that part of the castle; at length, a large breach was made, on Tuesday in Holy Week the assault was given, and an entry effected into the lower court of the fortress. Of the one hundred men, whom Lord Thomas had left to defend the place, sixty were slain at the breach. The remaining forty retreated to the keep, or "Great Castle," which still guards our "Skaean Gate of Maynooth," and aided by the strength of their position, would, undoubtedly, have held out until the arrival of succor, were it not for the treachery of Parese. On Holy Thursday twenty-five of the garrison were beheaded in the castle yard, and the traitor hanged before the castle gate, by order of the humane deputy, as he calls himself.

The fall of Maynooth gave the death blow to Lord Thomas' hopes, his followers deserted him, and his name and arms carved on the

gloomy walls of Beauchamp Tower tell the rest of his history. A letter which he wrote, during his confinement, to a servant of his, gives ample proof of the barbarity with which the "Geraldine in the fangs of the tyrant" was treated. "I have," he says, "neither hoysn, doublet, shoys nor shyrt, but one, and no other garment but a single fryse gown, and so have gone wolward and barefoot and barelegged divers times in the cold; but poor prisoners have given me hoysn and shoys and shyrt." How fallen is the glorious Silken Thomas; almost naked, without stockings or shoes or shirt, half-starved and half famished; glad to get an old shirt from a companion! It was thus, as usual, English faith was kept with the vanquished. And the old prophecy which foretold that the five sons of an earl should be carried to England in the belly of a cow, and should never return, was too soon to be fulfilled. The first part had already taken place, for the vessel which carried the young earl's five uncles prisoners to London was called *The Cow;* and the second part was fulfilled when the five uncles of Thomas, and himself, were hanged at Tyburn, in the year 1537. The blood which dyed the castle-yard of Maynooth has long since faded away, and the grass-grown court-yard re-echoes no longer the tread of the chivalrous warriors of our land; but the memory of its dead still lives, and many a sigh is heaved by the gentle student, as he recalls the unhappy fate to which filial love led the noble earl of the Silken gown. We extract the following lines on Maynooth Castle from the manuscript of a friend, who has kindly lent it to us for the purpose, and who never used his pen in verse except to while away a lonely hour. It will, undoubtedly, be of interest to those of our readers who have visited the grand old castle, or, perhaps, spent happy days beneath the shadow of its crumbling walls:—

"The ruined pile that, mant'ling now in gray,
Bespeaks the greatness of a former day,
In noble grandeur elevates its head,
Still proudly conscious of its mighty dead.
High o'er the rest frowns down the massive keep,
As sentinel, who guards the solemn sleep,
That lingers through those mouldering walls of thine,
The ancient castle of "The Geraldine."
And see, though time has left his finger-trace
Upon this hoary warrior's wrinkled face,
The donjon, ivied arch, and battered wall,
The barbican, the watch-tower and the hall,
Magnificent in ruins, still proclaim
The pomp, the power, the prestige of thy name.
No more within those walls the high-born knight
Leads on the measure with his lady bright;
The blazing hearth shall cast a gleam no more
Of ruddy glow around thy kindly floor;
The traveller may, from cold and hunger weak,
No longer here a friendly shelter seek;
The wandering minstrel,— ever welcome guest, —
Forgets to linger 'neath thy roof to rest;
Or, when the threatening eve is falling late
No longer calls the warder to the gate;
And, after cold and hunger both are gone,
Strings his soft harp no more in lively tone,
To sing the glories that so brightly shine

Around that magic name, "The Geraldine."
The sentinel no longer on thy wall,
With piercing eye, keeps careful watch o'er all.
The bale-fire blazing from thy topmost height
No longer calls the clansmen to the fight;
And hushed forever is that war-cry, too,
Which cheered them on to victory, "Croom aboo."
See yonder breach upon the northern side,—
'Twas there the trusty warriors fought and died,
When filial duty urged a noble son
To vengeance for a father's murder, done
By that foul tyrant, England's lustful lord,
Who broke his faith, and broke his plighted word.
And when Lord Thomas, in the distant West,
Sought followers around his father's crest,
The coward stranger came in power to wage
Against his castle-hold a deadly siege.
See where, five days, the heavy cannon balls
From Skeffington's new ordinance beat the walls,
While thundering came in answer, echoing far,
The dire, destructive messengers of war.
And when, at length, the basement court was gained,
'Twas not till sixty men their heart's-blood drained,
'Twas not till three times backward reeled the foe,
'Twas not till many a Saxon arm lay low,
'Twas not until the slain had filled the foss,
And made a level pathway right across;
While thirty yielding, when the victor swore
They should be spared, lay headless in their gore
That Holy Thursday eve, before the day
Across the Western plains had died away.
And one, 'tis said a traitor, who, for gold,
The stubborn entrance to the donjon sold,
A ghastly spectacle, though worthy fate!—
Hung dangling from a rope before the gate.
But passed away fore'er, those scenes of blood,
That once in crimson dyed the circling flood.
The clashing sabres, or the crashing spears,
No longer sound upon the listeners' ears.
Around thy mighty walls there hangs a gloom
As sad and sternly silent as the tomb,
Save when the crows at eve, returning home,
Clamor and croak around thy ivied dome,
Or wheeling through thy desolated pile,
Perch on the broken arch of some dim aisle
Till darkness falls, the seeming lords alone,
They claim the crumbling ruins as their own.
Ah, such! I thought, the end of earthly state;
The vanity and boasting of the great;
Their empty pageantry and pride and fame,
Will fade like this beneath the touch of time.
Embosomed in the sycamore and beech,
Within the donjon shadow's evening reach,
Still stands St. Mary's ancient college tower,
Where, long before the dark and dreadful hour
Of persecution, rose upon the air
The morning hymn and holy vesper prayer.
Alas! that time should wither with its breath
The *Great* Earl Gerald's tribute to our faith;
But with the castle's crushing ruins came
To thy more sacred walls a fate the same.
'Twas thine to own, from Gerald's bounty great,

Enough to keep fell hunger from the gate.
Too much, howe'er, to pass those Normans by,
Whose covetous and ever-watchful eye
Sought to despoil the altars of the Lord,
Though vaunting in His face the Sacred Word.
Inspired with zeal — but zeal for gold alone,
Those ruthless blood-hounds made His goods their own.
Thy fate was like the rest; thy land was good,
And offered to those vultures tempting food,
Who, like the panther surfeited with gore,
Yelled in their fury greedily for more.
Yet from thy ashes, phœnix-like, behold
Yon tow'ring spires their snowy wings unfold,
And rising in their majesty on high,
Spread their soft pinions in the azure sky!
Though persecution, with its fiery brand,
The abbeys, monasteries, and churches grand,
Which once adorned each valley of our Isle,
Held crushed beneath its bloody foot awhile,
They rise! they rise! Though level with the sod,
They rise again, those mansions of our God!
More pure, more holy, more than ever Thine,
Throughout our "Isle of Saints" again they shine
In every leafy vale, by every stream
That sparkles in the morning's gentle beam;
On every verdant hill, the tapering spire
Reflects at eve the sun's declining fire;
And many a domed cathedral lifts above,
The symbol of our Saviour's boundless love."

Leaving behind us, in their solemn grandeur and repose, the glories of the past, we enter the college grounds, and behold the glories of the present. Immediately in front of us, and stretching away to either side, appears the early college of Maynooth, whose foundation we have mentioned as taking place in 1795. Here was first taught the sweet truths of our holy religion to the anxious aspirants to the priesthood, when Catholics were allowed to breathe again. Here, to-day, are the very flags worn by the feet of those saints of Ireland, who not only at home, but in every clime illumined by the sun, have labored to wrest the wicked and unholy from their sinful ways. These are the hallowed walls which so often reechoed the sweet voices of many who have long since joined the choral throng before the throne of the Most High. Passed away forever are the innocent hearts that first throbbed within these halls; their places are filled by generation after generation of students, and we most earnestly hope that they will devote their lives to the service of God with the same untiring devotion, which charactarized the early students, who studied within these venerable walls.

Passing through the massive archway beneath either wing of the front building, a prospect the most grand and striking we have ever witnessed bursts upon the view. To the right of a square of over two acres in extent, neatly laid down with walks, and adorned with several ancient yews, stands "the first Divine's" house, a large building, plain but beautiful, enclosing the square on the north side. To the south, the Dumboyne establishment forms a corresponding wing, and directly in front and closing in the square on the east side, stands the most perfect modern Gothic structure in Ireland. This building which is

called "St. Patrick's" forms the west side of a second square composed entirely of Gothic structures. To the right of "St. Patrick's" the new church of the college lately erected under the presidency of Dr. Russell, and according to the designs of Mr. McCarty of Dublin, forms an object of extraordinary magnificence. To the left, the refectory of the senior college, forms a companion to the church. The centre of "St. Patrick's" resembles the barbican of some grand old castle. Two towers rise up having the grand entrance and President's apartments between them; and the whole front presents an appearance of lightness and regularity, combined with massive strength and accommodation rarely met with in modern works of art; in which, for the most part, every other consideration is subordinated to the one, viz., to present an outward appearance pleasing to the eye. Pagin, who was the architect of the new college, deserves and has obtained undying fame for the magnificent edifice he has given to Catholic Ireland. A convert to Catholicity himself through the study of our architectural monuments, he seems to have thrown his entire and mighty genius into combining with agreeable symmetry, proportion, and beauty, an internal use and accommodation, perhaps, never surpassed. This wing of the college is occupied with professors' refectory, parlor, library, etc., on the ground floor, and apartments for professors and superiors on the other floors. Entering through the grand entrance, we find ourselves in a wide and magnificent corridor, spanned by many a graceful arch, which the tasteful hand of some well-trained artist has decorated with many an appropriate sentence from the sacred Scriptures. Passing along to the left, we find a spacious cloister, branching off at right angles from this, along the southern wing. The entrance to the refectory and grand library are off this cloister, and the lecture halls for theology and Scripture are also off it. As we enter the well-ordered refectory, the massive grandeur of the place strikes us with awe. There is not, perhaps, in the whole world another college refectory in which so many could be accommodated. Up to four hundred students daily dine here, and probably there would be room for as many more if really necessary. The walls are adorned with life-size portraits of the most remarkable superiors of the college. Dr. Hussey, the first president and of whom we have spoken so often; the Abbé Darré, and the Abbé Euerard; Paul O'Brien, the famous Irish professor; Dr. Crotty, Dr. Renehan and Dr. Crolly are amongst the number; and the youthful student is reminded of what he should emulate by the recollection of their pious and illustrious labors in the Catholic cause. A large crucifix hangs at the upper end to remind the students of the enormous love of Him who died for love of them, and to claim in return their hearts and souls, their labor and love, in propagating that faith He came to plant on earth, and water with His most precious blood. In the centre of this large hall stands the pulpit, from which one of the students reads during the time of meals; at dinner he first reads a chapter of the New Testament, then some pious book until the repast is finished, and concludes by reading the martyrology of the Catholic Church.

We turn from this to seek the library, impressed with the order

and regularity of the college, and the beauty of St. Paul's pious admonition, so strongly enforced by everything the refectory contains, "whether you eat or drink, or whatever else you do, do all for the glory of God." Ascending a flight of broad, stone steps we enter the library, the most magnificent hall in the whole college, and the first thing that we observe is the extraordinary amount of taste displayed in the arrangement of the books, the decorations and paintings. Here, again, we find portraits of the remarkable professors, the walls are illuminated with appropriate mottoes, and a freshness and lively air, so foreign to libraries as a rule, pervades the whole place. The number of volumes in the library formerly amounted to 90,000, comprising some of the most valuable treatises on Theology, Scripture, Ecclesiastical History, etc., extant; to this was lately added the private library of the late lamented president, Dr. Russell, containing 18,000 volumes, mostly made up of the standard literature of the present day. A series of tables run along the whole length of the room, which is over two hundred feet from end to end, and many valuable and remarkable curiosities are displayed around with taste and effect. Following the southern cloister, we pass the lecture halls and students' library, and enter the divisional oratory of St. Mary's. This, which was completely destroyed by the fire in 1878, has been thoroughly renovated, and not a vestige of the fearful ravages made then remains. Above the altar, whereon the blessed sacrament perpetually reposes, a beautiful arch, of the Tudor style, spans the hall, and the groined ceiling is embellished and enlivened by many an angel figure carved in stone. Here the morning and evening prayers are said, and Community Mass celebrated every day; and here the students are accustomed to seek comfort and consolation at all times from their divine guest, so that the blessed sacrament is rarely left alone. There is, indeed, a system of perpetual adoration carried on in the college by the students, and we are sure that the blessings which unceasingly flood down from heaven on the institution are due, in a great measure, to this holy practice. Following the western corridor, which runs at right angles to that in which the oratory is placed, we enter St. Mary's, properly so called. This wing of the college which running parallel to St. Patrick's, and to the front building, looks out upon the college park, is principally occupied with students' apartments and is, for the most part, similar in design to St. Patrick's which we have described above. Passing through the spacious hall which opens out on the park, we find ourselves in a scene of varied sylvan beauty. A verdant sward decked with daisies, buttercups and cowslips stretches far away, intersected by many a tastefully kept walk. Tall elms lift their proud heads above in majestic grandeur, and sweep along in noble colonnades. Rows of lime and beech trees afford a shade to seeking students, the sycamore unfolds its leafy curtain above our heads, and the spreading chestnut sends aloft its myriad pyramids of gay and beautiful bouquets; the laburnum hangs its pendant clusters of rich yellow, while here and there the giant oak turns the green foliage of the park into a darker shade. The blackbird and the thrush, which seem forever to love this beautiful resort, make the echoes ring with their sweet music, and the gentle breeze

joins in harmonious cadence through the tall trees. Far away beyond the wooded valley, where Liffy rolls its waters to the sea, rise the purple Wicklow Mountains, whose sides are bespangled by many a silvery streamlet, rushing madly on, in childish impetuosity, to join its parent river in the shady vale. To our right, the ball courts seem to claim the greatest share of attention from the students, and many an athletic youth is here employed to "urge the flying ball." The cricket creases, too, can boast of ardent patrons, while those of the students, who are more soberly inclined, join in innocent conversation as they walk beneath the luxuriant shade. All seems life and animation; but as we observe the scene, the college bell tolls out the warning notes, and in an instant the games and conversation cease, and the students return in silence to their rooms to devote themselves again to study. A solemn stillness seems to settle down upon the whole picture; the ball courts and cricket fields look lonely; the sweet songsters seem to have no longer an inducement to pour forth their golden strains; and the tall trees gaze mournfully down upon the deserted walks, and sigh over their bereavement in the breezy wind.

Beyond the undulating mead, that stretches towards the north, stands the senior infirmary, a tastefully built edifice of cut stone, containing accommodation for sick and indisposed students; wards, dormitories, private and public rooms, doctor's apartments, chapel, hot and cold water baths, and every other convenience. This building was erected in 1865, under the presidency of Dr. Russell, and at a cost of close on £12,000. Turning to the left, past a magnificent crucifix, which stands near the entrance, we find ourselves in the college cemetery, a plot containing about half an acre, surrounded by a low wall having a neat, arched gateway. Here sleep the youthful students who died during their college course, "the ecclesiastical flowers that never bloomed;" and here, also, repose some of the greatest princes of our Irish Church. The memory of Dr. Montague, Dr. O'Hanlon, Dr. Whitehead, Dr. Crolly, and Dr. Russell shall never die, though the cold clay of this quiet cemetery wraps all that was mortal of them. Nor shall the illustrious Dr. Murray, who devoted his graceful pen during a long life to his church and country, sleep forgotten beneath his grass-grown grave. Standing beside his sainted clay we cannot fail to hear again re-echoing from the past, his own silvery voice:—

> "Lovely region of Glandore!
> Friends beloved for evermore!
> 'Mid the tranquil bliss I feel,
> One sad thought begins to steal—
> Soon must come the parting day,
> And my steps no more will stray,
> And my voice be heard no more
> Among the scenes of sweet Glandore!"

The junior portion of the college is not less picturesque and beautiful than the senior. Here are St. Columba's and St. Bridged's houses, built during the presidency of Dr. Montague, 1834 to 1844, together with the junior infirmary, bussar's office, and other buildings. The students of rhetoric and logic reside in the division, and

have their own refectory, oratory, chapel, etc. To the south of St. Columba's square, runs the celebrated avenue of elm-trees, known as the "Classical Walk," than which there is not, perhaps, a more beautiful one in any college in the world. In the centre of this square stands a magnificent chestnut-tree, whose lordly branches have sheltered many a youthful student long since passed away. Bright saints, who to-day enjoy the beauties of Paradise, once enjoyed its refreshing shade, and many a hard-working missionary priest has gamboled in his early, happy days beneath its luxuriant foliage. About this tree many stories are told, the truth of which we would not like to vouch for. The following lines, from the manuscript mentioned above, convey one of them: —

"The chestnut-tree, on which a student's sprite
Performs such wild athletic feats all night,
Nor once desists until the blushing dawn
In ruddy beauty dances o'er the lawn.
When, from his labor freed, he hies him home,
To rest again, within his silent tomb."

With this very imperfect sketch of the college we shall take leave of our readers for the present, and hope at some future time to present them with a brief account of the more remarkable events in the history of Maynooth.

ULIDIA.

A Sunflower.

THIS kingly flower not long ago,
A small, green plant had been;
Around it other plants did grow,
That it could scarce be seen.

But now it rises high o'er all,
And shades them from the sun;
Its stem is straight and strong and tall,
Its face looks tow'rds the sun.

Oh, stately flow'r of this great land!
Thy leaves shall soon decay;
Thy petals now by zephyrs fann'd,
Shall droop and die away.

Thus do we see some great men rise
Above their fellow men;
The summit gained, each droops and dies,
And leaves this world again.

Unlike this sunflower, they do die
To live a life more fair;
Their virtuous deeds, though, linger nigh,
Like incense after pray'r.

Liberty, Mo. P. C.

*Miss Tynan's Poems.**

"Erin, O Erin, though long in the shade,
Thy star shall shine forth when the proudest shall fade."

AFTER long years of weary waiting, it seems as though this hopeful prediction of the poet Moore is about to be fulfilled. In many ways, and in different paths, the genius of Ireland has asserted itself of late; we have seen the strongest ministry that ever swayed the destinies of England hurled out of power by the votes of Irishmen; we have witnessed the overthrow of the vilest gang of ruffians, and the best protected, that ever trampled on the liberties and disgraced the name of a people; beheld them driven out of the stronghold of their evil influence by the daring and genius of one man. After two generations the right to vote is restored to the mass of the Irish people; they are becoming in truth and fact the rulers of their own country. The cause of education has advanced under the fostering care of Irishmen; industries so long enfeebled, or quite destroyed, are once more asserting themselves. These are encouraging signs of the good time coming; but there are better signs than even these. The genius of Ireland is feeling the genial warmth of this new spring-time. In this year of our Lord has happened in Ireland one of the most joyous events in the life of a people; a new and great poet has been manifested in the land.

For some years the name of Katharine Tynan has been like honey in the mouths of the readers of the papers and magazines. It is so associated with the most beautiful poetry, seen in periodicals for a generation, that it has become itself a poem. Not often was a volume so longed for, as the dainty little casket of gems now on my desk. The modesty of the gifted authoress is as rare as her genius, for it was only in accordance with the repeated demands of the public, that she has collected into book form a selection from her printed poems. The book disappoints old readers of Miss Tynan's poetry in one way only, and that in a very pleasant way for a writer,— it contains too few of her exquisite productions. It is often but unjustly said, that the world is tired of poetry, that it has become a common-sense sort of place, where only what instructs and amuses, without toil or effort on its part, is approved. True enough the mountains of printed paper having every line commencing with a capital, issued yearly under the name of poetry, receives scant courtesy from an outraged populace; but real poetry, having the true Parnassian ring, has been always welcomed, and as long as human hearts are human so shall it be. Mankind has most carefully guarded its deposit of poetry — on the whole better than any other treasure. Neither religion nor science has obtained such a firm and constant hold on the affections of men, as the divine legacy of song. On everything else mankind have their

* LOUISE DE LA VALLIE REAND OTHER POEMS, by Katharine Tynan; Kegan Paul, French & Co., London, 1885.

differences, but there are no heretics or sceptics on the value and beauty of Homer. To us of the Irish race, poets are deservedly dear; for nobody, not even the glorious saggarths, were more faithful to Erin, when it was "treason to love her, and death to defend." They were ever at her side, in the days of her greatness and glory, to sing of her high and noble men and deeds, and no less faithfully did they attend her in the dark days of her terrible distress, when, as has been well said, all only the bards despaired. Nor is Ireland an ungenerous mother, nor a cold-hearted queen to her chosen ones of the children of men. Never was there another land under the sun, in which the divine art was held in higher esteem. Poets were no step-children in the lovely clime of Erin. Kings and princes, saints and priests, gloried in the fellowship of the guild of singers. The name of Oisin, the prince and poet, is one over which time hath no destroying power.

Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series et fuga temporum.

Horace: Odes III. 30.

Which neither destructive rains, nor the north wind powerless against it, nor the uncounted series of years and flight of time can destroy. Columbcille was a poet and artist as well as a saint, and right well did he defend his quondam brethren of the lyre in the day of their deadly peril. In the palaces of kings, the poet occupied the place next in honor to those of royal blood, and if our old annals speak truly, monarchs preferred to all earthly treasures, the immortal meed of song. All this is not forgotten in Erin, nor is it forgotten there, how bravely the bards stood by the deathbed of their crownless mother, preferring the ice-cold clasp of her dying hand, to the blandishments of her wealthy and powerful rival, in whose praise, for all her wealth and power, no Gaelic harp was ever strung. Now that our queen has arisen, like a lily in spring, from beneath the enveloping snow-shroud of her deadly trance, how it must gladden her maternal heart to know that the lyre so long divine has fallen into no feeble or degenerate hands.

The domain of criticism has been revolutionized of late, as well as all the other departments of human knowledge. The people are now judges as well as rulers; their judgment is the highest and last appeal. An individual or a coterie can no longer fix the fate of a poem or a treatise; the people at large listen to the professional, or would-be professional critics, and then having heard every one's opinion, and taken the testimony of their own hearts, give their decision. Neither is it any longer, as formerly, necessary to wait for the unerring award of posterity. As far as works in the English language are concerned, America plays the part of posterity for Irish and English authors, and these latter, to do them justice, mostly seem content. Here, every one is prepared to have and hold his own opinion, till he sees better reason than the assertions of any other individual for changing it. No work deemed worthy the people's attention is treated unjustly; it is tested and tried for weeks and months, till the verdict of the entire

reading population, which with us is now almost the whole nation, is taken. If it be found to possess real and permanent value, it is taken into the homes and hearts, and made a part of the lives of all; if it contain only a few golden grains, among a great mass of inferior stuff, the gold is carefully separated and thankfully received. In literature, as in industry, America is the great home of fair play. Some Eastern cities put on airs now and then, and affect to play the role of a modern Athens; but to all this, the country at large is sublimely indifferent, or good-humoredly remarks, that every man ought to make the most of his own city. — δωρίσδὲν δ' ἔξεστι δοκῶ τοῖς Δωριεῦσι.* The pronounced opinion of America on a book, as on a presidential election, is that of the majority of the thinking and reading people. This has already been accomplished to a great extent, with regard to Miss Tynan's poems. They have been reprinted here hundreds of times in reviews, magazines and papers of all classes, from the exclusive *Eclectic Magazine*, to the humblest backwood's weekly, and have everywhere, and on all occasions, been received with delight. Now, a critic has little more to do in his capacity of public adviser than to hand in, as foreman of the jury, the decision of his fellow law-givers. In the present instance the verdict is a glorious success.

Now we must see what are the distinctive qualities of her poetry, that have made this young lady famous at so early an age. Distinctive qualities it certainly has, that separate it widely from any that has ever been published in the English language; not that it is in all respects unlike the poetry of the period, of which the characteristic is prettiness, but it rises at its best, far beyond the double distilled diction of the Victorian school to the level of the great old masters. There is nothing in Shelley or Keats finer than those marvellous sonnets on "Fra Angelico" and "Thoreau at Walden," the seven stanzas in "Louise de la Valliere" from the ninth to the sixteenth, and the sixteen lines of "Joan of Arc" beginning —

"How I within these straight walls languished sore."

"The Flight of the Wild Geese" is worthy to rank with "The Ancient Mariner," for weird and delicate beauty. This, as far as it goes, is first-rate work, some of the best ever done by the hand and brain of woman. It has all the qualities of the highest poetry, that has come from the heart of man; it is the perfect embodiment, in the most beautiful language, of the noblest ideas, feelings, and aspirations. As the accomplished mechanic is known from how he handles his tools, and the master musician from how he tunes his violin, so will a touch show the great poet of Nature. Not a surer sign was Giotto's *O* of high and undisputed genius, than this Titanic line from "Fra Angelico," —

"A great moon climbs the wan green fields of heaven."

This glorious line, which is one of many such in the same poem, is in itself a poem; it is still more — a test of the poetry in a man. If its

* Theoc. Ioyll., XV., 93.

music and harmonious grandeur fall as mere verbal sounds on any man's ear, then that man hath no capacity for music in his soul. It may be said, as one swallow makes no summer, so one such line makes no poet. Such lines, however, never happen to be written by accident. In the present instance we have to silence objectors, if any there be, a whole poem of greater lines and grander poetry. Let us take, as a specimen of Miss Tynan's poetry, when she has escaped from the prettiness, trammels and tricks of speech of her time, the second of her sonnets on "Fra Angelico at Fiesole."

"In his small cell he hath high company,
The angels make it their abiding-place;
Their grave, eternal eyes, 'neath brows of grace,
Watch him at work; their great wings silently
Wrap him around with peace; and it may be
That, looking from his work a minute's space,
The sudden blue eyes of an angel's face,
His happy startled eyes are raised to see.
Down through the shadowy corridor they glide,
Their wings auroral trailing soft and slow,
Each still face like a moonlit lily in June;
They kiss with fair, pale lips the canvas wide,
Whereon his colors, like dropped jewels glow
Against a gold ground, pale as the harvest moon."

On reading these wonderful lines, one unconsciously gets to have a feeling that the poetess has seen angels, and has, indeed, kept their company, many a day and night. She must have observed them narrowly and familiarly, yet with love and reverence. "The sudden blue eyes of an angel's face," must have met our lady poetess, as she looked through the eyes of Nature into her soul, among those lovely fields and hills of Dublin and Wicklow. The earth and air and sky and sea are full of angels now, as in the days of Job and Abraham; but few are the eyes that can see them. Not alone in olden Greece did spirits possess the world and all things therein; they were in Italy in Virgil's time, and again in Dante's; they were in England in Shakespeare's, and never in the fellest days of landlordism have they been evicted out of Ireland. Many of the children of men have seen and described angels for us, and a task of exceeding difficulty it has proved. One has, according to the best judges, scored a high success, Dante Alighieri, to wit, whom the women and children pointed out as the man who had seen hell, and got his beard singed brown in its fires. To find a picture of the blessed spirits of God equal to that before us, we have to recur to Dante. This may appear extravagant, yet it is true. Forget for a moment that the one was a great world poet, and the other is a young girl, scarcely out of her teens. She has pictured, or rather created, or evoked, the spirits for you. Don't you see them in that small cell, watching the artist work, with their grave, eternal eyes, and then gliding down through the shadowy corridor, and the rest of it. I think hardly any one is so blind and numb, as not to see and feel them. Then the mystery of it is, that the writer does not picture them, or show them to you, but makes you see them as they are. This scene in the monk's cell, is like no other one that I know, created through the medium of English words. After you have once read it carefully, and,

as they say, focussed the objects, you find they remain, as it were, independent, and separate from the words. In this it reminds me a good deal of Theocritus' exquisite scene of the boy and the foxes in the vineyard. Like a photograph the picture became fixed in a moment, and there remains, after the sun is hidden and the means of its production have been removed. As a creative act of genius of the highest kind, no Greek or Italian of them all has surpassed this immortal feat of our Irish Cailin.

As already stated, and, as is quite natural to expect, Miss Tynan is somewhat under the influence of her time. We have traces of the distilled diction, of the prettiness of expression, and, above all, we have the self-analysis and reflection. What Goethe said of Byron, is true of many other poets: "The moment he begins to reflect he is a child." Even so great a poet as Milton, when he began to reflect, as far as was possible for him, ceased to be a poet, and became a quibbling school philosopher. When Horace called Homer dull, he must have had his eye on the Chian's tendency in the same direction. What bother has Hamlet's "Soliloquy," the best of its kind, not given, and were Shakespeare to have prolonged that curious piece of writing, through an entire act, not even his Shakespeareship could have made a good job of it. When the mass of mankind want food for reflection, they go to the legitimate dealers, to the proper quarters,— to A Kempis, or Francis de Sales, or to the Bible, the best of all. Neither have they much belief in poetical solutions of the problem of life; for this, Christians go to their theology; non-Christians, to Darwin, Herbert Spencer, to a bottle, or to bed, but not one to Lucretius or Robert Browning. What the world really wants from poets, is a good story well told. This, old Homer knew perfectly and acted on it; and, consequently, is immortal. Didactic poetry has been called no poetry at all. Poetry of reflection, like a bitter pool at the foot of Helicon, has driven many a one from the pure fountains of true poetry, to the foul sewers of contemporary fiction. Too much self-analysis is a bad sign of the mental health of an individual or a community. Carlyle says somewhere, that the man of a really healthy constitution never thinks that he has a constitution at all; that the instant he adverts to the fact of his good health, it ceases in some degree to be good. It is, moreover, a mark of littleness to be too self-absorbed; the great in life and art trouble very little about themselves. They turn to nature and man, and seek perfection where it can only be found, in art as well as in morals, by self-abnegation. Homer never tells about himself, neither does Shakespeare; and we who love good poetry and high art, more than gossip or anecdotes, commend their taste in the matter. Reflections and maxims legitimately arising out of the subject in hand, are not only permissible but commendable, and are sanctioned by the greatest names in literature; but the poet who starts with a "Come, let us moralize," is as great a bore as the historian who says in his heart, "come let us make a description." There are, however, two classes of metaphysical poetry, the self-analytic, which should, under no consideration be permitted, and that which moralizes on life and events in a dramatic, or epic, or lyrical way, viewed apart from ourselves and our

own sensations. Of this latter class there is much very fine poetry, though perhaps none that ranks with the highest. Miss Tynan's book contains some beautiful specimens of this latter kind; for instance, those lines on poor Goldsmith:—

"He sang of happy homes, who home had none;
Of sweet hearth joys, whose way was lone and bleak;
And oft his voice rang out with truest tone,
When wintry winds froze tears upon his cheek.
A deathless fount of joy was ever springing,
From out his bright child-nature pure and sweet,
Soft, comforting, and surest healing bringing;
And when earth's sharpest thorns had pierced his feet
His way was gladdened with his inward singing."

There is a good deal, too, of the other sort in the book. It is among the best of its class; the style is chaste and clear, the rhythm harmonious, the sentiments faultless, were it not for overmuch sadness; it is pious, pretty, and perplexing, as all such verse is, or ought to be; but it is not, and never can be, great poetry. The example of the age may be pleaded in excuse. This might be accepted as sufficient justification for an inferior writer; but with Miss Tynan, it is a mere waste of power, like working on boortree, when one can work on bog oak. Here are two lines from "Joan of Arc," that I would not exchange for any two philosophic poems in the volume:—

"And the long wind waves turn green fields to gray;"

and this other worthy of Dante:—

"The round sun hung aflame in a sapphire sea."

I cannot resist quoting a few more passages from this noble poem, snatches of sun-bright song worthy of the "Hylas" of Theocritus:—

"But now meseemed these happy feet were set
In far-off shining meads; mine eyes are wet,
For in my dream, I heard my mother call,
Till the ensanguined sun stains on the wall;"

* * * * * * * * * *

"Waked me too soon. I know in Domremy
This golden eve, Meuse floweth silverly,
And shines, in our dim orchard's cool green glooms,
Warm flush of fruit, and drift of late-dropped blooms
Foams o'er the grass; the birds sing mad for May;
And the long wind waves turn green fields to gray;
But these are dreams."

They are visions of the open secrets of nature, that only the eye of the poet seer can behold. Thus is it our sweet singer expresses the beautiful in nature; now let us see how on the same page she bodies forth the heroic in soul:—

"And it were gain to die if I might stand,
And meet sweet death beneath my banner's fold,
And feel my fiery charger, strong and bold
Spurn the earth under me, and hear behind
An army's tramp, and feel a glad, great wind
Of battle beat about my brow and cheek."

Still finer selections might be taken from this splendid poem, but they are too long for insertion here. It is no easy matter to hear with patience the writer of these lines making an examination of conscience for us, when she might be treating us to poetry like this. From how long I have dwelt on this, the only objectionable feature in the book, one might be led to suppose that these poems make up a great portion of it. Yet they are only two or three out of thirty. They belong rather to the inquiring, complaining, desponding spirit of the age, than to the genius of Katharine Tynan; they are not the fruit of her highest inspiration, yet even they are fine poems, and, doubtless, bring joy to many pure and tender hearts.

The characteristics of Miss Tynan's poetry are that bright, lucid, magical style of the Celts that so enchants the soul of Mr. Matthew Arnold, strength, tenderness, and a weird, wild melody, to be equalled only by a few of Coleridge's poems, and some of the old Gaelic fragments of almost forgotten song. "In Summer," is a lyric of enchanting sweetness, with a music and motion and rhythm, equal to that of the exquisite Gaelic song "Ban-chnoic Eireann O!" I know nothing else like "The Flight of the Wild Geese," that is, nothing expressed in words. "The Coulin," and "Cailin Dheas Cruidthe Na M-bo" are exceedingly like it, in spirit and melody and feeling,— the tunes not any words that were ever set or sung to them in English. On the whole, this is one of the most finished first efforts that ever came from the press. It contains some poetry, equal to any ever written by the hand of man, and much that has been surpassed by no living writer. We have seen elaborate poems from the masters of the English lyre, within the last two years, from Tennyson, Browning, and Swinburne, but nothing fit to be spoken in the same breath with this work of an Irish girl of twenty-two. It is one of the noblest presents ever made to mankind by a child of the Emerald Isle, and he is unworthy of the name of Irishman, who is not proud of the work and the writer.

JAMES KEEGAN.

Mr. Parnell and the Coming Winter.

IN his speech at the banquet to General Collins, in London, Mr. Parnell took occasion, when proposing the toast of the evening, to address himself for a moment to the question of his own position and the position of the National movement. The present is a time of great and portentous gravity for Ireland. The Parliament which, when it opened, found both parties in the State the deadly enemies of Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, whose early history is brimful of incidents that proved the existence and incidence of the racial hate, is seen to close with both those parties, as General Collins proudly noted, comparatively at the mercy of the Irish members. So striking a triumph, unparalleled in our record, is surely not to be endangered by any idle word or unfortunate division, by any excess or too great elation at the

extraordinary turn events have taken. In the figure which Mr. Parnell employed, the situation in Ireland, just at present at all events, demands cautious riding. "Our movement," he added — and we earnestly commend the words to our countrymen — "our movement of this winter should be one distinguished by its judgment, its prudence, and its moderation. Public men and public speakers should carefully scrutinize beforehand their every word and their every action, and we should advise our fellow-countrymen against being carried away by any excess, and against any immoderation, and that while sometimes it is wise to strike hard, it is also sometimes wise to remember the motto, *festina lente*, and I consider that those counsellors will be the best and wisest who will, during the next few months, urge upon our people at home the exercise of great caution and prudence in their actions, lest, unhappily, by too great elation at the extraordinary turn that events have taken in favor of our country, they should mar what would otherwise most undoubtedly be the speedy fruition of our hopes as a nation, and the speedy conquest of those rights in the land of Ireland which we have fought for and struggled for during so many years." A distinguished writer has recalled how history instructs us that there are eras of counsel and eras of execution; the hour when those do best who walk most warily, feeling with patience and sagacity and painstaking for the new ways; and then the hour of march and stout-hearted engagement. The present most certainly is an era for walking warily, or, as Mr. Parnell so forcible put it, for not rushing the fence but taking it slowly. There may be men who would go further than the Irish Party are going now, like General Collins; but like General Collins, they are true friends of Ireland if they agree with him that as Ireland has committed her movement to Mr. Parnell and the Irish Party, and as that movement has so gloriously succeeded, it is the duty of the Irish race the world over to support them.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Welcome Rats. — Rats are not general favorites, which, perhaps, is not very wonderful, for while they may serve a useful purpose in the economy of nature, they possess certain well-marked characteristics by which the popular judgment is prejudiced against them. In Nevada, however, this prejudice seems to have been overcome by at least one section of the population. It is not, says Land, that the miners of this State are naturally more just in their judgments than the common run of people, the fact being that they are in a better position than most other folks to appreciate the good qualities of this particular species of rodent. In the first place, rats act as subterranean scavengers. They devour scraps of food, which, if left to decay, would vitiate the air that is none too sweet, But, more important than this, they give timely warning of a coming "cave." They feel the pressure of their settling round before the cracking of the timbers is heard, and become as anxious to shift their quarters as though they were in a sinking ship.

The Castle Donegal.

"There stands a ruined castle by the winding Eskey's shore,
Where dwelt the Cinel Conail chiefs in happy days of yore;
The night owl's screech alone doth break the silence of its halls,
And desolation reigns supreme within its ivied walls."

MR. BOYCE'S POEM in *Young Ireland.*

TIRCONNELL, praised in prose and verse for the picturesque beauty and majestic grandeur of its coast scenery, is not less famous for the number of ancient ruins that meet the wayfarer's eye at every turn, each one inviting him to pause and learn in its own tale, a chapter in the history of holy Ireland's by-gone glory. Raphoe of the Saints, Kilmacrenan of the kings, Ballyshannon of the battles, Drimholm and Killybegs have their peculiar attractions for the historian and the patriot; but it is not until you come to Donegal that you begin to live in the past; it is not until you stand under the shadow of the "Abbey by the sea," in which the immortal Four Masters wrote their inimitable annals; not until you gaze upon the old castle which was once "the Tara of Assemblies of the sons of Con," that you begin in the spirit of D'Arcy McGee,—

"—— to know and feel
That the Race now rated lowly,
Once ruled as lords, with sceptre of steel,
While our Island was yet the Holy."

It is of that ancient and historic pile—the ruined castle of the O'Donnell's, "Clan Connell's Council-hall of old"—that we intend to give the readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE a short and necessarily imperfect historical sketch. With the history of the castle, we shall briefly tell the story of the brave chiefs whose home it was for well nigh a century and a half.

The most enthusiastic votary of the beautiful at nature's shrine would hardly care to look upon a more lovely scene than that which is presented by the "broad blue and deep" bay of Donegal on a bright summer day. Towering away in the distance, mirroring their lofty heights in the broad Atlantic's fathomless depths, are the cloud-capped hills of Connaught. Turning your back on these, your ken is bounded in an opposite direction by a long range of the "grey mountains of dark Donegal," conspicuous among which is Cairnaween, its head bowed as if still weeping over the ruined castles and desecrated shrines which were once the pride and the glory of Bauba. Sailing up the bay in the direction of Donegal, you have the famous Bundoran and historic Ballyshannon on your right, while on your left is the harbor of Inver, the peninsula of Dooran and the town of Mountcharles. At the head of this picturesque bay, just where it receives into its bosom the sparkling waters of the Eask are the ruins of the celebrated abbey of the Four Masters. A short distance from the abbey, on the very brink of the river, stands the castle in which "Dauntless Red Hugh" first saw the light, whose walls, if they could speak, would tell of

many a council of Tirconnell's chiefs, and many a muster of Tirconnell's warriors, the castle whose past glory the last of O'Donnell's bards, Own Roe Mac Ward, told in doleful verse, as he mourned over its ruins: —

"Thou wert a new Emania, thou!
A northern Cruachan in thy might —
A dome like that which stands by Boyne's broad water now,
Thou Erin's Rome of all delight!

"In thee were Ulster's treasures stored,
And lavished like the flowers in May;
And into thee were Connaught's thousand treasures poured,
Deserted though thou art to-day."

* * * * * * * * * *

"How often to thy banquets bright
We have seen the strong-armed Gaels repair,
And when the feast was over, once again unite
For battle, in thy bass-court fair!

"Alas, for thee, thou fort forlorn!
Alas, for thy low, last estate!
It is my woe of woes this melancholy morn
To see thee left thus desolate!

The Castle of Donegal was erected by Hugh Roe O'Donnell in the year 1474* and, for nearly a century and a half after, occupies a prominent place in Irish history as the residence of Tirconnell's kings.

For many years after the erection of the castle, Hugh Roe was engaged in war with the O'Neil of Tyrone, whom he defeated on various battle-fields, but notably in 1493, at Benboirche in the county of Down, where, as the Four Masters relate, "a fierce and desperate conflict and violent battle was fought."

In 1495 O'Donnell visited King James IV., of Scotland, by whom he was received with great honor. They entered into a compact promising to aid and support one another when occasion should arise. On his return from Scotland, O'Donnell had spent but one night in his castle, when he marched to Sligo to aid his son Con against Owen O'Conner and his allies, the MacDermotts, the O'Dowds and MacDonaghs. He met and completely overthrew the enemy's forces at Ballysadare, and received submission from the surrounding country. Soon after this the territory of O'Donnell was greatly disturbed, and himself sorely vexed by the disputes of his sons, and by the consequent inroads of the O'Neils, who never lost a favorable opportunity of trying to establish their sway over the Tirconnellians.

In 1499 O'Donnell completed an alliance with Garret, Earl of Kildare, whom he assisted in the following year to take John Buighe O'Neil's castle at Kinnard. They handed the town and castle over to Torlogh, the son of Con O'Neil, and returned to their respective homes. Again, in 1504, our chieftain accompanied Kildare in an expedition against the Bourkes of Connaught, who were completely

*The celebrated Franciscan Monastery of Donegal, was founded in the same year by the exertions of Nuala O'Connor, the pious wife of Hugh Roe.

defeated at the great battle of Knocktow.* The number of slain in this sanguinary battle amounted to nearly five thousand men. After the battle, Lord Gormanstown is reported to have said, "We have slaughtered our enemies; but, to complete the victory, we must proceed further and cut the throats of our Irish allies;" and Kildare replied, "'Tis too soon yet." Gormanstown was not half prudent for an English statesman. This was Hugh Roe O'Donnell's last battle. He died at Donegal on the 5th of July in the following year, and the event is thus chronicled by the Four Masters.

"1505 Death of Hugh Roe, the son of Niall Garv, son of Torlogh of the Wine, conqueror of Fermanagh, of Oriel and of Clanboy, to whom submission was given by all Connaught. There was not a quarter of land from the River Suck northwards, and from Slieve O'Naedha in the west, but were under tribute to O'Donnell; this O'Donnell was the full moon of hospitality and nobility of the north, and the most eminent for agreeable manners and feats of arms; the best man for either peace or war, and the most distinguished of the Irish in Ireland in his time, for government, laws, and regulations, for throughout Tirconnell during his time, no watching was kept, and the people only closed the doors to keep out the wind; he was the best patron of ecclesiastics and of men of learning, and a man who gave immense alms in honor of the God of the Universe; a man by whom was first erected a castle at Donegal, that it might serve as a defending fortress for his descendants. . . . He was a man who often led his forces on expeditions to levy tributes throughout Ireland, and a man to whom was applicable the title of Augustus of the north-west of Europe; he died after having gained the victory over the world and the devil, and after Extreme Unction and an approved repentance, in his own fortress at Donegal, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the forty-fourth of his government and was buried in the monastery of Donegal."

The death of Hugh Roe left the Lordship of Tirconnell vacant. It was filled by his son Hugh Oge, who was inaugurated at Kilmacrenan of the kings a month after his father's death. Shortly before his inauguration he had marched into Tyrone, burned the town of Dungannon and made himself master of Castlederg.

The years of Hugh Oge's reign were marked by the great temporal prosperity of his people, and such was his hospitality, that when in 1530, the Franciscans held the chapter of their order at Donegal he supplied them with food and wine.

Towards the close of 1510, O'Donnell set out on a pilgrimage to the tomb of the Apostles, having appointed his son Manus his *locum tenens*. On his way to Rome he stayed four months in London, the guest of King Henry VIII. by whom he was received with great honor and respect. It will be remembered that Henry was at this time the amiable and pious *Defensor Fidei*, and not the sensual brute of later years, whose memory is execrated by every honest historian. In the course of the following year O'Donnell returned home, and, we are told, "both laity and clergy were rejoiced at his return."

In 1513 O'Donnell visited and remained three months with King James IV., of Scotland, from whom he "received great honors and presents." At this time James was preparing for war with his brother-in-law, Henry VIII., of England, and had, it seems, formed a design of

* This battle is called by the Four Masters the Battle of Cnoc Tuagh, which signifies the hill of the battle-axes, and is the present Knockdoe, about eight miles north-east of Galway.

invading Ireland and completely wresting it from the hands of the English. That he might have his opinion and advice on this important matter, James invited O'Donnell to spend some time at his court. O'Donnell, we are told, dissuaded the King from carrying out his project. Later in the same year, James invaded England and was slain with fifteen thousand of his followers, in the disastrous battle of Flodden Field in Northumberland.

In the course of the following year, O'Donnell took Enniskillen and made himself master of all Fermanagh. In 1516 he laid siege to the castle of Sligo, which, up to this time, had defied all his attacks. As this was the first occasion on which we read of artillery being used in Ireland by the Irish, we shall let the Four Masters tell the story: —

"A French knight, who had come to perform a pilgrimage at St. Patrick's Purgatory, on Lough Derg, sojourned at the house of O'Donnell, on his journey to and from that place, where he received much honor, respect, hospitality, and presents, during which time they formed bonds of friendship with each other. When the knight learned that the castle of Sligo was defended against O'Donnell, he promised that he would send a ship with large guns; and the knight fulfilled that promise, and the ship arrived at the harbor of Killybegs, from which it directly sailed to Sligo, while O'Donnell, with his forces marched by land, and both parties by land and sea arrived together at the town. The town was destroyed by them before they got possession of the castle, and O'Donnell gave full pardon to the garrison."

Before returning to Donegal on this occasion, O'Donnell marched into Tirerril where he took the castles of Colloony, Castledargan and Dunamona all on the same day.

Under date 1522, the Four Masters record the commencement of an "exceedingly great war between O'Donnell and O'Neil." The most saddening pages of Irish history are the pages which record those unfortunate dissensions and feuds between the native Irish princes. Whenever the national cause made union an imperative necessity, personal interest and ancient spleen never failed to do the enemy's work by keeping asunder those whose united strength could have easily maintained their country's freedom. To use the words of a great Irishman* lately deceased, "The Irish chiefs may be said to have fought each other with one hand, while they fought the English with the other." The golden opportunity of doing for the Sassenach what Brian had done for the Dane was fast passing away. The lords of the Pale — the Geraldines and the Butlers — seemed to have taken a leaf from the Irish princes' book of tactics and were fiercely contending among themselves for superiority. England, weakened by more than a century of civil warfare, could give but scant aid towards maintaining a foot-hold on Ireland. And yet this is the time which O'Neil and O'Donnell have chosen for the "greatest war that ever happened between the Connallians and the Tyronians." So well did the English generals understand how disastrous an alliance between these two Irish chiefs would prove to the English power in Ireland, that, about this time, we find the diplomatic Earl of Surrey writing to King

*A. M. Sullivan. See "Story of Ireland," page 141.

Henry VIII.: "It would be dangerful to have them both agreed, and the longer they continue in war, the better it should be for your grace's poor subjects here." We shall not describe the several incidents of that terrible war. Suffice it to say that after a great deal of manœuvring on both sides, the opposing armies met at Cnoc-an-Bogha near the present town of Strabane in county Tyrone. A desperate battle ensued. "Mighty men were subdued and heroes were hacked on either side; warriors were cut down, slaughtered and ignominiously mangled by active young soldiers." O'Neil's splendid army was put to rout and O'Donnell left master of the field. No less than nine hundred of O'Neil's clansmen and allies fell in this disastrous battle.

From Cnoc-an-Bogha, O'Donnell marched to Connaught, where he took summary vengeance on some of his tributaries, who had seized the opportunity which his war with O'Neil had afforded them of casting off his sway.

The war between O'Neil and O'Donnell went on as fiercely as ever. Gerald, Earl of Kildare, as well from motives of personal policy as of private friendship, succeeded (in 1524) in bringing about a peace between them. But it was not to last long. Kildare had hardly reached home when hostilities were renewed. In the following year Gerald called a council of the native princes in Dublin. O'Donnell and O'Neil both came in obedience to his summons; but all attempts at reconciliation between them proving in vain, they returned home to renew the war. Poor, deluded, but brave and noble-hearted chiefs. If, instead of contending among yourselves about a phantom, you, and such as you, had united your forces against the common foe, Ireland would not be the poverty-stricken and down-trodden land that she is to-day. Ah! why did you not learn what your kinsmen — the two Hughs, understood so well in later, but less opportune times — that the liberty of a nation and the union of its people are "one and inseparable?"

And so things went on from bad to worse between the O'Neils and O'Donnells, notwithstanding several attempts made by the Earl of Kildare to bring about a peace between them. About this time Manus O'Donnell succeeded in erecting a castle at the famous Fort of the Three Enemies near Lifford, which was the pass between Tyrone and Tirconnell. Here it was, that Manus wrote his celebrated "Life of St. Columba."

In 1537 Hugh Duv, having, like many of his ancestors, cast aside his princely attire, clothed himself in the humble habit of St. Francis, and thus breathed his last in the famous monastery of Donegal, within a stone's throw of the castle which had known his wise rule for so many years. The Four Masters recording his death tell how "his enemies never gained a victory over him;" "that he was a rigid enforcer of the established laws and ordinances;" that he "properly protected from violation the sacred properties belonging to the religious orders, poets and professors;" and, finally, that he "never suffered the English to come into his country." They add alas! a reason for the last-mentioned clause of their eulogy: — "for he had formed a league of peace and an amity with the king of England as soon as he saw that the Irish

would not submit to the superiority of any one among themselves; but that friends and relations fiercely contended against each other." He was succeeded by his son, Manus, who was inaugurated at Kilmacrenan by the coarbs* of St. Columbkille in the same year.

As Manus O'Donnell did not live in the castle of his ancestors at Donegal, we shall pass over his career as briefly as possible. He married Eleanor Fitzgerald, widow of MacCarthy, Riagh of Cork, and aunt of Silken Thomas. This is how it came about that, after the execution of Thomas and his five uncles at Tyburn, his infant brother found a safe asylum in Donegal where he remained four years, during which "he engaged more of the minds of statesmen than any other individual under the rank of royalty." † In 1539 O'Donnell, in company with O'Neil made an incursion on the Pale, where they burned the towns of Ardee and Navin, and plundered the surrounding country. They were overtaken on their homeward march by the English at Ballahoe in Fermanagh. After a sharply contested battle the Irish were defeated with a loss of four hundred men.‡ The loss on the English side was quite as great, and included Mabe, one of their best generals.

In Manus O'Donnell's time a transaction took place in Donegal Castle, to explain which we must say a word about the then existing state of affairs between England and France. In 1550 an English army invaded the Scotch border, and Henry II., of France, sent a fleet of a hundred and sixty vessels to the aid of his Scottish allies. The fleet was wrecked before it reached its destination, but the Lord Protector, had good reason to fear lest a similar expedition might be sent to the assistance of his disaffected Irish subjects. He accordingly ordered that the Irish coast be watched with the utmost vigilance. Notwithstanding this, a French ambassador, named Fourguevaux found his way to Ireland and forthwith opened up negotiations with the Ulster chieftains, O'Neil and O'Donnell, whose oath of allegiance he received in Donegal Castle. De Serigney, a French writer, is the only author who mentions this negotiation. We quote his words as they are given by the Abbé MacGeoghegan in his history of Ireland:—

"In the meantime, as the king wished to bring the Irish chieftains under his dominion, and withdraw them from their allegiance to the King of England, who had many partisans among them, and was in possession of some fortresses, he gave orders to De Forguevaux to set out for Ireland with the prothonotary, de Montluc, who was then chancellor of Scotland, and afterwards bishop of Valentia and Die in Daupheny. Notwithstanding the delicacy of this affair, they carried on their negotiation, which was a dangerous one, with so much skill and dexterity that in the month

* The coarbs to whom belonged the office of consecrating Tirconnell's Kings, were St. Columba's successors in the abbacies of Derry, Kilmacunan, Raphoe and Drumcliffe.

† Young Gerald escaped to France. After many years wanderings on the continent he joined the Knights of Malta, and became commander of the Grand Duke of Tuscany's cavalry. He afterwards returned to Ireland, where he was restored to the estates and titles of his ancestors.

‡ By some typographical error at page 419 of O'Kelly's translation of Abbé MacGeoghegan's History of Ireland the numbers of Irish slain in this battle is set down at *four thousand*. In the original French edition the number is correctly given as *four hundred*. "Les Irlandois perderent dans cette action pres de *quatre cent* hommes tres avec Magennis, un de leurs chefs."

of February, 1553, they received the oath of fidelity from Prince O'Donnell and O'Neil, earl of Tyrone, in the castle of Donegal, province of Ulster, which princes both in their own names, and in the names of the other lords of the country, placed their lives, forces and properties under the protection of France, it having been agreed upon, that whoever would be King of France, should be also King of Ireland."

"As, however," adds MacGeoghegan, "the continuance of treaties is generally measured by the interest of princes, the peace which was afterwards concluded between France and England, rendered this league with the Irish abortive."

The later years of Manus O'Donnell's life were embittered by the rebellion of his son, Calvagh, who, with the aid of some Scottish mercenaries, succeeded in taking his father prisoner at Ros Racha. He remained a prisoner in his own castle at Lifford until his death, which occurred in 1563. It was during his imprisonment that Manus wrote his *Life of Columbkille*. The book is a collection of legends, rather than a veritable biography of the saint, and is not, therefore, of much historical value.

We have said, that Manus O'Donnell lived principally at Lifford. During his chieftainship the Castle of Donegal was occupied by his brother Hugh. In 1564, Con, the son of Calvagh, accompanied by O'Boyle, laid siege to the town and castle. Hugh himself held the new tower, and sent his kinsmen Eignagham and Con (the sons of Hugh Buighe) to guard the old castle against the besiegers. These young men treacherously admitted Con into the castle, and assisted him to storm the tower, in which his uncle had taken up his stand. This siege went on apace, and Con had almost succeeded in taking the tower, when his operations were stopped short by the sudden entry into the town of a large force led by Shane O'Neil and Hugh, the son of Manus O'Donnell. Con was taken prisoner and Hugh, the son of Manus, became master of the town and castle. This Hugh became The O'Donnell on the death of his brother Calvagh, which took place in 1566 from injuries received by a fall from his horse.

Hugh O'Donnell could not brook the arrogant claim for superiority over Tirconnell set up by the proud and haughty Shane O'Neil. He gave abundant evidence of this spirit of independence by two raids which he made on Tyrone in 1566 and 1567. Shane mustered a large force to take vengeance on the Tirconnellians for these forays. The armies met on the north bank on the Swilley, not far from Letterkenny. The Tirconnellians being taken somewhat unawares, were in a sorry minority. When O'Neil saw them advancing he is reported to have said:—"I am very much surprised and astonished that these people should not find it easier to submit to us, and acquiesce to our terms, than come before us to fight and forthwith be annihilated." A desperate battle ensued. "Men were laid prostrate," say the annalists, "warriors cut down, youths covered with wounds, and strong heroes hacked in the slaughter." For a long time the issue was doubtful. At length, O'Neil's splendid army was put to flight. When they arrived at the ford by which they had crossed the Swilley in the morning, O'Neil's soldiers found to their utter dismay, that it was completely covered by the tide. They had nothing for it but to plunge in,

the result being that a "vast number of them was drowned in the deep flowing river." O'Neil's loss on that occasion is variously stated between two and three thousand! He himself escaped to be shortly afterwards treacherously murdered by the MacDonalds of Scotland, at the instigation of the English Lord Deputy.

In 1584 Sir John Perrot, the newly appointed Deputy, called a Parliament to meet in Dublin, at which both O'Neil and O'Donnell attended. The latter most strenuously resisted Perrot's proposal to change the ancient name of his territory into Donegal, and to send thither English paid Sheriffs. A war with O'Donnell was the last thing to be desired by the intriguing English Deputy just then. He prided himself on the invention of expedients, and on this occasion proposed one which Lombard says "was worthy of a pirate, or a robber, destitute of all honor or good faith." Hugh O'Donnell was now old and feeble; but there was growing up to him in Tirconnell a son who, although but yet a stripling of seventeen, "was known," says the chronicle, "throughout the four provinces of Ireland as being distinguished for wisdom, intellect, personal figure and noble deeds." Perrot's pet plan was simply to steal away this noble youth and shut him up a prisoner in Dublin Castle. In pursuance of this nefarious design, he fitted out and sent down to Lough Swilly a swift sailing merchantman, with a cargo of Spanish wines. At this time, young Hugh O'Donnell was staying in the neighborhood of Fanad, with his foster-father, MacSweeney, of the Battle-axes. It was given out that the vessel just arrived off Rathmullen was an English trader, come to dispose of her cargo of wines to the natives. The youthful prince was then "in his career of careless simplicity;" and yielding to the importunities of his young companions, came to Rathmullen to try the quality of the newly arrived wines. On the invitation of the treacherous captain, the thoughtless youth, accompanied by MacSweeney, of the Battle-axes, O'Gallagher, of Ballyshannon, and others, repaired to the ship. They were welcomed with a great show of respect, and conducted to the cabin. In the midst of the revel which followed, the cowardly sailors were made to steal their arms, and then the hatchets being securely closed down, the ill-omened bark put to sea, and never cast anchor until she arrived under the towers of the "strong stone castle," in which "Dauntless Red Hugh" spent the next five years, as the Four Masters say, "in meditating on the feeble and impotent condition of his friends and relations, of his princes and supreme chiefs, of his nobles and clergy, his poets and professors," learning, they might have added, what many another Irishman has learned in an English dungeon, to hate the rule of the Sassenach in Ireland.

In the meantime things were looking gloomy enough in Tirconnell. Young Hugh Roe was a prisoner in Dublin Castle, and nearly the whole territory of his father was in the hands of the English. At length Hugh Roe escaped, and the Four Masters enthusiastically and admiringly record the fact, under date 1592. After relating the circumstances of his bold escape, and the romantic incidents of his eventful journey, they bring him in triumph to Ballyshannon. Thence he marched to Donegal. The country was ready at his call, and he

soon found himself at the head of a powerful army. The monastery of Donegal, where our prince had been educated, was then in the hands of the English, and Hugh sent a message to their commander desiring him not to remain there any longer, and offering to permit him and his troops to depart peaceably, provided they restored all the plunder which they had belonging to the country. This offer was gladly accepted by the enemy, who immediately marched to Connaught.

The next nine years form, perhaps, the most glorious epoch in our island's story. These were the days when Hugh O'Neil and Hugh O'Donnell joined hands for Ireland. The historians of Clontibret, the yellow Ford, and many another hard-fought field, tell how valiantly and how well the noblest scion of Conal Gulban's line, the glorious Red Hugh,* fought the battles of his country during that memorable time. Had every other chieftain and clan fought as did O'Donnell and his following, little agitation would we want to-day; little would we hear of the brave sons and fair daughters of Tirconnell suffering the acute pangs of hunger† or feasting on seaweed‡; long would it be until we should be forced to suffer the indignity of a choice between the workhouse and starvation on a foreign shore.

Every one who has read the history of Ireland knows how, at the most critical turn in her struggle for freedom, she was basely deserted by Neil Garv O'Donnell. This traitor to the traditions of Conal Gulban's noble line, unmindful of the name he bore, forgetful that the blood of kings and princes ran in his veins, sold his country for a perspective grant of Tirconnell. The treachery of this perfidious wretch placed both the monastery and castle of Donegal in the hands of the enemy. When Red Hugh heard of his faithless kinsman's base conduct he marched from Thurmond — which he had conquered as far as Loophead — to Donegal and laid siege to the town, "where Niall Garv and his English were." The siege lasted until the end of September, when, to use the language of the annalists, "God willed to be avenged on and punish the English for the profanation and abuse which they committed on the churches and apartments of the learned psalmodists, viz., on the monastery of Donegal, and the monastery of Magherabeg, in which the English were quartered and encamped, and others of them in the castle of Donegal." This visitation was the explosion of the powder magazine, which the English had established in the monastery of Donegal. Hugh Roe, who had taken up his camp at Carrig, seized this opportunity to make a "fierce and sanguinary" night attack on the English, three hundred of whom were found dead in the intrenchments in the morning. Hugh continued the siege until the end of October, when he received intelligence that Don Juan D'Aquila had arrived with his Spanish fleet in the harbor

* We have passed over rather briefly the career of "Dauntless Red Hugh," as we intend, with the editor's permission, to make him the subject of a special paper in some future number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

† The *Derry Journal*, a few weeks ago, reported a well-authenticated case of death from starvation in the Glenties union district.

‡ When the Chief Secretary for Ireland visited Glencolumkille, a couple of years ago, he saw in one house the *whole family dining on cooked seaweed.*

of Kinsale. The imbecile blundering of this hot-headed Spaniard rendered it imperatively necessary that the Irish should stake their all on the slender chances of victory before Kinsale. Thither Hugh Roe O'Donnell must repair. But will he leave the castle of his fathers in the hands of the enemy, the castle around which clung all the tender memories of childhood, the castle which had seen the youth and manhood of so many generations of his royal ancestors, the castle which he loved as only the Irishman can love the home of his birth? No! no! A thousand times better see it a smouldering heap of ashes than that it should be desecrated by the presence of those cut-throat Saxon marauders. And so, before starting for Kinsale, Hugh O'Donnell put a burning fagot to the old castle of his ancestors and left it a desolate ruin.

"From Hugh O'Donnell, thine own brave
And far-famed sovereign came the blow!
By him, thou lonesome castle o'er the Esker's wave,
By him was *wrought* thine overthrow!

"Yet not because he wished thee ill
Left he thee thus beraven and void!
The prince of the victorious tribe of Delach still
Loved thee, yes, thee whom he betrayed!

* * * * * * * * * *

"Yet better thou shoulds't fall, methinks,
By thine own king of many thrones,
Than that the truculent Galls should rear around thy streams,
Dry mounds and circles."*

Thus ends the story of the ancient castle of Donegal. It was soon after restored by Sir Basil Brooke, to whom it was made over by royal patent in 1602, and the pile which the visitor to Donegal is now shown, is the remains of the building thus restored. "It is, however, a remarkable ruin. The visitor must view it from a distance to catch the lines of its gabled tower, surmounted by a bartizan turret rising to a dizzy height. Within, the chief points of interest are a fine chamber containing a grand chimney-piece, sculptured in good style, with the arms of Brooke and Leicester, and lighted by a splendid window. There are some fine stone mullions and arches, and a low room rudely vaulted with stones placed edge-ways."†

There are several legends about the castle current in the neighborhood. One of these is told in beautiful verse by D'Arcy McGee. Although our paper is already too long, we cannot resist the temptation to give it to our readers in full.

"'How beautiful! how beautiful!' cried out the children all,
As the golden harvest evening's moon beamed down on Donegal;
And its yellow light that danced along the Esker to the bay,
There tinged the roofless abbey's walls; there gilt the castle gray.
'How beautiful! how beautiful! let us go hide and seek!'
Some run along the river's edge, some crouch beside the creek;
While two, more dauntless than the rest, climb o'er the castle wall,
And without note on horn or trump, parade the princely hall.

* Own Roe MacWard's Lament over the ruins of Donegal Castle. † Bishop MacDevitt's *Donegal Highlands*, page 76.

"Brave little boys, as bright as stars, beneath the porch they pass'd,
And paused, just where along the hall the keep its shadow cast;
And, heaven protect us! there they saw a fire burning away,
And sitting in the ingle-nook, an ancient man and gray;
He sat upon his stony seat like to another stone,
And ever from his breast there broke a melancholy moan;
But the little boys they feared him not, for they were two to one,
And the man was stooped and aged, and sad to look upon.

"And he who was the eldest—his mother called him Hugh—
Said, 'Why for, sir, do you make moan and wherefore do you rue?
Are you one of the old-time kings, long syne exiled to Spain,
Like a linnet to its last year's nest, that here returns again?'
And the shape stood up and smiled, as the tiny voice he heard,
And the tear that hung upon his cheek fell to his snowy beard.
'My boys,' he said, 'come sit ye here beside me until I
Tell you why I haunt this hearth, and what so makes me sigh.

"'I am the father of their race,—the Cinnel-Connell's sire—
And, therefore, thus I watch their home, and kindle still their fire;
For the mystic heat would perish amid a land of slaves,
If it were not tended nightly by the spirits from their graves;
And here I still must keep my stand, until the living are
Deem'd meet to track the men of might along the fields of war;
And, ah! my little men,' he said, 'my watch is very long,
Unpromised of an early end, uncheer'd by friend or song.

"'And the present is embitter'd by the memories of old—
The bards and their delights, and the tales the gossips told;
I remember me the ringing laughs and minstrelsy divine,
That echoed here for Nial Garv, and Turlogh of the Wine;
I remember how brave Manus—an early grave he met—
Traced the story here of Columb-cille, a tale surviving yet;
And, oh! I weep like Jacob, when of Joseph's death he heard,
When I think upon you, young Hugh Roe, Tirconnell's staff and sword!

"'My boy, he was not thirty years of age, although his name
Was spread all over Ireland upon the wings of fame;
Entrapped, imprison'd, frozen on Wicklow's wintry hills,
He rose, he fought, he died afar, crowning our country's ills.
Alas! I cannot help but cry—and you! what crying, too?
Indeed, it might melt iron hearts to think upon my Hugh.
My boys, go home, remember him, and hasten to be men,
That you may act, on Irish soil, his gallant part again.'

"'How beautiful! how beautiful!' cried out the children all,
As the two boys clamber'd over the ancient castle wall;
'Run here—run there—take care—take care,' but silently and slow
To their humble homes, the little friends, hand in hand they go;
And from that night they daily read, in all the quiet nooks
About their homes, old Irish songs, and new-made Irish books;
And many a walk and many a talk, they had down by the bay,
Of the spirit of the castle hall, and the words they heard him say."

We have sketched briefly, and, we must confess, imperfectly, the history of Donegal Castle and its royal masters. If the story should prove interesting to our countrymen in America, and should tend to increase, even in the smallest degree, their pride in the "bygone glory" of the dear old land at home, or their veneration for the ruined castles and crumbling shrines that stud our island from the centre to the sea, we shall have attained the end for which we threw together these notes on the ancient home of Tirconnell's chieftains.

OLLAVE FOLA.

The Path of Pleasure.

RETURN, my soul, from pleasure's way
Which still would tempt thee on to roam ;
Return, e'er yet the close of day,
To that which leads thee home.

While blindly rushing on, thou ne'er
A thought gave to the way thou trod ;
Suspecting not a path so fair
Would lead thee from thy God.

And look, my soul, as back thou trace
Thy footsteps through this gaudy show ;
Behold the flowers this pathway grace,
Conceal sharp thorns below.

Yet, while they to the eye look bright,
And seem so tempting and so grand,
Once plucked, they turn as black as night,
And wither in thy hand.

Ah! ever thus is pleasure's path,
The way seems bright 'till trodden on ;
But then remorse and pain it hath,
Its thorns remain, its flowers are gone.

ULIDIA.

Conversion of a Noted Apostate.

IT is no exaggeration to say that the conversion of "Leo Taxil" (M. Gabriel Jogand) has astounded all France. He was the most pronounced Atheist in the country, and filled the office of President of the Anti-Clerical Society of France, of which he was also the founder. No more relentless or ferocious writer against Catholicism and, indeed, Christianity in all forms has recently appeared; and some of his offensive anti-Papistical volumes have been standard works among the French Free-Thinkers. Some doubts having been cast upon the sincerity of his conversion, he wrote to *L'Univers* declaring that his conversion was indeed a true one. "I had been," he added, "discouraged, pained, but I believed in Republican truth; nay, I thought that among Republicans alone was truth. For the Republic I had sacrificed my friends, my father himself. Now I have been the subject of endless Republican lies. . . . I refused to be interviewed in spite of which I have been accused of acting by way of a little adver-

tisement. But, indeed, I have taken no part in the disturbance made about me. . . . The mere resignation no longer suffices to my conscience; it is now a matter of true penitence, sincere, absolute. The pain which has been inflicted upon me has been followed by shame for my faults. If I am weeping now, it is no longer for anger or spite; I weep only for the scandals which I have given, which I deplore, and which I will henceforth repair with all my powers." The curious part of "Leo Taxil's" conversion is, that it was while in Rome attending the "Anti-Clerical Congress" that he returned to the Church from which he had seceded, and of which he became the bitter enemy. The conversion of Lord Ripon, the Grand Master of Freemasonry in England, was not a more remarkable event in England, than the conversion of the president of the Anti-Clerical League of France has been in France.

The Dominicans in Ireland

On Sunday, July 26, the foundation-stone was laid of the new Priory of St. Saviour in connection with the Dominican Church in Dominick Street, Dublin. The ceremony was performed by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly. The church was crowded, and after the High Mass, the Very Rev. Father Fitzgibbon, Prior, preached on the subject of the mission of the Dominican Order in Ireland during many centuries. It is now six hundred years since the first coming of the Dominicans to Dublin, when they were assisted by the Cistercians, who gave them a site for a church and a monastery, on the ground now occupied by the Four Courts. During the invasion of Ireland by the Bruce, in 1315, the Dominican Church and Priory were levelled, that they might not afford shelter to the invaders, but afterwards they were built up again by the citizens. The property of the Order was, of course, confiscated by Henry VIII., and their church and priory were converted into King's Inns, while the Four Courts were built on the spot where the good monks had so long labored and prayed. For centuries the Dominicans wandered about the city, now dwelling in one street, now in another, till they finally established themselves in the old church and house in Denmark Street. After twenty years' labor, they have completed their fine church of St. Saviour's in Dominick Street, and they now hope to be assisted to build a priory suitable for the accommodation of their Order. Father Fitzgibbon's sermon was interesting not only as a narrative of the works and struggles of the brave and holy men who "came to us six hundred years ago, and were welcomed by our countrymen as heralds of the Lord, came to us as strangers with dark Southern features, and grand old Norman names." After the decline of the ancient University of Dublin in connection with St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Dominicans, who had been among its teachers, opened a High School of St. Thomas Aquinas, on Usher's Island.

Southern Sketches.

XIV.

CHARMS OF GREEN COVE SPRING—Continued.

On my return to the cottage I was introduced to the rest of the boarders. Miss Dunbar, a cultivated and highly agreeable lady from New York, was engaged in chatting cheerfully with Mr. and Mrs. Donnell, who, as I afterwards learned, were old travellers, having visited various parts of Europe. Mr. D——— was a sturdy, smart, gray-headed gentleman. His lady appeared the very quintessence of tidiness, intelligence and tact. Being alone in the world, their sole ambition was to make each other happy. Every wish of Mrs. D——— was kindly anticipated by her beloved spouse, and instantly as well as gracefully put into execution. Supper was ready at six, and we all sat around the table like a happy family. While our hostess superintended the colored help, the witty Irish greenhorn waited on our table. During my stay in the cottage we were provided with the best of meats and vegetables; our supply came regularly by boat every day from the Jacksonville market. The terms were only twelve dollars per week, and according to treatment and rooms were much more reasonable than even a slight advance in charge would be at the big hotels, since this family mode of living was much more home-like and social than being isolated among crowds in the large, fashionable establishments. Next day we had our circle enlarged by the arrival from Riverside Cottage of Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, a young and fascinating couple, from Portland, Me. When I found out and reflected that so many of my fellow-boarders came from the land of the Britains, I imagined myself in a rather disagreeable predicament. "What!" said I to myself. "Perhaps this is the very first time that these people came in contact with a Catholic priest! Will they judge of him according to the stereotyped Protestant definition, or be led to an honest opinion by seeing for themselves? Will they feel embarrassed in his company? Will they wish he were away? Will they watch and criticise every action, word, and glance of his?" To all these questions I answered, "No. The good folks are not fanatics. They are too generous and highly educated to allow low prejudices to influence them against any of their fellow-boarders, whether priests or laymen." And nothing could be truer than this, since, during my whole stay, no body of devout Catholics could pay more respect and attention to a priest than I received at the hands of those dear Protestant friends, whom I hope the grace of God will yet conduct to the truth.

The sunny pleasant days were passed in walking, reading, bathing, shooting, fishing, watching croquet games in the park, and listening to music produced by skilful hands and voices. The evenings were spent in conversing pleasantly on a thousand subjects. Some played euchre and laughed or looked dull according as they won or lost. Mrs. K——— possessed a well-trained, beautiful voice, and her artistic

touches on the piano elicited frequent expressions of applause. The two Mr. Knights rendered themselves famous among our party by their splendid banjo performances. The pencil sketches of Mr. Ed, which represented humorous and comical as well as landscape scenes in the South, exhibited great cleverness, and afforded us considerable interest. His capacity for making puns excited much merriment After awakening laughter and fun the night previous, he might be seen next day all alone, struggling through the oak hammocks and swamps in search of hawks, buzzards, alligators and other game. Whatever beautiful birds he shot he intended to carry North to get stuffed. Mr. Shot, a very refined gentleman, came over to see us occasionally from Riverside Cottage.

I often rambled alone in the beautiful wild woods, it was so pleasant to walk over the wire grass and the glittering sands. The lonely paths, amid the tall stately pines, were splendid spots for meditation. During my rambles I examined many insects, flowers and grasses with the aid of a little pocket microscope. The new beauties revealed by this study were marvellous, and during observations of this kind I scarcely felt the time passing.

I noticed very little cultivation in the neighborhood of the village. Most of the land was occupied by pine trees, with an undergrowth of shrub palmetto. Whenever an occasional field appeared, it was planted with sweet potatoes, corn, cotton or sugar-cane.

No matter how wretched the cabins of the negroes were, the poor darkies contrived to eke out a subsistence. A little hominy, a few sweet potatoes, and a bit of hog will make them happy. Even if a negro was starving I do not think he would lose his good-humor.

The majority of the native whites, especially those living out among the pine barrens, are a lean, pale-faced class of persons. Their dwellings among swamps and wretched fare, composed of hog and hominy, make them victims to ague and indigestion. Many among these people eat clay, and their dialect is often as unintelligible as that of the wildest negro of the backwoods. Until he associates with a more intelligent class of whites, learns more at school, and tries to procure better victuals, the "cracker" will ever remain an unpresentable individual, and need not be ambitious to procure a seat in Congress. Though distant with strangers and foolish for himself, he has many good features, and is sociable and kind among his fellows. It is usually hard to approach one of their houses, as a lean, savage dog generally guards the entrance. Though the brute is ugly and combative at home, he is always a coward in the woods, flying from you, with his tail behind his legs, when he sees you approach.

My first Sunday in Green Cove witnessed Mass in the neat little church, to which all the Catholics of the place flocked at the well-known sound of the morning bell. The Holy Sacrifice evidenced that beautiful unity of worship as well as faith, for which our Holy Church is distinguished, and millions of altars all over the world that day presented the same ceremonial. Captain Mauncy and his family were the guardians of the church keys, and occupied the adjoining house.

A few days afterwards, one of our company suggested a trip up Governor's Creek. All gladly acquiesced. By some accident Mr. and Mrs. D——— were unable to attend, so the Kendalls, Knights, and myself, after walking along St. David's path, to the entrance of the creek, got on board the boat *Tetula* and commended ourselves to the care of Providence and our negro captain "Jambarino." Ed carried his shot gun and was wholly intent on seeking after ducks. Mrs. K———, who was an exquisite artist, arranged her sketching materials, while the rest of our company were enjoying the beautiful surroundings. Jamborino blinked in the sun and showed his pearly white teeth as he pulled the oars. We darted beneath the drawbridge and came out amid vast patches of curious, variegated-leaved water lilies that in their season bear beautiful yellow flowers.

The botanical name of these lilies is *Nymphæa Lutæ.* They grow out of the soft, clammy wood. The parent plant multiplies its kind in spring by producing small bulbs, which drop to the bottom and take root there. These lilies are also perpetuated thus. When the old leaves and roots die, the rhizoma supplies new ones, and sends out runners a few feet long At the end of these, new plants are formed. When the latter are well started the runners die, leaving the young lilies to take care of themselves.

After passing these waving beauties, we entered a clear channel, just wide enough for one boat, and as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be seen on the creek to the right and left but lovely green bonnets. The morning was sunny and breezy, and as we moved, all sat still on the boat, scarcely venturing to utter a word, so delighted were we with the silence and beauty of this semi-tropical scene.

If Jambarino caused an oar to splash too much, Ed would hit him on the nose and all would be still again. But hark, the silence is softly broken by this joyous whisper from "the sport." "See, see, the ducks." "Row quickly, but silently, Jambarino." We all strained our necks and exclaimed, "The ducks." "Where, where?" "Quiet, quiet," whispered Ed; "see yonder." Beyond, in the clear waters, a large flock was seen swimming, wagging their tails, and now and then diving as if there was no danger near.

So profound was the silence that we could scarcely hear the paddle of the oars, when in an instant the loud report of Ed's gun reverberated through the still recesses of the forests. The ducks arose with a frightened quack, quack, and a rustling of wings, leaving behind a lame companion. We rowed as fast as possible to reach the game, but the creature dived, hid among the lilies, and could never be found afterwards.

Ed was almost about to curse his fate, when a pious look restrained him. The noise made by the gun startled the birds from their roosts in the trees, while a great, big turkey-buzzard flying around a lofty cypress to the left, tried to pounce upon a woodpecker that fortunately escaped into a hole from his murderous enemy. After flying for some distance, the ducks alighted again on the water, but nothing could induce them to come within range of our friend's gun. The lily pads gradually disappeared, yet the scenery became no less

interesting. The creek got narrow, and its borders of shrubs, vines and tall trees looked exceedingly picturesque. The view reminded me of parts of the Ocklawaha, and though it was not adorned by the tall palmettoes of the latter stream, yet it surpassed it in the splendor of its reflections. The sky above, the floating clouds, leaves of trees, little birds on boughs, waving water-flags, the streaming moss, our party in the boat, and every other upper object, were distinctly imaged on this aqueous mirror; one would think that the sylvan edging of this virgin forest stream would not be unworthy of the garden of Eden, so lovely did it look. Even the old logs, on which the lazy turtles reclined, presented a beauty of their own quite irresistible. The flowers of the snow-drop tree and the deep scarlet leaves of a shrub to us unknown, contrasted delightfully with the honeysuckles, yellow jesamines and swamp azalias that bowed down to the water. Now and then a cypress trunk, with a base about thirty feet in circumference, towered aloft as white and smooth as a marble pillar, while its owl-shaped, feathery leaves waved in the wind. Coming to an open space on the banks, we occasionally saw growing on the moist soil under the pines vast quantities of plants bearing golden and purple flowers. These were the pinguiculas that entrap insects in their broad leaves, which are turned into stomachs where a kind of gastric juice is secreted. Flies attracted by the beautiful flowers are caught in the moist stems and leaves where they perish. These remarkable plants can digest insects, raw beef, blood, milk and the yellow pollen dust of pine trees. The fertilizing work amid the flowers is done by a little bee. Animal and vegetable life in this neighborhood offers a singular contrast with what we often see in the North.

How wild and grand this creek must have appeared some years ago, when the fierce, naked Indian shot his canoe through its glassy waters. His soul fired by the thought of the Great Spirit played as free as the breezes that swept through the trees, and his arrow was ever ready to penetrate the heart of wild turkey, duck, deer, bear or panther that frequented the forest. No trace remained now of the camp of the savage, the grand pow-wow, the tranquil smoke, and the feast in the woods. Our artists were not idle as the boat moved along. I have now in my possession some sketches which they took of this beautiful spot. Mrs. K——— sang a song to add to our felicity. It was rendered in her accustomed simple and pathetic tone, and combined in itself so much poetic and religious feeling that soft-hearted James K——— could not help shedding a tear. When a mocking bird on a distant myrtle bough heard this sweet, soft singing, he jumped from branch to branch in the most restless manner. Feeling sure that he himself was the king warbler of the grove, he did not wish to have his fame snatched from him, so, eyeing us excitedly, and twittering in a reproachful strain, he flew on top of a mistletoe and from this throne threw out from his throat such floods of melody that cat-birds, jays, thrushes, Carolina wrens, ground doves, kingfishers and kildee plovers seemed to flock on all sides to listen to his matchless music. On turning a delicate curve made by the course of the stream, we came in sight of a saw-mill. Here was the *push* of the nineteenth

century right in the heart of this beautiful wilderness. Where is the spot in which it cannot be found? The negroes, mules and crackers employed in the place were wholly absorbed in working the machine, paying no attention to the natural attractions that we were admiring. Back in the woods, darkies were employed in making cypress shingles, and more than one oath escaped from a black throat against a lazy, obstinate mule. In the course of a few minutes we arrived at a rustic bridge, which was the terminus of respectable navigation. Few but rough hunters and trappers would dare to go further up amid muddy swamps, tangled vines and limbs, opposums, wild-cats and rattle-snakes. Our trip back was a pleasant one. Each reflection supplied fresh beauty, and when we got among the lily pads our sportsman Ed, had his patience rewarded by the sight of game. Ducks and coots were sporting among the green flags and bonnets. "The sport" discharged his gun in the twinkling of an eye. The shot fell among the poor birds like a thunderbolt, killing a couple while the majority escaped. Fearing that snapping-turtles or other reptiles would seize them, Jambarino rowed with all his might through the lily pads, and in a few minutes brought us near enough to the two dead birds, not ducks, but coots. We pulled them up and inspected the softness and beauty of their plumage. It was a rich mixture of dark green, steel blue, white, purple, and gray. While we were chatting and viewing the dead birds, more live ones were stirring the rushes on the opposite shore. Jambarino pulled like lightning, according to vehement orders; another shot was discharged, and a coot was soon seen kicking convulsively with a broken leg, while each backward movement made him ambitious to go forward and escape his would-be murderer. This was exciting and delightful sport, the poetry of action, and nothing but ravenous appetites would induce us to abandon it. So bidding good-by to this airy, flowery creek, we pushed into the murky St. John's, laden as we moved with delicious memories, and feeling, like a modern artist and moralist, that "everything in nature is beautiful, even a grain of sand, and our best imitations can neither bring back the solitude nor the song." On reaching home after a delightful sail, we paid our respects to an excellent dinner. Towards evening Mr. D———, friend Ed, and myself while strolling through the village came up with a genuine old genius named Captain Henderson, "an original character, full of good-humor and ready information," the veteran founder of Green Cove Spring, eighty-five years old; in his youth, the favorite of Indians, Spaniards and Frenchmen. The captain was a middle-sized gentleman and gracefully corpulent. His beard swept from under his chin for at least a foot down his breast. His head presented a splendid model for a sculptor, with its broad, rosy face having scarcely a wrinkle, embellished with a constant, happy smile. His big straw hat was cocked behind him in the style of Napoleon Bonaparte, while his long great coat extended several inches below the knees. He carried a long pole for a walking-stick between both hands. When Mr. D——— saluted the captain, the old tar replied, "Ah, good day, sir, how do you do, and you, gentlemen" (addressing Ed and myself), "how do you carry yourselves?" On urging Mr. D——— to draw the old gen-

tleman out, the former asked, "Captain, when did you come to Green Cove?"—"I came here," answered the veteran, "in the year 1824 and laid out this town in 1834. Them were rum days, nothing but Indians and a few whites and shanties to be seen. One time the red men burned the whole country down to Mandarin. Them were great hunting days," he continued; "many's the time I went out and shot five deer in one day. I often killed alligators with an axe from a small boat. When I wanted meat I got a saddle of venison from the Indians in exchange for hard tack. When I and my partner, a fellow wheelwright, came here first, we cut down lots of timber. The spring was covered then with a great, big tree which was crushed to pieces when the waters first burst from the rock. When folks heard of its power to cure the rheumatics, great numbers used to come up in the *Old Florida*, the first steamer that ever trotted up the river. I'll never forget the surprise of the niggers when they saw that craft. They imagined the devil was workin' in the water, when they saw her wheel goin', and they ran away frightened. Among those who came up and stopped at the boardin' house was Dr. H———, of Jacksonville. He was an out-and-out teetotler, never havin' taken a drop in his life. He was sufferin' terrible with the rheumatics one day, so hard that he could not walk to the spring. 'Take a light glass of Irish whiskey punch, doctor,' says I, 'and you'll feel better.'—'No, no,' says he, 'I never did in my life and won't now.' In spite of all his refusals I prevailed on him, and instead of makin' it light, I did up a rousin' strong one, usin' Jamison's best. The doctor thought it horrible fiery but swallowed it down. His eyes snapped, the muscles of his legs twitched, his face looked awfully jolly, and he ris from his seat a new man. 'Come along, Cap,' says he; 'now I guess I can walk to the spring.' After takin' a swim he cries out, 'Henderson you make me another, let it be a little stronger than the last.' When he came home he ordered a gallon of the best from Jacksonville."

After delivering himself of this narrative, our old entertainer laughed till the tears came from his eyes. Then he bade us good-by and hobbled off.

Next day our whole household were interested in the case of an unfortunate man from Brooklyn, who was arrested the previous night for burglary, and lodged in the town jail. Many considered him irresponsible for the act, as he was beastly drunk, when the affair took place. Being a rather elegant-looking fellow, a refined talker, and amiable in his manners, he found a good many sympathisers among our party. Mrs. K———, Ed and myself went to see him. Nothing but his head appeared through the jail window. His face looked so sad that our hearts were touched in his favor. Cakes, delicate meats, nuts and oranges were sent to him; a collection was taken up to get him released; his passage was paid on the boat to Palatka, and he left the village in great spirits, promising faithfully before Heaven to reform his life. But such is the depravity of the human race. A few days after, while at dinner, and congratulating each other on the good we had done, the news came of the arrest of ungrateful G——— on a charge of chicken stealing in Palatka.

During my stay in Green Cove, the young men and myself went alligator shooting up to Six-Mile Creek. Rifles, shot guns, axes, ropes, and other traps, were got ready, and we started after an early breakfast on our boat *Tetula*, with black Jambarino for our captain. After shooting in vain at a few alligators on our trip towards the south, we crossed the river and entered the creek. The large, splendid stream was as smooth and glassy as satin, and the oars had to be used as the sail could not catch any wind. The mouth of this creek was very wide, and elegantly adorned with lily-pads Ducks, coots, and herons flew before us on our approach, making the wild solitude still wilder by their cries. Certainly no language can adequately describe the boundless beauty of those Florida waters — they are so silent, so rich in sylvan ornament, and so broad in their extent. We rowed for miles through lovely scenery, our sports shooting at birds and turtles, mistaking rotten logs for alligators, and exciting by their discharges a perfect pandamonium among the turkey-vultures. We remained out in this watery wilderness till about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we thought it about time to return home. On our way back we saw dozens of buzzards screaming over cypresses that were fully one hundred and fifty feet high. They looked like evil geniuses hovering over those darkening forests, eager to destroy whatever they could seize. As we rowed back, the river became violently agitated by a strong breeze from the north-east. The waves rocked the boat from side to side, and as we had a long distance to go we be began to feel apprehensive. Those who maintain that the St. John's is a dull, sluggish stream, would not think so if they saw it as we did that afternoon. Its waves rolled and tossed like the billows of the sea, and far out in its depths the winds held a festival, howling and blowing at a tremendous rate. As the current was against us, we made but slow progress, and twilight was already at hand before we had gone a few miles; but to keep up courage, we laughed and jested. Overcoats and umbrellas were used to keep the dashing waves from drenching us completely. Now the moon arose on the opposite side, with its pure, silver beams illuminating the rough river. We prayed the God that made it, and the beautiful world, to keep us from danger. As we moved along we saw hundreds of ducks away in the distance, rising and falling in the shining billows. Our sports thought not of shooting now, but of rowing hard for bare life, since the water swells grew more furious than ever. The cold breezes reddened our hands. The fires arising from the opposite woods filled the heavens with a lurid light, and when, after a while, the lamps of Green Cove burst in upon us, the boys sang a hymn of delight beautifully illustrating the fact that "music gives an echo to the seat where love is throned." When we got to the cottage we were warmly received and soon refreshed, though we caused no little disappointment at our lack of game. Thus was time spent at Green Cove — hunting, fishing, walking, reading and enjoying the charms of a society that is ever intelligent, courteous and kind-hearted. When I started a few days after the trip to Six-Mile Creek, on my journey to Cuba, by Cedar Keys, I could almost shed tears, I felt so lonely and sad at leaving such dear good friends.

REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

The Scourge in Spain and France.

THE cholera has carried off sixty or seventy thousand souls in Spain, and is still raging. In some cities in France, particularly Marseilles, it is prevailing to a great extent. A priest was lately interviewed by the *London Tablet*, who said: "It is now years ago, and still those scenes are as fresh in my memory to-day as if they were of yesterday, and I suppose it will be the same with me till I die. What is it you want to know? Something of this plague, of this most awful of the visitations of God, of the safeguards you must use? Well, get that last thought out of your head; safeguard, there is none. Keep a good conscience, that is the beginning and the end of the advice I can give you."

"Where was your first experience of cholera?"

"In India. The cholera is always there. In lower Bengal it is endemic, and other parts of India are more or less subject to it. I was young then, and serving as Catholic chaplain to the troops. For my part, I look upon cholera as one of those mysterious judgments of God about which we know absolutely nothing. Keep a good conscience, and then don't be afraid — that is the beginning and end of my advice to you. Mind, science may have made advances in this matter in late years, that is quite possible, but myself I don't believe it. By all means take precautions. Rouse the municipalities to cleanse the cities. Good may come of it, perhaps, but don't think mere cleanliness will save you. Why, in India, I have seen the cholera pass the filthy squalid quarters of the natives, to work ravages among the spotless homes of the Europeans. Neither will avoidance of contact suffice. I have seen cholera pass along the rows of beds in barracks, and sometimes act as though it were governed by intelligence and working by mathematical laws. Thus I have known it attack every second man, or every third man in a long row — or one night appear on only one side of a room. As for remedies, at the time I speak of, there was no generally accepted theory. Each doctor prescribed as he thought best quite empirically. At one time we believed greatly in the use of alcohol, particularly in the shape of champagne, but afterwards we lost faith in it. One thing I remember impressed itself greatly upon me, and that was the way in which in any outbreak, the force of the cholera seemed to spend itself, the later cases almost always proving less virulent and sudden than the earlier ones. Then I have no doubt that people are predisposed for it by fear. I remember one incident over which we used to smile in the old days, although it was like enough to have ended tragically. One day, in the height of a cholera epidemic, as I was hurrying towards the hospital, I passed a little knot of soldiers. One of them, a corporal, I recognized, and nodded to him. As I went on, I heard one of the other men say: 'There goes the priest to the hospital; but, corporal, he spotted you — he knows whom he will have to attend to next.' I thought the words were meant and taken as a jest, and held on my way. I was at the hospital about four

hours, and was just preparing to leave when I saw a soldier being carried in. The stretcher was put down, and, to my astonishment and horror, I saw the corporal I had spoken to. The doctors had retired for a few hours, worn out, poor fellows, with their work. But, by this time, I was pretty well up in the cholera symptoms, and I felt convinced that the corporal was not suffering from cholera. I said as much to the apothecary who had come up, and, as he agreed with me, we gave the man a strong dose of wine, and then, as he came slowly round, greeted him with boisterous chaff; and so, at length, shamed him out of his fears. I believe if we had treated him for cholera, and taken his case seriously, he would have died."

Prayer to St. Roch Against the Cholera.

In the "Lives of the Saints."

It is claimed that the following prayer to St. Roch has been found in places notably efficacious in keeping off the cholera and other plagues: —

"O Blessed St. Roch, whose charity inspired thee to make pilgrimages to cities infected by the plague to cure the sick, and who, when thyself attacked, wert comforted by a brute beast, thy faithful companion, pray for us and aid us. Obtain from our merciful Saviour that He remove from us that terrible scourge now menacing us. Thou didst merit by the five years spent in dark abodes of infection and misery, the heavenly power of curing contagious diseases. Forget not the written promise brought by an angel from heaven, and deposited upon thy lifeless body. The infected who shall have recourse to St. Roch, shall be delivered from their cruel maladies. Full of confidence, we recur to thee, then, O gracious saint, and we shall not be confounded.

"Mary, consolatrix of the afflicted and health of the sick. Pray for us."

"Our Father," "Hail Mary," etc.

"Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Pray for us."

Many cities have been speedily delivered from the plague by imploring the intercession of St. Roch; in particular, the city of Constance, during the General Council held there in 1414. St. Roch was born of a noble family, in Montpelier, and making a pilgrimage of devotion to Rome, he devoted himself in Italy to serving the sick during a raging pestilence. The feast of St. Roch is celebrated on the 16th of August. In New Orleans it was observed with great pomp by the faithful of Holy Trinity parish. The exercises of the day consisted of a Solemn High Mass and a visit in procession to the shrine of St. Roch, at Campo Santo.

Do put your hairpins in so that they will stay; it looks slovenly, to say the least, to see them half dropping out. Do avoid whispering; it is as bad as giggling; both are to be condemned; there is no excuse for either one of them; if you have anything to say, say it; if you have not, hold your tongue altogether; silence is golden. Do be truthful; do avoid exaggeration; if you mean a mile, say a mile; if you mean one, say one, not a dozen.

Sound Sentiments of an English Bishop.

THE Catholic bishop of Nottingham has published a letter on the necessity of political union among Catholics in England, the significance of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. Putting the question, Ought Catholics to be (as advised in the *Catholic Union*) members of all the different parties in the state, that is staunch Tories, staunch Whigs, and staunch Radicals? His lordship boldly declares that for his part he cannot see how any Catholic can be a staunch and thoroughgoing member of any party "which is based in many respects on un-Catholic principles, and the policy of which is in many ways opposed to Catholic interests." "If," adds the able Prelate, "Catholics are not to combine with any of the English parties, it follows that they must either combine amongst themselves exclusively, or throw in their lot with their brethren, the Irish-Catholic Party;" and he declares at once with generous eloquence in favor of the latter course. "If they," he says, referring to Irish Catholics, "had not been our brethren, we should have had no political influence to use. We should be still under the penal laws (if any were left of us who had not apostatised or fallen into schism as 'Protesting Catholic Dissenters'), or under bishops nominated and paid by the English Government. From these, and many other evils, have we been saved by our Irish-Catholic brethren, and without them all that church extension, for which we bless God, would have been impossible." The Bishop of Nottingham ridicules the slanderous attacks upon the Irish Party by which it was tried to blacken their character by allying them with assassins; but for those who have not despised the despicable tricks of the enemy, or who have not made themselves acquainted with the Irishmen and their writings, his lordship commands them to accept as a "sufficient guarantee the high sanction of the Irish-Catholic Hierarchy, which has made the Irish Parliamentary Party its agents in Parliament."

"They are fighting," continues the bishop, "our battle, or are prepared to fight it, for they have already in hand the cause of denominational education in Ireland, and would take in hand, if asked, the same cause in England also. They acknowledge, then, our own principles; they are contending for our own policy. They offer us an admirable organization already formed, brave, skilful, indefatigable, and successful leaders, and a party successful and triumphant beyond all expectation. Why should we exclude them? Is it, alas, because they seek to recover that self-management of the internal affairs of their own country, of which they were villanously defrauded, and which has been since granted to many of our great dependencies? If they do not recover it, their country, slowly perishing for centuries, must, before long, sink into ruin, and probably involve us also in the ruin which we have caused. Would it be right of us, their fellow-Catholics, to exclude them from our society for making so noble an effort in their country's cause? Let us conclude, then, for a grand union of English and Irish-Catholics, under the guidance of the Irish Parliamentary Party and of the Irish bishops, feeling sure that, when we shall have helped our Irish brethren in the faith, to gain Home Rule and Christian education in Ireland, we shall, in turn, have the cordial support of all Irish-Catholics, both in England and Ireland, for an English-Catholic Parliamentary Party, similarly sanctioned and encouraged by the English Hierarchy."

These are brave and noble words, observes the *Dublin Freeman*, and they show with immense force how the influence of the Irish Party has made itself felt, even in the higher ranks of English Catholicism, once, and to some extent still, relentlessly anti-Irish.

American Dignity vs. Austrian Insolence.

ACCORDING to the latest advices Austria has positively refused to receive Mr. Keiley as ambassador of the United States. It is not even hinted or suggested that there was anything exceptionable in the character of that gentleman, or that Mr. Keiley personally is not fit to represent the great Western republic; but the plea is suggested that Mr. Keiley about fifteen years ago condemned in pointed terms the capture of Rome by the Italian government, and that it would be unpleasant to have his presence at court along with the representative of that government. The plea is further suggested — for positive declarations in either case have not been given — that his wife is a Jewess, and she would not be admitted at court.

Our nation has had some little experience with the Austrian government, and the impressions left upon the American people have not been much in its favor. Austria once tried by force to take from a neutral harbor a would-be American citizen; but when it was demonstrated that the United States had officers who would shed their blood for the preservation of the rights of even a declared would-be American citizen, Austria had to surrender her prisoner. In Mr. Keiley's instance, Austria attacks two of the dearest rights and privileges of the American citizen. As a Catholic, Mr. Keiley made use of his privilege of free speech in characterizing the taking of Rome by Victor Emmanuel as robbery, a feeling which has been shared, and is shared, by a majority of practical Catholics the world over. Austria then, or not more than a decade before, characterized similar acts of the Italian government by no other terms. That Mrs. Keiley should be ostracized because she is or was a Jewess, is repugnant to American conceptions of the rights of conscience, which rights the people of this country are so jealous of. Thus this old declining monarchy shows its contempt for our country by slighting its representatives for the exhibition of the very qualities and principles which make our boast.

Fortunately, however, the United States has a government which is American in its tone and guided by American principles. It cares little for the prejudices of European governments. If a high-toned, honorable and capable American citizen is rejected because of his religion and of his use of free speech in his own country, then Austria should do without an American ambassador, and bear before the world and posterity the onus of its action. Small politicians may seek the place denied by Mr. Keiley; but all true citizens of our republic will applaud President Cleveland and his cabinet in their conclusion that

either Mr. Keiley is to be accepted, or the place will remain vacant. As to Austria, her people may well consider whether or not this insult to the large Catholic citizenship of this country is of no consequence; and as to her government, whether or not the sympathies of America are to be despised in the possible contingencies of the future, when American influence will be more and more precious to the contending powers of the Old World.

Missouri Republican.

English Taking Counsel.

THE true motives of the late English ministry in courting defeat are not understood outside a select coterie of Gladstone's most trusty henchman; but enough is known to warrant the statement that the change of government was a godsend for Ireland. The Liberal ministry had done so much for the Irish people that they were indifferent about further concessions, and dreamed that the weight of obligation already contracted would always hold Ireland fast in allegiance to Liberalism. Gladstone, perhaps, alone of all the ministers, saw that Ireland's fidelity could be depended on only by holding out the promise of concession while there remained an Irish grievance to redress. Two things are quite apparent. Parnell knew what he was about, and the part the Irish party acted in the late ministerial catastrophe was neither a surprise nor a chagrin to the late premier. Gladstone was ready to break with the Liberals himself when the Irish members saved him the necessity of overt defection. This is evident from a speech lately delivered by Herbert Gladstone in Leeds, the most remarkable ever uttered by an Englishman on English soil about Irish affairs. We quote one passage: —

"But the Tories now had chosen, for good or evil, with the Irish landlords consenting, to rely upon Mr. Parnell for the preservation of law and order and for personal security in Ireland. But Irish landlords, Irish officials, and Irishmen must rely upon Mr. Parnell for something more. The Liberals had refused a great number of measures of Mr. Parnell because they were loyal to classes in Ireland whom they believed were threatened — whom they were weak enough to believe were loyal and straightforward men (hear, hear). These men had betrayed the Liberal party. He asked them, who was there in Ireland to fight for, and whom were they to stand up for against the National Party? There was no one in Ireland whom they might stand up for, as his point was that, for good or for evil, Mr. Parnell represented the Irish people. Let them end, then, the mockery of what was called Constitutional Government in Ireland, and let them form a system of Government in Ireland, which was based entirely upon popular wishes and on popular sentiment (loud cheers). His experience of what twenty or thirty determined Irishmen can do in the House of Commons showed him that eighty could make our present system of government practically unworkable. If that system did become unworkable, it became so to the harm of the British Empire (cheers). This must be taken into consideration; and they must either satisfy the reasonable demand of the Irish people, or must eject them from the House, and govern the country by martial laws (cheers). If then, the Irish nation desired a Parliament on a federal basis, if the Irish leaders agreed that they could formulate and work a practical scheme — and

he believed they could — if they loyally accepted the supremacy of the Crown and of the Imperial Parliament, then, in God's name, give them a Parliament in College Green (loud cheers). The Tories must settle this great question of Home Rule in Ireland with Mr. Parnell himself. He believed, however, that in spite of the disgraceful behavior of the Tories, ample compensation might and would be found in the national aspirations of Irishmen, and in the life-giving effects of a free and constitutional government."

Every line, every word, of that declaration is an emphatic vindication of the policy of the Irish party, and is an admission that their fight in Parliament has been a winning one, and that the final triumph is near at hand. Time has changed, when an English statesman, the son of the ex-Prime Minister, utters the prayer: "In God's name, give them a Parliament in College Green."

Western Watchman.

Dare to Say "No."

DARE to say "No," when you are tempted to drink;
Pause for a moment, my dear boy, and think —
Think of the wrecks upon life's ocean tost
For answering "Yes," without counting the cost.
Think of the mother who bore you in pain;
Think of the tears that will fall down like rain;
Think of her heart, and how cruel the blow;
Think of her love, and at once answer "No!"
Think of the hopes that are drowned in the bowl;
Think of the danger to body and soul;
Think of sad lives once pure as the snow;
Look at them now and at once answer "No."
Think of a manhood with rum-tainted breath;
Think how the glass leads to sorrow and death;
Think of the homes that now shaded with woe,
Might have been heaven had the answer been "No."
Think of lone graves both unwept and unknown,
Hiding fond hopes that were as fair as your own;
Think of proud forms, now forever laid low,
That still might be here had they learned to say "No;"
Think of the demon that lurks in the bowl,
Driving to ruin both body and soul;
Think of all this as life's journey you go,
And when you are assailed by the tempter say "No."

ANTS will forsake any food for lard, and they can be exterminated by greasing a plate with that substance, and placing it in their vicinity. When the plate is well covered turn hot water upon it.

Dead Man's Island.

THE STORY OF AN IRISH COUNTRY TOWN.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BIRTH OF CONVICTION.

One of the indications of the inchoate condition in which Mat Blake's opinions still were, was that he and Cosgrave were fellow-travellers. Mat had still a keen memory of the eviction, by Cosgrave, of the widow Cunningham, and of the scene of pitiful woe by which his childish heart had been wrung at the time. But to him then, and to some extent even at that moment, eviction was like gravitation — a law of nature; cruel, perhaps, and harsh, but to be accepted. And the acceptance of disagreeable facts was one of the articles in the gospel of this precocious stoic. Then the families of the Cosgraves and Blakes had been friendly. The two men, coming from the same town, had met in a foreign country, and were thus drawn together; and, curiously enough, Cosgrave had a certain liking for his younger countryman. Mat's brilliant intellectual powers, and the large education he had been able to give himself, dazzled Cosgrave, one of whose bitternesses was that he had been but imperfectly educated.

"I'd be happy if I knew a little Latin and French," Cosgrave would say to Mat, who had a keen sense of humor, and who used to gaze with a sort of amused wonder at the small ambitions of this strong, prosperous man.

"I feel the want of Latin, particularly," Cosgrave would add. "For instance, what does *fieri facias* mean?"

Mat would explain gravely, seeing all the time that the real source of Cosgrave's trouble, and the spring of his desire for better education, was his social ambition.

"You know," he would say to Mat — he could not doubt that Mat was sensible enough to sympathize with his notions of life — "you know that d—d O'Shaughnessy would have a fine laugh at my expense if I made any mistake when I get on the bench; and," he added with a self-complacent smile, "I think I shall soon have a right to be on the bench." Then — Mat looking on with ever-increasing delight — Cosgrave would walk a few steps in silence, with the strut of a bantam cock.

Mat was learning from this fraud, self-revealed, many things; among others, that the only strong man may often be a very mean and very weak man, too.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when this strangely-assorted couple reached Ballybay. To Cosgrave the visit was of no novelty. He was constantly in the habit of going over to the town to look after his property; but it was very different with Mat Blake. It was seven

years since he had seen his native place; it was five since he had seen any part of Ireland at all; and from the moment he had landed at the North Wall he had been going through a series of experiences which had produced in his mind such a tumult of rage, passion and despair as he had rarely, if ever, felt before. He remembered the mornings — not so very many years ago — when the walk down the North Wall had been one of the delights of his existence. To him then it appeared alive with tempestuous life, raging with noise and work, and the rapid creation of bounteous wealth; and he remembered how he used to look up on the bright mornings, when he took such a walk, to the calm sky, or how, as he resumed his journey to his office, he used to stand on the side of Carlisle (near O'Connell) Bridge, that looked to the strangely different scene in the direction of Phœnix Park. Whereto had all these things gone? To him, after his English experience, the quay seemed the abode, not of life, but of death; of squalid misery, not of promised wealth. The laborers looked worn; and it was hard to say whether the car-drivers or the animals were the more striking pictures of abject misery. Shops in the streets, which he had known flaring and prosperous, were closed, and the panes were gone or covered with mud. Those that remained had the poor and sad pretentiousness of shabby gentility. And the people struck him with equally painful emotion. On every face he saw the look which so struck Mr. G. A. Sala on one of his visits to the Irish metropolis — the look of an *atra cura* that never slept by night or by day.

And as Mat travelled in the train along the country between Dublin and his native town, these painful impressions were intensified. He knew that he must have seen torn-down cottages before he had ever left Ireland, but now it appeared to him as if the sight was absolutely novel. Almost at every point he saw this same drear skeleton, standing silent but eloquent before him — the walls still standing firm and strong, while the roof had gone, while the windows had gone, and the people had gone. At last the sight became too oppressive, and he moved from one side of the carriage to the other; but on that side it was just the same. Then he tried to sleep, but sleep would not come, or would come only in snatches, made hideous by the same ever-recurrent sight; the awful silence of those walls, the dread testimony of those monuments, the tragedy of dispersed homes and broken hearts.

It was, therefore, with a strange sinking of the heart that Blake found himself crossing the bridge that spanned the river of his native town. It was, perhaps, the fresh breeze from the river, but he felt a distinct and painful chill that appeared to result from the forebodings of ill in his own heart. Even as he passed from the station to the town he saw already abundant indication that the worst of his anticipations would be fulfilled. He was not surprised that the station and all the other buildings should seem mean and small. That was to be expected; but there was all around the air of decay — rapid, unchecked, resistless. His heart smote him as he saw the shabby clothes of his father, and the poor silk dress, worn to shininess, of his mother; and the look of love and trust in him that shone from their eyes gave his

heart a strange stab, and led to many uncomfortable, as well as unjust self-questionings.

At home, Mat began, of course, to ask of his school-fellows. "How is Pat Lynsky?"—"He died ten years ago."—"And Francy Curley?" "He's in Australia."—And Batty Smith?"—"He went to America last year."—"And Mike Oliver?"—"He was buried a week ago." And so through the long list of those who had played, and quarrelled, and learned with him, who were of his own age (and he was not yet thirty). All, or nearly all, were dead or gone far away.

Then he asked about the girls. "How is poor Mary Reilly?" "Ah! the poor thing died of consumption."—"She was always delicate; and Liza Tully?"—"She went into a convent."—"And isn't Maggie Ward married yet?"—"No, she went into a convent."—"And Norah Kelly?"—"She went into a convent."—"And Lizzie Smith?" —"She's in Massachusetts, with her brother." There was a long pause, and then Mat asked, with an apparent forced calm — "And Mary Flaherty — is she gone to America too?"

The mother shifted herself uneasily, and paused before she gave her reply.

"No," she said, "she's still living with her father in Queen Street."

Mat was tired after his journey, and went to bed early that night, but he was up early next morning, and went on a tour of inspection throughout the town.

One of the first places to which he went was the road that skirted the "Big Meadow." There was scarcely a spot on this road which was not familiar to him from association with some thought or emotion. Yes; there was the little lane, at the head of which he had trembled once when he was going to see Betty Cunningham herself — the tender, blue-eyed Betty. It was the same lane and yet not the same, for the magic coloring of childhood had departed, and left only a narrow, dirty little lane, choked with weeds. And then Betty's cottage was gone, and she and her mother were outcasts. There were other cottages on the road, too, which were landmarks in Mat's memory; they were all gone.

He turned back to the town, and as he passed up Barrack Street, he saw a sight that was different from any of the others which had met his eyes, for here time seemed for once to have stayed its hand. There came out of O'Shaughnessy's door a procession of six ladies. Mat had, of course, seen the most famous beauties of London, and yet he felt — perhaps it was the prejudice of an Irishman in favor of his own people — he felt that he had never seen so fine a group of perfect gentlewomen. They were all tall; had all long, delicate features; were dressed with perfect simplicity; and their faces, besides being singularly like each other, were all set in such rigors of stately reserve that it was not easy to distinguish which were the younger and which the elder. This same group was associated in Mat's memory with some of his earliest recollections, for he had seen them walk stately, reserved, and numerous, into the O'Shaughnessy's pew in the grand gallery — of which mention has been made already in connection with an inci-

dent in the life of the "Gombeen's Son." And here they were still, in mind and body, manners and appearance, fit to be the mates of dukes; and not one was yet married!

Mat went on, and a few doors further up his eye was caught by the sight of a strangely wan and withered face at the window. Mat had by this time noted that the young ladies of Ballybay were very much given to looking out of the window, with the queer, far-off gaze of those who are yearning rather than expecting to see the arrival of something strangely welcome.

He looked and looked again — furtively, of course, and out of these hollow and pale cheeks, these lustreless eyes, that nose, which was now undeniably "pug," he thought he was able to conjure up a very different kind of face that he had known long ago — a face full of saucy beauty, defiant health, exultant spirits. Yes, it was the same — that prematurely aged and palpably sourer woman was "Bessie, the Firefly;" for under this name Miss Bessie Callaghan had been known when she was the most dashing and most impudent girl of Ballybay. And as Mat thought of "Bessie Firefly," the name was immediately associated with another — the name of Bartley Flynn; and there, on the opposite side of the street, was Bartley Flynn himself, thirty years of age, as Mat knew, and with a face as full of the hideous marks of drink, as the maturest Bardolph of the seven dials. Then Mat remembered the story. There had been passages between the two, and there could be no doubt that on Bartley's side the love was deep. But Bessie was the daughter of a spendthrift grocer, who never had a penny, and Bartley's mother was a woman both prudent and proud, who was convinced that no woman in the world was fit to be the wife of her son; and if any woman should ever be raised to that dignity she should buy the privilege by a handsome "fortune." So she had separated the young people, and that soured old maid and precocious and desperate sot were the splendid harvest of her prudent sowing.

Such were some of the sights and scenes and experiences through which Mat passed in the first hours after his return to his native town. Almost distracted with despair, he had at last asked if there were any one thing in Ballybay — street or road, house or field, man or woman, on which the hand of decay was not working with the relentless steadiness, though not the merciful activity, of a plague. And as he asked the question, he heard the joyous note of the bugle, and the loud bravura of the drum, and in a few minutes there passed down the street a regiment of cavalry, with all the insolence of mounted, handsomely-dressed, and self-complacent warriors — the type and embodiment of prosperity and of power.

Mat turned away with a curse; and from that hour dated in him a new birth — the birth of political conviction, political energy, and political hate.

CHAPTER IX.

THE CANDIDATES FOR BALLYBAY.

MAT BLAKE had soon an opportunity for putting his new convictions and passions into employment. For the struggle at Ballybay which he had come to describe, involved, as it seemed, the fate of Ireland. This was the period which came immediately after the bewilderment and despair that had followed upon the famine and the great clearances. The landlords had at last provoked a revolt; and the tenants had arisen in a self-defensive movement. Their organization took root quickly, and spread rapidly. In Ireland there was discontent and general misery so profound that they were eagerly looking out for utterance, and anything which gave them air was as welcome as the balmy breath of spring to the man choking from weakened lungs.

The leader of the new movement was held to give it enormous strength. He was a brilliant speaker, had a courage of audacious daring, and, above all, was declared by his admirers to be of inflexible and unimpeachable honesty. Like the great "Dan," he was a barrister, and had given up to his country, the labor and the time he might have devoted to his profession. But he had been opposed by two fierce elements — by the landlord party and by a body of Tenant-Righters, whom all reasonable people considered little short of lunatics or fools, because they made demands so extreme on the land question, and because they were so painfully and unjustly suspicious of the honesty of the new leader.

The other candidate was the son of a neighboring aristocrat. He was at the time a captain in the army. He was a handsome young fellow, could not speak three consecutive sentences, but had a certain kindliness of manner, and was an especial favorite with the ladies of Ballybay. His father had evicted a considerable number of people, and was very poor, and a very hard landlord. In subsequent days he was so bitterly denounced that he had to fly the country, and his rents were reduced 35 per cent. by the Land Courts; but at the period of which I am writing the idea of enfranchisement was just in its tremulous dawn, and the evicting and rack-renting landlord neither regarded himself as out of the ordinary, nor was so regarded even by his dependents.

The contest at Ballybay had come by a combination of circumstances, to be a turning-point in the history of the country. It was the first occasion on which a vacancy in a constituency had brought the new policy and the new leader to test their hold upon the people. The majority of the constituencies were in the hands of the vast army of corrupt office seekers, which was the only heritage of public men that the Irish nation had received from the dying liberator after his long career of unchecked and solitary power. Of the one hundred and five men who represented Ireland at that moment, there were not half a dozen who were not openly, confessedly, without shame and without reproach, in the market for political corruption. Ireland had been re-

duced to depths of misery so profound; so many of her people had died through hunger and fever; so many more of the young and strong had emigrated, and the dissensions of her public men had left her so helpless in the House of Commons, that despair had put on the motley garb of cynicism, and elections were conducted with the ghastly revelry and carelessness and mockery of men in a city of the plague. It was, therefore, held that any appeal to the electors of any constituency — but above all to those of such a constituency as Ballybay — on patriotic or national grounds, would end in a disastrous failure. The people, it was everywhere said, had no care or desire to work for freedom; the fountains of hope were dried up; and the contest would be decided purely on the proportion between the purse of the candidate to buy, and the greed of the constituency. Would the country go forward or back? — that was the great issue which depended on the voice of Ballybay.

There could be no doubt that the National Party had a splendid candidate. The energy of Nicholas Crowe was prodigious. He would be in the committee-room last thing at night, then he would join in the carouse in the hotel which was kept up by all the "boys" of the town — the "boys" in this connection and the "politeeshins" were the same persons. The "politeeshins" were all of them heavy drinkers, and could perform feats in the consumption of whiskey that would put to blush even the mightiest warriors of the present age. But Crowe was equal to the best of them, there was not a man of them that he had not drunk down. Then he had all the manners of a good fellow. He was one of the men who seem to know a man's Christian name by instinct, by the cut of his clothes or the shape of his nose, and the moment he knew a man's Christian name he called him afterwards by it. There was no man so high in the town, nor one so low, as not to be thus endearingly and familiarly addressed. He knew by instinct, too, who were the "characters" and what were the jokes of the town.

Paudheen Rafferty — a great man at elections — was his bosom friend and vehement admirer, before he had been in Ballybay for twenty-four hours; and Winnie Sullivan — or as in her case it was always pronounced, "Soolivan" — would have died for him. The peculiarity of Paudeen Rafferty was that an election time seemed to transform him into a different being. In ordinary times he was simply a laborer, working very hard for a very small wage, and with a life varied only by an occasional committal for drunkenness. But when election time came, he at once jumped into his natural position as a political leader. He made speeches twenty times a day, and was listened to by a noisy, laughing crowd; and when he was done with speech-making he perambulated the town with a big black-thorn, and fought encounters with all comers on the opposite side.

Winnie Soolivan was like Rafferty in undergoing a complete transformation at the time of an election. Winnie divided with Paudheen the honor of being the nosiest and most notorious drunkard of the town. Her unfortunate husband was a carpenter, a quiet, inoffensive, hard-working man, who was never known to speak above his breath, and was rarely ever seen in the street; his wife, on the

other hand was rarely ever to be seen at home. She was a splendid woman, tall, robust, with fine, massive features, and a wealth of thick, black hair. If she had lived in the days of Reubens, she would have sat for a model of Mary Magdalene. Ballybay had a curious mixture of contempt and good-humored toleration for her; she supplied the town with some of its small stock of amusements. When there was a mission in Ballybay, Winnie was always one of the foremost and most public of the conversions; and in her fits of piety the town was allowed to participate. For on the last day of the mission, when there was a peculiar solemnity about the ceremonies, and there was a strange gravity in the parting between the fathers of some order and their penitents, Winnie would place herself right in front of the altar, and would by her size and generally splendid appearance stand out in statuesque relief from all the women around, and then with her great thick hair hanging down from her shoulder, would burst into a mighty and tempestuous shower of tears, and strike her breast with insane violence. Finally, it should be said that her virtue was beyond suspicion. Women in Ireland who would beg, borrow, and steal to offer a libation to Bacchus, would die rather than perform one act of devotion to Venus Aphordite.

The politicians were especially won by one small act of good fellowship on the part of Crowe. When the drinking fast and furious was over, he would always insist on all those who had been overcome, remaining in the hotel for the night, and the next morning the reveller would have scarcely aroused to the hideous consciousness of a splitting head and feverish skin, when Crowe would be by his bedside with a brandy and soda in his hands, and "Begorra, Tom," or "Pon my sowl;" when talking to one of the "boys" he always mispronounced words after the Irish fashion. "Pon my sowl, William, last night was a wet night," and "here's a hair of the dog that bit you."

But what, above all, captured the town was the desperate courage of the man. People used to say at this time that he had a singular resemblance to the First Napoleon. He was certainly short, and his features had something of the strange regularity of the Great Corsican's face. This lent additional *prestige* to his extraordinary audacity. Ballybay had a dreadful mob — drunken, violent, blasphemous — at election time. During their ordinary lives, the hapless wretches were too miserable from overwork, and oftener still from hunger, to be anything but cowering, melancholy, shivering wretches, hanging around street-corners, with their hands in their pockets, with a bend in their shoulders, and with that look of strange wistfulness that despair and defeated hope print on so many Irish faces. It is this dread sight of men with their hands in their pockets, this hideous stoop of the shoulders, and that helpless look that is the sight in Ireland, which, next to the unroofed houses, most saddens, and most maddens the returning Irishman. But in election times, the miserable laborers were in special request. Paid at a rate treble their ordinary wages, filled to suffocation with whisky, they were transferred for the time into a mob of spirits as vile, as desperate, as loathsome as the sun saw in its daily gaze on this sad and mistaken world. To the contest they brought

the one virtue of mercenaries; they fought for their employers with maddened fury, with reckless courage, with a brutal but complete self-forgetfulness.

They were known during the election as the "Botheen boys." Paudheen Rafferty was the chief spirit of the "Botheen boys."

Captain Ponsonby — such was the name of Crowe's rival — had secured, at an early period, the services of a considerable section of the "Botheen boys;" and wherever he passed through the town he was accompanied by a bodyguard from their number. Though Crowe had won the heart of Rafferty, a majority of the "Botheen boys" were undoubtedly against him; and they pursued him with sanguinary ferocity. They broke into his committee rooms on several occasions; they smashed the windows of his supporters; they attempted especially to interrupt his meetings. The chief dread of the supporters of Captain Ponsonby was in the contrast between the stumbling speech of their man and the hot and captivating lava-tide of eloquence that issued from the lips of Crowe in an exhaustless stream. Accordingly, whenever Crowe attempted to open his lips, there was an organized plan to shout him down.

As the days went on, the fierceness of the contest increased; and one terrible day, Crowe had to pass through streets surrounded by a swearing, mad, stone-throwing crowd. It was almost as bad as passing through a town that was being bombarded. Around Crowe there was an escort of faithful and desperate men, all armed with sticks, which they brandished with wild enthusiasm. The supporters of the national candidate, however, were far out-numbered by the besieging mob of Ponsonby's followers, and every now and then they succeeded in breaking through and in getting at Crowe. He had been struck more than once by the flying stones; and he was bleeding both from the face and the head. Occasionally some desperate enemy got at him with their stick, and poured on his arms and body a rain of blows; and sometimes the pressure became so great, that it looked as if he and his supporters would be overwhelmed and trampled to death under the desperate feet of their assailants.

But Crowe, bleeding and bruised, passed on, with his face flushed, his head erect, and a step as confident and as springy as if he were walking in a tranquil meadow. When one of his enemies got at him, he squared out and fought with desperate strength; and though he had no stick, he warded off with his arm the blows that were poured on him. Small, he yet stood out in strange relief from the crowd around him. With that desperate fire in his eyes, and that strange flush of unconquerable courage on his cheeks, now rising, now disappearing, he was, as 'twere, an oriflamme that marked the rise and fall of the fortunes of the desperate day.

At last he reached his committee rooms, and the sash having been taken out of the window, he addressed the crowd. An unearthly howl was set up by the mob of Ponsonby. Loud, clear, resonant as a bell, the voice of Crowe rose occasionally above them all; and the hearts of his hearers were stirred to their depths as he denounced with almost prophetic fervor the attacks of his enemies. Appeals to the Deity

formed at this period a more popular form of rhetoric than in these days. Amid the shuddering admiration of his friends, Crowe appealed to God to judge between him and those who were opposing him; and he gradually reached to a sublime height of impassioned eloquence as he drew a picture of the wrongs and sorrows of Ireland, and of the hopes of her resurrection.

In the midst of this passage, which was beginning to tell even on some of the friends of Ponsonby, a big stone was flung at the window. It just grazed Crowe's cheek. Everybody shuddered. One-tenth of an inch closer, and he was dead or mutilated for life. But he never stopped for a second, but shouted out —

"Begorra, Mick Flynn, but your a deuced bad shot."

CHAPTER X.

MAT BLAKE BECOMES A POLITICIAN.

Of all the admirers Crowe had won in Ballybay, Mat Blake was the most enthusiastic. He was of the temper to be a hero worshipper — though, of course, after the fashion of such men in their impertinent youth — he affected the ruthless cynicism of eighty years of age. He joined the rest of the ardent and generous and sanguine spirits of the country in hailing the new Tenant Right movement as the birth of a new day and a happier era for Ireland; and, with his own hand, he would like to have slain all the timid who dreaded, all the doubtful who wavered, all the time-servers who held back; and the man who had the least want of faith in Crowe he loathed with more than the vehemence of a personal enemy.

Crowe soon saw the use to which he could put this bright, restless, and untiringly industrious youth; and he took full advantage of his offers of service. Mat's expertness as a shorthand writer was great; and in many respects, he was a born politician. He took the keenest interest in detail — especially in the details of men's daily lives. Full of abounding sympathy, with a kindliness that flowed in the unchecked stream of youth's glad illusions, Mat had sympathy with everybody's affairs and sorrows. The knowledge of shorthand came to the help of Crowe in this way. He had a standing quarrel with the *Freeman's Journal*, the shrewd proprietor of which, was one of the many men who had not the slightest faith in his honesty; and the *Freeman's Journal* was disposed to ignore the struggle at Ballybay. But Mat took copious notes of Crowe's speeches; and full of the fiery eloquence which the Irish so dearly love, they were just the kind of speeches to be eagerly looked for, and eagerly read. These reports Mat had sent to a paper that had just been started in rivalry to the *Freeman;* with the result, that while Crowe was still abused daily in the editorial columns of the great Dublin daily, he began to be allowed to speak for himself in the reporting columns. It was soon seen everywhere, from the effect these speeches were making, that he was a man who would have soon to be seriously counted with. This redoubled the attacks

upon him, drew more and more attention to the contest at Ballybay, and thus helped Crowe more and more to pose as the man who was fighting at one of those great cross roads, between an old and an evil and a new and a better state of things.

Mat was tireless in going about in the canvass. The scenes which he encountered did much to increase his interest in the contest. Though he had lived for all the years of his boyhood in Ballybay and, as he thought, knew every stone in its streets, it was not till he went through this election that he really discovered the terrible social ruins within its walls. Some of the lanes through which he had to pass seemed almost to breed pestilence in their every breath; it was a wonder that human life could exist there at all; and human life was dissipated with dread frequency. In one day he saw no less than three funerals pass out of one small street. But the people did not seem to mind this; they said, "Lord be merciful to him," of the dead man, and then went on with their ordinary occupations. Life was a struggle so fierce and hopeless, that even the right to exist was not regarded as one of the claims, and certainly not as one of the joys of the poor. Of all things there is nothing so shocking in Ireland as this terrible and almost universal sense that life is so poor and worthless a thing. The history of Irish human beings often resembles the history of so many flies.

But strangely enough, in those beings lost to joy and hope were still traces of a soul, active, eager, pure. One sight remained with Mat Blake ever afterwards to poison the grief over the ruin, and, at the same time, to inspire hope in the future of his people.

Crowe and he had passed into an "entry." The town of Ballybay had at one period of its existence a considerable trade with Spain; part of the town still bore strong traces of a Spanish origin, and many houses were built after a fashion common, I am told, in Spain. There was the long, low, stone-paved hall, then the courtyard, and then the house inside of all. The "entry" marked the entrance to the mansion of the rich in Ballybay's better days; it had changed its meaning with the fortunes of the town. The mansions had been turned into tenement houses, inhabited by the most squalid of the population, and in the Ballybay of this period an "entry" meant a "slum."

In one of these "entries" were congregated a vast collection of mechanics — or "tradesmen," as they are called in Ireland. A large staircase, speaking of past greatness, led up to their different rooms. The staircase creaked terribly as Mat and Crowe ascended, and they both felt as if at any moment they might be precipitated into an awful and a stercoraceous abyss. At last they reached a door; and when no answer was given to their knock, pushed the door in.

A couple of children in rags, that did not come down to their loins, at once got up from the floor and fled as frightened as disturbed rabbits. The room seemed at first to be in almost complete darkness, but in the half-light Mat could see that a man was rising from a stool which was placed under a half-window, from which light struggled through in odd shafts over the high walls of the surrounding houses.

Mat looked at the man. There was a faint blush upon his cheeks

from confusion and shyness — the shyness among the poorer Irish is painful to behold — but the color soon died away; and it left behind a cheek of a strange and terrible pallor. The whole impression was of a man that had been washed out and bleached — the look that was to be seen in the inmates of the Libby prison. His hair was reddish, but the red was not flaming; it seemed to be a sickly and indeterminate thing; and his blue eyes looked as if they had gradually faded a paler blue. But it was when Mat took his hand that he appreciated the condition of this strange specimen of death-in-life. Mat had not a very large or a very strong hand, but it had the plumpness and the consistency of health; and the hand of the shoemaker seemed to melt inside of it. Bones, muscle, nerve, everything seemed to be melting into a clammy wet; it was just as if one had taken up a wet dishcloth.

Mat looked at the face of this man with a strange and horrible fascination. He thought he had never seen the ruin of Ireland told in terms so eloquent, in living testimony so dread; and he was wondering what possible hope there could still remain for a country whose people had been brought down to *this*. But Crowe had by this time begun to speak; and he was telling the shoemaker of the happy days that were in store for his country. The eye of the shoemaker, Mat could see, gradually brightened; animation came into his flaccid figure; and his breast heaved quietly but perceptibly. And then Mat knew that the soul was still there, with all its capacity for sorrow and love and sacrifice; and he could scarcely restrain his own emotions, and was happy and proud and even exultant that he belonged to a race that could so passionately cling to its national faith, and so expand outside its own cerements of dirt and hunger and despair in the radiance of a Great Idea.

There were other signs, too, that the infinite depths of those passions and faith that make up the spiritual wealth of a nation had been reached by the struggle of Crowe. He was not always in the mire of the drunken and hired mobs of the town. In the country, of which Ballybay was the capital, there was another contest going on at the same time; and the seat was sought for by a friend and associate of Crowe. Mat accompanied him to a great country meeting, at which the rival candidates were nominated.

Crowe never spoke with greater effect. An attempt made by the supporters of the candidate of the landlords to shout him down, put him on his mettle; and one of his combative nature required the stimulus of opposition to be at his best. There were several things in the speech that almost took Mat Blake's breath away, who had been long enough in England to find a good many things in Ireland appear rather strange. Thus, he happened to be looking down at the crowd, and not to be listening to the words of Crowe, when he was startled by a wild burst of cheers that lasted longer than any, even amid the tumultuous applause by which every phrase of Crowe had been punctuated. He asked what Crowe had said, and some one beside him answered with a look, half of amusement, half of dread, that Crowe had reminded the landlords that the short days and the long nights were close at hand.

Mat was looking at the crowd, and he saw there what every observer of an Irish crowd must observe — a certain strange pathos and pitifulness. The hearers of Crowe seemed so eager to catch every word, that at times they almost hesitated to cheer. Mat could see that a number of them had their mouths open in the extremity of their attention, and that the lips of many kept moving as if they were repeating the words of the speaker, or were making a running comment which they did not care to make aloud lest they should interrupt themselves or anybody else. But above all things that impressed Mat was the look which now he began to associate with everything Irish — the look of vague hope, of strange, almost infantile dependence, of the struggle with the fear that all the story of the possible future of them and of Ireland was a vision too splendid to be ever translated into actual life. This look inundated Mat with a feeling of passionate affection for his people; the feeling that there was no race that required changes so vast, that were so ready to be moulded for the political effort necessary to bring about these changes; that were so willing to give obedience so loyal to their advocates. He did not envy Crowe; rather he mentally thanked God that he was taking a part, small though it was, in working out the salvation of those unhappy waiters on the right to get food and shelter out of their own labor — the privilege to live in their own land.

Then, too, there were quiet days, even in Ballybay, when Mat was able to see that the people were on the side of the new national movement. Among the Irish — at least in country towns — there is something of the overflowing speech that one remarks on his first visit to a French theatre. If you hear a great singer at the Grand Opera in Paris, you will observe that, as she is approaching the end of some great effort, the audience, with a separate individuality that we have not in English theatres, begin to express their emotions; and that here and there some enthusiast is uttering his "Bravo, bravo," with the soft utterance of profound emotion.

Something like this would occur in Ballybay. Mat had by this time come to be intimately associated with Crowe, and as he passed, some old woman would say, "God bless you." The words would be uttered quickly, as if they overflowed from full hearts, and the people who uttered them would pass on.

The landlords, and the government, and the bank managers, and Mr. O'Flynn, the pawnbroker, might be against them, Mat would say to himself; but, at least, they had on their side the hearts, the affections, the indestructible hopes and sacred aspiration of the people. Mat gave himself up to the pleasant vision of the movement, and floated daily in dreams of the near approach of the glorious time when the crowbar brigade would work no more in Ireland, when famine would be beaten off, and the country would march forward with the assured stride of a liberated nation.

There was one other most important circumstance that gave additional glow to life as it spread, — broad, fair, sunny — before him in this happy hour of first manhood. He was deeply in love.

Back Again to Ireland.

DR. KEVIN IZOD O'DOHERTY has returned to Ireland, from Sydney, after an absence of twenty-five years. The Dublin Corporation paid the highest honor in its power to Dr. O'Doherty. By the unanimous vote of the Council the freedom of the city was conferred upon our distinguished countryman. Both sides of the house joined in the well-merited tribute, and it is but just to say that the Conservative members performed their part of the act with good taste and in the best possible spirit. Dr. O'Doherty was accompanied by his wife, the celebrated "Eva" of the old Dublin *Nation*, and the story of their union makes quite a romance in real life. Among the vast quantity of national poetry which, from time to time, appeared in the columns of the *Nation*, during the stirring '48 period, some of the best and most powerful pieces were from the pens of women. Among the most distinguished of its female contributors were "Speranza" (Lady Wilde), Miss Ellen Downing, known as "Mary" (a young Munster lady, whose too faithful attachment to a young Irelander led to her early death), and, thirdly, Miss Eva Mary Kelly, the lady who became the wife of Dr. O'Doherty. Miss Kelly was the daughter of a county Galway gentleman of good position; and from that wild and picturesque country, where hounds run fastest, flowers grow sweetest, beauty blossoms to the highest perfection, and all things are so promising and bright that the country itself was called "The Land of Promise," did this charming and ingenuous nature ripen and unfold, and from thence, whilst yet a mere girl, she sent forth those spirited lyrics that have placed her name among the Irish immortals. Her exquisite style and always captivating contributions to the Irish press attracted the attention of a young journalist, Kevin Izod O'Doherty, then a medical student resident in Dublin, and subsequently gained for the poetess herself not only his admiration but his heart. In 1848, the revolutionary outbreak interrupted the calm quietude of affairs, and put a rude termination to the loves of this young and faithful pair. "Eva" was at the time assailing the constituted authorities in ringing, rebel verse, while her lover was engaged in writing unmistakably seditious prose. O'Doherty was arrested shortly after the trial and exile of John Mitchel, and at the same time as John Martin, Richard Dalton Williams and others of the "Young Ireland" writers. He was brought to trial, and after a lengthened examination into the state of the case, the jury disagreed, and he was again arraigned. No new facts were elicited at the second trial, and amid the breathless silence of a crowded court, the foreman of a jury declared their inability to agree to a verdict. The day previous to his third arraignment he was offered a virtual pardon, the promise of a very light sentence, if he would only plead guilty to the charge for which he was again to be tried. Before replying he sent for his betrothed, and told her precisely how matters stood. "I don't like this idea of pleading guilty," he said; "I can't bear to do it! and yet, you know how terribly I feel at the thought of

losing you, perhaps forever. What would you have me to do?"—"Be a man and face the worst!" was "Eva's" heroic reply. "I'll wait for you, however long your sentence may be." Next day O'Doherty was put on trial for the third time, and, by a more carefully packed jury, he was found guilty of treason felony, and sentenced to ten years' banishment from his native land. "Eva" was permitted one farewell interview with him in his cell. As she gave him the last kiss, she whispered in his ear—"Be faithful, Kevin, darling; *I'll wait.*" And she kept her word. Lovers came in plenty—tempting offers crowded upon her—friends remonstrated, parents urged—in vain! Her faithful heart still clung to the young exile so far across the seas, nor even wavered in its loving trust. Years flew by. Once more O'Doherty's foot trod free upon the shores of his native land; and two days from the date of his landing at Kingstown, "Eva" was his happy bride. Dr. O'Doherty then returned to Australia, where, like Gavan Duffy and other exiles, he became one of the leading men of the colony. He has been ever true to his old-time national principles, and was still foremost in every just work looking to the good of Ireland.

The College of Cardinals.

CHANGES in the composition of the Sacred College come rapidly. Already the cardinals created by the present pontiff outnumber those created by Pope Pius IX. Out of the present total of sixty-two cardinals, twenty-eight owe their elevation to Pope Pius, and thirty-four to Pope Leo. The Religious Orders have now thirteen representatives, who are thus distributed: 5 Benedictines, 1 Augustinian, 2 Oratorians, 1 Oblate of Mary, 1 Jesuit, 1 Capuchin, and 2 Dominicans. Considered in relation to nationality, the Sacred College is thus divided: 35 Italians, 5 French, 5 English-speaking, 3 German, 2 Hungarians, 4 Austrians, 4 Spaniards, 2 Portuguese, and 2 Poles. Forty-two cardinals have died during the reign of the present Holy Father.

The Pope and Cardinal Moran.

On the occasion of the ceremony of placing the biretta on the new cardinals at the Vatican, on the 28th of July, Cardinal Melchers spoke an address to the Pope, to which His Holiness replied: "The expression of your respect and gratitude, dear son, which you have given us with so much affection in your own name and that of your colleagues, increases in our heart the joy which we have felt ever since we made choice of you yesterday to be inscribed in the Sacred College of cardinals of the holy Roman Church. Our action was taken with the purpose of commending by a public mark of distinction your brilliant services to the Church, and we are assured that, with a just estimation of your exalted dignity, you will have nothing so much at heart as to study to adorn that dignity by your great ability, your

virtues, and by the discharge of all the duties which are yours. As regards yourself personally, dear son, receive this regard as one which you have well-earned by the protracted labors which you have had to endure in the exercise of your episcopal ministry, and by the unfailing energy which you have manifested in preserving in their integrity, and defending with all your strength, the rights of your See and of the Catholic Church. And as to you, son of brave and holy Ireland, when the people of Australia see you invested with the insignia of this high dignity, they will also see by means of an instance new to them, and understand more and more how great is our love for them, and how earnestly we desire that the Christian religion may flourish in that distant land, and there gain greater growth from day to day. Lastly, as to you, all whose pre-eminent endowments of intellect and of heart we have observed in your fulfilment of the various functions which you have had to discharge, we doubt not that we shall receive from you a very great assistance in the difficult task of ruling Christian society. Bestir yourselves, then, dear sons, now that you are bound to this Apostolic See by a new and stronger tie; labor with courage and fervor to help and protect the Roman Pontificate, and unite yourselves with us by all your efforts and according as occasion demands it by the most unflinching unity of purpose."

The G. A. R.

HAS IT A "SECRET RITUAL" AND AN OATH? — ARE THESE NEEDED IN A MERELY CHARITABLE OR SOCIAL ORGANIZATION?

HUDSON, MICH., August 6, 1885.

To the Editor of the Catholic Herald: — It was with pleasure that I saw you published, in your last issue, a Western correspondence on the standing of the Grand Army of the Republic, from the *Church Progress*.

In your preliminary remarks, you ask: "Did General Rosecrans know of all the books of the Grand Army, and did he submit them all to the Bishops whom he consulted? . . . Are there two sets of books, one for the public and the other for the initiates?"

A fact came under my observation that seems to authorize the affirmative to the latter question.

Before the standing of G. A. R. was discussed by the Catholic press, I was asked by Catholic ex-soldiers whether it was harmful for them to join this army. My answer was, that the end and means of the association were data necessary for a correct judgment, and that hence I begged to have a copy of the laws shown to me.

The gentleman in charge of the organization of Posts handed me some laws written by hand in a copy book. These laws contained nothing very objectionable.

I remarked to my informer: "Your association is a large one, and I suppose you have your laws printed. May I look at those also?" A printed pamphlet was then handed in, and in it I found mention made of an oath, of a chaplain, and of a ritual.

The oath, for what is pretended to be a mere benevolent association, is unnecessary and rash.

The *Church Progress* says rightly: "The Catholic Church acknowledges no one as chaplain, unless he be a priest, and appointed by the Bishop."

As to the ritual, the Church approves of but the one she places into the hands of her priests. I read a special law concerning this ritual in the pamphlet, namely, that *it should be kept secret.* A secret ritual is an absurdity, but the attempted secrecy augurs something wrong.

I send you this communication to be used, or not used, according to your discretion. If used it might elicit more on the subject from those competent and experienced. With kind regards, yours truly,

J. F. ELSER.

The Catholic Columbian: — The Grand Army of the Republic claims that it has submitted its regulation to examination by certain Catholic Archbishops and other theologians, and that they have expressed the opinion that there is nothing in the order to put it in the list of secret societies to which Catholics may not belong. With the opinion of others we have nothing to do. Our own opinion is that as the Grand Army has a ritual of its own, with chaplains to officiate, if Catholic members are bound to assist at its religious exercises, they are not free to join it, or having joined it, to remain in its ranks.

The Inauguration of the Temporary Chapel

And Memorial Cross Erected at the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs at Auriesville, on the Mohawk, N. Y.

SPEAKING in my own person, I may say positively and frankly that no more consoling and interesting sight will remain on the tablets of memory than that impressed there by the scene on that Auriesville plateau overlooking the Mohawk, on the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, in the year 1885. Since my youth, full of devotion to Father Isaac Jogues, the pioneer priest to visit New York island and plant the Cross among the Agnieronnon, it has been my hope to contribute in some way to rear a memorial on the spot where he closed his labors by a glorious death, as his companion, Rene Goupil, had done four years before. For nearly half a century my pen has endeavored to make this servant of God known in this land; but the zeal and energy of Fathers Loyzance and Dewey, of the Society of Jesus, has, in a short time, accomplished wonderful results. Till recently doubt hung

over the spot where Father Isaac Jogues suffered his long and terrible captivity, and where he began a mission only to die by the tomahawk of a Mohawk, to whose tribe he bore the greatest of all boons, Faith. We scholars in our closets made various conjectures. The persistent studies of General John S. Clark, of Auburn, brought conviction and certainty. Studying carefully every line written by Father Jogues and his contemporaries, comparing them with all later accounts, and with maps prepared at different times, he journeyed through the whole Mohawk valley, examining every trace of an Indian town shown by earthworks or aboriginal relics. One place, and only one in all that district, answers the description of the gentle, brave and holy missionary, and that is the rising ground back of Auriesville station on the Mohawk. Last year it was my privilege by the courtesy of Father P. F. Dealy, to visit the spot with him and Fathers Loyzance and Dewey. I went with all the objections that a study of documents could raise against General Clark's theory, and with the writings of Father Jogues in my hands. On the spot every objection was answered. Here were still traces of an Indian town.

The Schoharie was in sight; the steep road leading up to the town — the road once bedewed with the blood of the missionary and his companions — was there; the hill beyond, where he and René went to pray, and returning from which René was slain, was there; the ravine, with its stream fed by two branches, was there, with its wooded slope. All corresponded, site and distance from known points. I was and am absolutely convinced that this was the scene of René Goupil's death, of Father Jogues' captivity, and his death at the hands of the Mohawks when he returned as a missionary; that it was the scene of the birth and early life of Catherine Tegakwita, "*la bonne Cathérine*," the Lily of the Mohawk.

The Fathers of the Society of Jesus secured the site connected with so many famous memories of the labors of their ancient missionaries. Father Jogues entered it as a prisoner on the Feast of the Assumption, 1642, amid a hail of blows from the stalwart hands of the Mohawk braves.

The Inaugurated Shrine.

The feast of the Assumption, 1885, was selected for the inauguration of the temporary chapel of Our Lady and of a Memorial Cross, to mark the spot as restored to the Faith, till, under the Providence of God, a suitable church can be reared. A little shrine just large enough to contain an altar with a Pieta — a figure of Our Lady of Peace — has been erected, and near it a Memorial Cross. These revive the Catholic work of early days; the chapel dedicated to Our Lady Queen of Martyrs, 1885, revives that of "Our Lady of Foye" (1675), and the Cross, with its inscriptions, commemorates the trials of the early missions — the Most Holy Trinity, June, 1646; St. Mary's, 1667; St, Peter's, 1673. On the panels of the base we read: "The Blood of Martyrs is the seed of Christians." "Near this spot René Goupil, S. J., was slain for the sign of the Cross, September 29th, 1642, and before and after, in different years, many other Christians, men and women, companions

and disciples of the missionaries, of French and various Indian races." "In memory of the native converts of the mission — Hurons, Algonquins and Iroquois — whose virtues, like those of the primitive Christians, shone in captivity and persecutions; especially of the Lily of the Mohawk, Catherine Tegakwita, Iroquois Virgin, born here in 1656; baptized in the Mission Church, Easter Sunday; died in Canada, 1680." "On this Indian village site the Mission of the Martyrs was founded in his blood by Father Isaac Jogues, S. J., slain October 18th, 1646. In this, the first and chief Iroquois Mission, fourteen priests of the Society of Jesus toiled and suffered till its destruction in 1684."

"Erected for the 200th anniversary."

The feast of Our Lady was selected for the pious ceremony of the dedication. It was not published or made known generally. To avoid too great a gathering, it was resolved to confine the celebration to two sodalities of Troy and one of Amsterdam. The pilgrims from the former city embarked early in the morning, and the boat became a floating chapel, the *Miserere* and *De Profundis*, with a hymn, being chanted as they crossed the Hudson. In the cars the Rosary, the Seven Penitential Psalms and the Litany of the Saints were recited. On reaching Auriesville, a procession was formed, and, following the Cross, the pilgrims from Amsterdam, the Young Men's Sodality from Troy, the Young Ladies' Sodality, and the Sodality of the Sacred Heart, with faithful from St. Joseph's Church, with their banners displayed, moved up the steep road trod two centuries ago by so many confessors of the Faith. The Litany of Loretto resounded as they moved along. On reaching the plateau where Ossernenon stood, the beautiful panorama of the Mohawk Valley spread before them as they formed around the chapel and knelt before the shrine. The statue of Our Lady was blessed while the choir sang the *Stabat Mater*. Then the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered by Very Rev. Father Fulton, Provincial of the Society of Jesus, and a second Mass was celebrated by Rev. Ralph S. Dewey, and a discourse delivered by Rev. Aug. Langcake, S. J. Then the sodalists, and others who had joined them, approached the long, temporary railing to receive Holy Communion. It was a sight never perhaps equalled in this country. That Mass in the open air, with at least four thousand Catholics kneeling on the grass, and full fifteen hundred of them come from far and near, fasting, going up in ordered lines to receive Holy Communion. It was a great historic event, but it was truly Catholic, truly pious, full of devotion, without a single element to disturb the mind or mar the holy influence.

In one of the dreams, or visions, of the pious missionary, he beheld the Indian town Ossernenon with its palisade transformed into a civilized structure, and the inscription "*Laudent nomen Agni.*" The kneeling thousands, the communicants in such vast numbers on that very spot, seemed a fulfilment of his vision. Hymns chanted by the choir floated through the air till Mass was ended, and the last communicants had withdrawn to bow down in thanksgiving. Then the faithful gathered in groups to break their long fast. The Rev. F. W. Wayrich, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, made a closing discourse on Faith and Charity, and invited all to pray for the Right

Rev. Bishop of Albany, whose serious illness prevented his presence, and who solicited the prayers of the pilgrims at this time. He had granted an indulgence of forty days to all who prayed before the statue of our Lady, and the prayers were fervently offered that God would restore him to health. Then, with the same exercises, the pilgrims formed in a line and descended the hillside to the station, filling car and boat with the odor of prayer. It was a spectacle such as the church in this country had never before witnessed, truly pious and edifying. Besides the clergymen mentioned, there were present, Rev. Joseph Loyzance of Troy, the director of the whole pilgrimage; Rev. F. Casey, Very Rev. Dr. Puissant of Troy; Rev. John P. McIncrow, of Amsterdam, with other priests and gentlemen of the laity, whom, with my near-sightedness, I failed to recognize.

The reporters of the daily press seem more purblind than I; they neither know me as an historical scholar, nor as one for twenty years connected with the press, but make me a Reverend or Very Reverend. I was there as an edified and consoled layman.

JOHN GILMARY SHEA, in *New York Freeman's Journal.*

The Scandal Monger.

HAVE you never met it in your walks abroad, the dangerous reptile whose name heads my paper? Lucky for you, reader, if you can put your hand on your heart, and answer in the negative. I wish I could, but my experience has brought me closely within her ken. She is a prowler, a perverter of the truth, and her tongue is as dangerous a weapon as a six-barrelled revolver. One takes away a person's life, while the other takes away a reputation. The scandal-monger is generally to be met with in a small town, where the field for her talents is not to be scattered, and where she can go her rounds daily, and collect materials for her loathsome work. She has plenty of friends, no — I beg Friendship's pardon for so gross a libel — acquaintances, I should say, where she can drop in to afternoon tea, and, over a cup of the refreshing beverage, regale her listeners with the latest tit-bits from her library of fiction. The scandal-monger is very careful over her work. She only repeats "What I have heard, my dear, but of course on the best authority; it is sad, but I always thought there was something wrong in that quarter." The scandal-monger is very cautious about herself, as she spins her web of untruth. She asserts nothing as a fact, but all the same sows the seeds of distrust in the hearts of friends, separates lover from lover, and causes dissension to spring up around broadcast through the subtle medium of her unwieldly tongue. From house to house, she goes as earnest in the practice of her duties as any district visitor in the parish.

Of course, the subject of my sketch is a hypocrite of the deepest dye; she will squeeze your hand, laugh with you or weep with you, as

occasion demands, and go away and make fun of you. She is generally bemoaning her own position, to her more comfortable acquaintances, who are "so kind to come and see her at her humble little dwelling, where they are as welcome as the flowers of May." But not one, rich or poor, escapes her ruthless hands. She whispers, with that bland smile of hers, to Mrs. R——— that Mrs. M——— (whom she has just left with a large slice of scandal to digest) "is really no better than she should be, and certainly no friend for you, my dear, as you will soon find out if you see much of her." Then Mrs. H——— is informed, at a friendly little gathering, that Mrs. F——— as every one knows, only married her husband because she was obliged to marry some one, and is really of no family that any one has ever heard of. Then Miss A———'s attacks, one knows, are nothing but overdoses of brandy; this in confidence to Miss P———, whose goings on with the good-looking young dude, are too disgraceful even to think of. The men don't escape. Oh, no, don't think it, they all have a multitude of sins to answer for; in fact, their characters, as they pass through this destroyer's fingers are torn to shreds, and the atoms cast forth, for the delectation of those who will stoop to pick them up. Of all despicable creatures that crawl on God's fair earth, the Scandal-Monger is the most to be avoided. No bolts or bars will keep this noisome reptile from your houses if once she makes her way in. No amount of Insect Powder will destroy a reptile so cumbersome to the world in which she lives. She will still go her way, dropping her poison wholesale into the ears of the multitude, sneering and jeering away people's reputations, and, let us hope, however, laying up for herself a goodly punishment hereafter, for are we not told that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his all-seeing eye noting it? And are not ye much more precious than one of these? Meantime, let the scandal-monger await the day, in the bosom of her family, the latter appendage being, in the case of my particular scandal-monger, not one half so reputable as the names she has stabbed so quietly in the dark. Providence keep you, reader, from meeting her like.

ANOTHER MIRACLE is reported to have taken place at the shrine of St. Anne de Beaupré, in Canada, on August 9th. A lad, Joseph Fiset, who was a complete cripple, and suffering also from a number of running sores in his back, had come all the way from Massachusetts to invoke the power of the saint in his behalf. He struggled up to the altar-rail on his crutches, kissed the relics, felt a cold thrill throughout his body, which caused him to drop his crutches among those of others who have been healed through the interposition of St. Anne, and walked from the church to the steamer. On board were two medical men, who examined the sores on his back and found them dried up.

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

FALLING LEAVES.

WHAT will become of the trees, Mamma?
The leaves are falling, one by one.
Colder it blows;
Soon come the snows.
What will become of the trees, Mamma,
The bare, brown trees when all is done?

Will not the trees be cold, Mamma,
When all the leaves are blown away?
When nights are long,
And the winds are strong,
Will not the trees be cold, Mamma,
On many a cold and wintry day?

What will become of the leaves, Mamma?
Away before the wind they fled;
After their play,
Hurried away.
What will become of the leaves, Mamma?
I can not think that they are dead.

Poor little leaves! It is sad, Mamma.
If I run after them, will they mind?
Now for a race!
Now for a chase!
I will bring you some pretty leaves, Mamma;
Some tired leaves that are left behind.

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE. — No household is complete without a sister. She gives the finish to a family. A sister's love, a sister's influence — what can be more hallowed? A sister's kindness — does the world show us anything purer? A sister is a sort of guardian angel in the home circle. Her presence condemns vice. She is the quickener of good resolutions, the sunshine in the pathway of home. To every brother she is light and life. Her heart is a treasure-house of confidence. In her he finds a safe adviser, a charitable, forgiving, tender, though often severe friend. Her sympathy is open as the day, and sweet as the fragrance of flowers. A sister's office is a noble and gentle one.

LITTLE ALICE.

MANY, many years ago, there lived in a cloister a little maid, named Alice. In tender infancy she had consecrated herself to God, and far and wide she was renowned for her holiness, so that the people called her "the little angel."

One day, as she knelt before the altar of the convent-oratory and offered her spotless heart to her infant Saviour, it seemed to her as if the ceiling above her opened of its own accord, and celestial spirits descended through the aperture. Rays of heavenly light flooded the altar and all about her. How little Alice's pure heart beat with delight, as though it would break through her breast and mingle with the host of little angels above. And now, dazzled by the brilliant scene, her weary eyes gradually closed and she sank into a gentle slumber; at the same moment an angel knelt at her side, and tenderly throwing his arms around the maid, was wafted with his sweet burden to heaven.

Then Alice, opening her eyes, could not bear the sight which met her gaze, and sank powerless on her snow-white countenance. There she lay before God Almighty's throne; with sceptre in hand, He sat in judgment; to His right, stood the blessed, and to his left, alas! the damned. And as the Lord saw Alice, he said in a stern voice: —

"How dar'st thou stand before me? Thou dost not wear the white garb of innocence, for thou hast not been born of water and of the Holy Ghost, and of thee 'tis written, 'You shall not enter the kingdom of God.' Depart from me, thou sinful heathen child, thou art but fit for wicked angels' company."

Thereat the child, trembling like a leaf in the autumn wind, fled the countenance of its Judge and threw itself at the feet of its guardian angel. Weeping bitterly, it raised its hands and eyes suppliantly, and said, —

"O angel, whom I have so often seen in my dreams, who hast watched so faithfully at my side, help me!"

But the Lord, seeing this, signalled St. John the Baptist and said to him: —

"Go in my name, and tell Alice to go immediately to my left!"

Like a timid little bird, the maid, when she heard this, hid herself in the folds of the angel's robe. The latter, touched at the child's sad plight, whispered words of consolation in its ear. At this, a beaming smile lit up Alice's countenance, and led by the kind angel, she approached St. John the Baptist. Innocent as a dove, yet cunning as a little serpent, she said: —

"One word, O Lord, allow me to say but one word!" And holding the angel tightly by the hand, she continued, alternately weeping and smiling: "St. John, remember the words of the Lord, when he said to you: 'Thou art the greatest of the sons of men, yet when I compare thee with my children in heaven, thou art small.' Now here I am in heaven, a little child, and ask you, if you attach any importance to those words, to baptize me on the spot, unless you wish both yourself and me to be expelled from heaven."

Hearing this, St. John was at a loss what to do. "How shall I act in this matter?" thought he to himself, when Our Lady of Good Counsel gave him a significant wink. Thereupon, inspired as he seemed, the saint exclaimed:—

"Now I know what I shall do!" And catching two little angels by their wings, he said to them: "You shall be sponsors to this child;" then pouring water on the head of Alice, he baptized her in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

When this was over, all the saints and angels of heaven sang as with one accord: "A child has been born to us; glory to God on high." Then they rocked the newly-baptized maid to sleep, covering her with kisses and gently closing her eyes; and taking her in their arms, lowered her noiselessly to the earth and placed her before the altar of the convent-oratory.

When she awoke, the abbess stood beside her and said somewhat sternly:—

"What means the wreath of myrtle on thy head, what mean those locks, heavy with glossy moisture, and how is it thy dress doth smell as incense fumes?"

"O worthy mother, the wreath becomes the bride, for I have seen the bridegroom in heaven, the Lord whose death gave us life; I stood before Him and saw Him look angrily at me. Then He ordered me to the left, for, alas! I had not been baptized. But I clung to my guardian-angel, and Our Lady, taking pity on me, signalled to St. John, who thereupon baptized me. See, my hair is still wet."

Here Alice was so overcome, that she could say no more, and sobbing for joy, tenderly embraced the abbess. But the latter, bedewing the little white hands with tears and kissing the burning cheek, said softly:—

"Come, dear little angel, come to your cell;" and taking the child by the hand, laid it tenderly to rest. Then she went down into the village, every one greeting her as she went along. As she approached the last hut, she saw two women working in the garden. "Good God! the Lady abbess," they both exclaimed with one voice, "how glad we are to see you!"

"God bless you, my good women," said the abbess, kindly.

"Pardon me, sister, but how is my little Alice?" asked the elder of the women.

"Thanks be to God, your child is well in body and soul. But 'tis on her account I've come to see you; just think, she had never been baptized."

"Never been baptized?" reiterated the woman in blank amazement. Great God! I will prove to you, how with my own hands I baptized her in a right Christian way. Let me see, it was thirteen years ago, on St. Nicholas' day; yes, I remember it as though it were to-day. The child was on the point of death, so, hastily pouring water on its head, I baptized it, as was quite natural, in the name of St. Nicholas."

"In the name of St. Nicholas?" asked the abbess with wondering eyes; "I think you had better take your catechism to hand and look over the formula for baptizing children."

Night had already thrown her veil over the earth when the sister took her leave, and myriads of stars were scattered about the heavens. The silvery moon floated along its orbit, throwing its spectral light upon the fields and meadows and the convent walls high up on the hill. The abbess had just entered the gate, when suddenly the window of Alice's cell was lit up with a mysterious light; the leaves of the old linden-tree before the window seemed converted into so many glittering stars. But, quick as a flash of lightning, all was again dark as before. Hark! heard you that nightingale? wofully sounded its plaintive strain through the stilly night-air. And the linden softly sang a dirge.

With uncertain steps the abbess hastened up stairs, and staggered to the bedside of the child. Its brow was wreathed with myrtle; its raven tresses were heavy with glossy moisture. The delicate frame was wrapt in a shroud of virgin whiteness; the little eyes were closed as if in sweet slumber. Alice was dead.

CALAMUS.

IN THE STREETS AT NIGHT.

"HIS father don't allow him to be in the streets at night," said Will Carson, in a mocking tone; "better tie the baby to the bedpost with his mother's apron strings."

John Mellon's face flushed at these taunts. No boy likes to be ridiculed, especially when a crowd of his playfellows are standing by.

"Be a man and come along with us," said Harry Jones. "You are man enough to think and act for yourself."

"Come, John, come with us," said another. "We shall have a grand time. It will not hurt you just for once to have a little fun."

"No," said John, "I shall mind my father. The catechism says, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' and I shall do it."

"Come on, boys," said Will, as he started off, "and don't be standing there listening to his preaching."

John went home, and in preparing his lessons for the next day, and in joining in the home pleasures, he had forgotten all about the boys.

The next morning, on his way to school, he heard the boys had been arrested and sent to jail for being drunk and disorderly. Think how anxious their parents must have been all through that night, and then to be told that they were in jail! How it must have surprised and pained them.

Do not be wandering in the streets at night, boys. It is a bad habit, and nothing but harm comes of it. Hundreds of boys are ruined through being in the streets at night.

John Mellon made a happy and prosperous man, and so will everybody who fears God, stands up for the right, and honors his father and mother.

A CHILD KILLED BY FRIGHT.

FEW people seem to properly estimate the great wrong of frightening children. Nearly every household has its "ugly man," or its "great old bear." This terrible old man and this great old bear are powerful factors in the nursery discipline. "Come along here, now," a mother or a nurse will say to a child, "and let me put you to bed."—"I don't want to go now," the child replies. "You'd better come on here now, or I'll tell the ugly man to come and take you away. There he comes now." This has the intended effect, and the child trembling in fear, submits at once and goes to bed, probably to see in imagination all kinds of horrible faces.

The sad death of a little girl which occurred recently, shows what a strong impression those "boogies" made on the minds of children. The little girl was a beautiful child, and every one at the fashionable boarding-house where her parents were spending the summer months loved her with that purity of affection which a child so gently yet so strongly inspires. She would stand at the gate and clap her little hands with glee when her father came to dinner, and when he would take her on his shoulder she would shout and call to every one to look how high she was. One day a large shaggy dog came into the yard, and when she ran to him and held a flower to his nose, he growled and turned away. She was terribly frightened, and the black nurse, who stood near, was not slow in making a mental note of the impression the dog had made. Several nights afterwards, when bed time came, the child was unusually wakeful.

"Yer'd better come heah an' git in dis bed," the nurse commanded.

"I don't want to."

"All right, den. I'se gwine out and call dat old dog what growled at yer. When he comes an' fin's yer outen de bed he'll bite yer head off."

The little girl grew deadly pale.

"Nuthin' would suit dat dog better dan ter get a chance at yer. 'Tother night he cotch a little girl across the road and eat her all up."

The child screamed. "Come on heah, den, an' I won't let him ketch yer."

The poor little thing obeyed. Her father and mother were at an entertainment, and there was no appeal from the negro woman's decision. When morning came the little girl did not awake with her usual "Good mornin', papa and mamma." She had tossed all night, and a hot fever had settled upon her. She grew rapidly worse, and the next day the physician declared that there was no hope for her. She became delirious and struggling would exclaim:

"Dog shan't have mamma's little girl!"

It was a sorrowing circle that surrounded her death-bed. The parents were plunged into a grief which none but the hearts of fathers and mothers can feel.

Her last moments were a series of struggles. How hard the beautiful can die! She wildly threw up her little hands and shrieked:

"Go away, dog."

A gentle hand wiped the death froth from her lips.

Again she struggled and shrieked: "Dog shan't have" — but she died ere the sentence was finished.

MOONLIGHT.

In fact the "whoa, Fan!" and "Come up, Jessie!" of the farmer, as he put his good horses to, at one o'clock or thereabouts, were amongst the very first sounds that caught the ear of the slumbering luminary, and caused him to start into an upright position in his great chair of the sun, where he sat blinking and winking, until the familiar notes of our dear, cheery, little brown wren aroused him into perfect consciousness, and a sense of his responsibilities towards the new-born day.

That all might be in readiness for his early drive, it was the farmer's custom to leave his wagon loaded overnight, standing before the cottage door. The shafts of the wagon rested on a strong, wooden frame, and the farmer's collie dog, "Keeper," lay on the sacks, a cord tied loosely round his neck.

I don't exactly see why the cottager should put his dog there time after time, since theft was a thing unheard-of in that quiet neighborhood. Yet so it was, whenever the wagon was prepared for travelling, "Keeper" was placed on guard, and I should say that it pleased him highly upon a certain night to see a dark figure creeping cautiously towards the laden vehicle. "Ah!" said the patient dog, "here comes the thief that I have been a long time waiting to catch." Then forgetful of the cord fastened round his neck he gave a great spring forward, out over the side of the wagon where he hung, strangled in his own collar. "Keeper" was dead when Willie came up to him, for it was no thief, but Master Willie only whom the dog had seen. Willie who had stolen from his warm bed, to hide amongst the butter casks, and vegetable sacks in the wagon, that he might thus be enabled to reach the city whither his father was bound, and from whence the boy confidently expected to find easy, pleasant ways through the great, wide world. Unfortunately for him his plan of escape was quite successful.

The farmer buried his dog, put his horses to, and plodded patiently over the weary road, little dreaming that Willie accompanied him.

His freight was delivered in the usual manner; as usual he stayed a night in the city, and next morning the good man set out cheerfully for his mountain home.

Here the sad tidings of Willie's unaccountable disappearance awaited him, and he found his wife and family in great distress.

I could never tell you how eagerly the friends and neighbors

helped husband and wife in search for Willie. Even the king offered a large reward for any information respecting him. All in vain. No tidings of the lost boy came, and at length the disconsolate parents sorrowfully concluded that he must have met his fate in Phoul Dhu — a deep lake or tarn, which lay alongside the steepest turn of the mountain road.

Here Aunt Lena interrupted the narrative to glance at her watch. "Nurse will soon announce 'bedtime,'" she remarked, "and if we are to finish our story to-night, I must pass over Willie's adventures from the time that he stole out of his father's waggon at the palace gates, until a certain evening, months afterwards, when unable to proceed further, he lay down in a field half dead with cold and hunger."

In the world that looked so fair and smiling from the mountain heights, Willie had found no sheltered nook, no pleasant road. And just a week before this night of which I tell you, he had left the city, hoping, that by travelling ever onward through country places, he would at length reach his father's house.

However, cold and hunger made him faint, and he was forced to lie down, as I have said, in a field, under the shelter of an over-hanging rock. As yet there were no stars in the sky, all was dark and drear, and the lonely little boy thought that he was going to die. How he longed for a sight of his kind mother's face, and then he tried to say his prayers, to beg God's pardon for having been a foolish child, and to beg that the dear Mother Mary in Heaven would plead that his brothers and sisters might be dutiful children to the loving mother upon earth, whom he had so wickedly forsaken. All at once, just as he finished his simple prayer, and just as the keen frosty air of the short twilight of a November day was beginning to stiffen his limbs, he saw a light as if upon the crest of a high hill, before him. This sudden gleam was a ray of hope to Willie. He started into a sitting posture, he listened with senses sharpened.

An owl went by, screaming as a cat might if you trod upon her tail. The crested plover were calling in shrill, treble tones, and wild ducks went quacking about their business, upon wings that creaked, as they flew.

These sounds, which were familiar to him, brought some comfort to Willie's heart. And there was the dull red light, growing broader and brighter across the sky, mounting upwards like the flame of a great fire. This was just what half frozen Willie thought the light meant, and the mere idea seemed to bring relief, for he actually arose and struggled to mount the hill. It was very steep, Willie often stood to rest, and once his foot slipped and he fell back a great way. But the bright light ahead ever enticed him to fresh efforts, and at length he stood tired, and breathless, but O! so joyful, upon the brow of the hill.

Alas! poor fellow! his joy was of short duration.

If any of you, with the frost tingling through each little finger and toe, had labored wearily through darkness towards a splendid bonfire as you thought, how would you like to find, instead of the fire, only a silver globe of cold light, that seeming to rise out of the earth

at your feet, mounted quickly beyond your reach, farther and farther up into the heavens?

Well, badly as you might feel in such a case, Willie's disappointment was worse when he paused for breath upon the height and saw no fire, nothing but the moon rising from behind a clump of furze, every moment getting farther away upon her own road, and seeming by the very placidity of her steady progress to mock at his forlorn state.

He threw himself down upon the ground, and cried as if his heart would break. But by and by, when the queen of night had reached her drawing-room floor, as you might say, and shone with all her brilliancy, Willie raised his head, and looked around him with some curiosity. He moved, a loose stone fell, fell with a great splash. And it was well that our little boy too did not fall, so frightened was he, when he found that he had thrown himself down close beside the edge of a dark sheet of water.

A greyhound of the morass (the poetical Irish name for a crane), whose lonely watch was disturbed by the falling stone, rose slowly from his haunt, and heavily winged his way into the distance. Willie's eyes following the bird's retreating form, took note of a road or pathway. In a twinkling the happy truth flashed upon him! he saw it all! The dark water was Phoul Dhu, the road was that which led to his father's house, and I need not tell you how eagerly the little wayfarer hastened now to find that haven.

His fatigue was forgotten, his weakness was scarcely felt. After an hour's walking he could see the sombre pines that sheltered his home, and through their branches he perceived another light. This time it was (as he learned afterwards), the ray from a lamp which his loving mother kept burning in the cottage window, through the winter nights, hoping against hope that her little wanderer would return.

I leave you to imagine the mother's joy when she found her child. She cried and she laughed over him, and she forgave him all the trouble which his wilfulness had caused her.

Often afterwards mother and son talked about this trying time, and no fact of his adventures seemed stranger to Willie, than that he should have been so near death, within reach of his own home.

"If it were not for the moon, mother," he would say, pressing closer to her side as he remembered what might have been, "and at first, that was such a disappointment!"

Then his wise mother would teach him, that disappointments are often blessings in disguise, and that, in truth, they are lamps, that perhaps our guardian angels bring to throw light upon the dangers which beset our path, and to point out the safe if rugged way, that leads to our true Father's eternal home.

"MAN is a mystery," said a young lady to her beau. "Yes, dear," said he, "and girls is a missery."

Useful Knowledge.

CHILBLAINS.— Tincture of iodine and glycerine, used in the proportion of one part of the former to three of the latter, forms a good remedy for chilblains.

IN boiling for meat soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge it into boiling water at once.

A WRITER in a medical journal says buttermilk is a good remedy in cases of irritation of the stomach. He adds—"I have had some experiences recently with it quite satisfactory in a few instances. Four cases of persistent vomiting, occurring in succession, intolerant of any other treatment, gave way kindly to this."

HOW TO PUT BABY TO SLEEP.— Take a piece of Canton flannel, large enough when double to cover the whole head, and wring it rather dry out of warm water, then put it closely over baby's head so as to cover both ears and eyes. The effect is wonderful! There is a brief struggle, then perfect quiet, and in less than five minutes the little fellow is sound asleep. It is a simple remedy for sleeplessness and well worth knowing and trying.

DISINFECTANTS.— Two pounds of copperas, or sulphate of iron, dissolved in a pail of water, will greatly assist in purifying a privy or cesspool. A pound of nitrate of lead dissolved in the same way is excellent for sinks, drains, or vaults. Chloride of lime is also effectual, or a layer of charcoal dust will prevent offensive odors arising from any decomposing substance. The quantity of these substances will depend upon the amount of filth to be deodorized, and the length of time during which they will be effectual will depend upon local conditions.

THE AIRING OF BEDS AND ROOMS.— The air of a sleeping room should be constantly renewed from without, yet it should not be icy cold. It is amazing to see in otherwise well-informed people the lingering prejudice against night air, which makes them willing to breath vitiated air all night long. Attention to the airing of beds and bedding cannot be too great, and it ought to be insisted upon in every house. The hurry to have rooms in order early causes beds to be made up before they have been thoroughly permeated by air and sunlight, and gives them that close, stuffy smell which is a sure index of deficient cleanliness. During the night the body throws off, through the invisible pores of the skin, much impurity, and to make up a bed while mattress, sheets and blankets are still sweltering with animal heat is a thing no neat, intelligent housekeeper should ever do under any pressure of hurry. The rest of the room can be dusted and set to rights, and the bed clothes spread over chairs, with windows open, until a late hour, and nobody will be hurt. When a bedroom is the common sitting or sewing apartment of a family, it should be thoroughly aired for half an hour before dark, everybody vacating it for the purpose, and again before the occupants retire.

A HINT TO MILK PRODUCERS.— It is admitted upon all hands that it is impossible to obtain the whole of the cream from the milk during hot weather, because the milk turns sour before it can be finally skimmed. This skim milk, containing a certain percentage of butter, is consequently given to pigs or calves, and is one of the most expensive foods which can be used for the purpose. Why producers do not adopt some other method is somewhat puzzling, and I, therefore, suggest to them the advisability of examining into the cold setting system. With this object in view, it is necessary to have cold water always at hand, and as near the temperature of 45° as possible. A vat should be built in the coldest apartment possible, and also cemented throughout the interior so that it may hold water. The milk is poured into deep cans, usually termed Swartz cans, and then placed in the cold water within the vat. To maintain as low a temperature as possible, the best plan is to have an inlet tap at one end and an overflow pipe at the other, so that the water may be continually running through. The whole of the cream will rise in twelve hours, although it will be thinner and larger in quantity, but it will make more butter than by the common system, especially in hot weather, and the skim milk will be absolutely sweet—another advantage over the open-pan method.

The Humorist.

In certain parts of Germany the peasantry consider it good luck to meet a pig. It isn't considered good luck in this country — that is, if it is in a car, and you want a seat.

Teacher — "What animal has the most brain?" *First Bright Scholar* — "The horse!" *Second ditto* — "The elephant!" *Dull Scholar* — "The donkey! "It does more brayin work than all the other animals put together."

"Run for the doctor quick! Help! help! Dot baby has swallowed a nickel?" exclaimed Mrs. Schaumberg. "Mine Gott, you make so much fuss as if it was a twenty-dollar gold piece. Be calm, Rebecca," replied Moses.

"The man who marries for money sells himself," said Mr. Delaney, addressing his son. "Then, if you were in my position, father, what would you do."—"Well, I'd sell myself."

Inquisitive Stranger — "What are you looking so sad about, my youthful friend?" *Lad* — "'Cause mother's been and broke the pledge." *I. S.* — "My sweet boy! You shouldn't take it to heart so much." *Lad* — "You'd take it to 'art if you had to go to the 'Red Lion' twenty times a day a-fetching the drinks."

Woman — "If I give you something to eat, will you saw a little wood?" *Tramp* — "No, mum. I'm too weak to saw wood. I'm not lazy, jest weak; but I'm willin' to do what I can. You give me a good dinner, an' I'll sit out in the cornfield for a scarecrow while I'm eatin' it."

Perkinson was complaining at the club, the other day, about a horrible bill that he couldn't possibly settle, and that was keeping him awake o' nights. "Don't bother about it, my dear boy," said Smithkins; "do with it as we used to do with the Mississippi River water — let it stand till it settles itself!"

Americanus — "We take our drinks standing, and we take 'em slick and right away. I guess we do not loi-ter as you dew in this darned slow, old pickled out, skeleton of a country." *Britannicus* — "Oh, you do — do you? Well, it shows you ain't on for lounging anyhow. But I don't see why you need hurry up so much; you might enjoy your drink a bit." *Americanus* — "I guess, stranger, we are a busy people, and we dew get through one drink smart like, so as tew be ready for another, surely."

Doctor: "You need exercise; what is your employment?" *Patient*: "I am a mason." *Doctor*: "But then you cannot lack exercise." *Mason*: "That depends. Sometimes, you know, we work by the day and sometimes by the job."

The story is told of Mr. Evarts that he once sent a donkey up to his farm at Windsor, Vt., and about a week afterward received the following letter from his little grandchild: *Dear Grandpa:* The little donkey is very gentle, but he makes a big noise nights. He is very lonesome. I guess he misses you. I hope you will come up soon, and then he won't be so lonesome. Minnie.

A Barrister in a court of justice, examining a female witness, said, "Facts are stubborn things." Witness: "Yes, sir, and so are women: and if you get anything out of me just let me know it." Barrister: "You'll be committed for contempt." Witness: "Very well, I'll suffer justly; for I feel the utmost contempt for every lawyer present."

A Few seasons ago an English duchess tried her luck at the Monaco tables, where she soon got to the bottom of her purse. She went to the director to ask a loan, offering a pair of earrings with solitaire diamonds as a pledge. "We don't take gages," was the answer. "Our terms are cash and nobody is trusted."—"But I am the duchess of ——," said her grace. "That doesn't matter. So many duchesses come here who want to borrow."

"What do you ask for this sketch?" said Sir Joshua Reynolds to an old picture-dealer, whose portfolio he was looking over. "Twenty guineas, your honor." —"Twenty pence I suppose you mean?" —"No, sir; it is true I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning; but if *you* think it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying." Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him the money.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

LIEUT.-GEN. SHERIDAN, U. S. A.
The Latest Exploit of a Great Irish-American Soldier.

BRILLIANTLY endowed with all the chivalrous attributes of his race, Lieutenant-General Sheridan, the hero of the armies of the Republic and victor of a hundred battles, is admittedly one of the greatest military leaders that the present century has produced. For over thirty years he has served the nation as a valiant soldier, and his masterly achievements during and since the Civil War have become an important part of his country's history. His recent investigation and procedure in connection with the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indian troubles, and his summary treatment of the trespassing cattlemen, is still fresh in the minds of the public and demonstrates the wisdom of the President of the United States, by whom he was selected for the work.

Born in Ohio, of patriotic Irish parents, Sheridan's love for Ireland and her people has never waned, nor have the honors heaped upon him in after-life, or the brilliant victories he has won, made him forgetful of Ireland, or ashamed of Ireland's faith. "An American by birth," said he, on a certain occasion, "I love liberty; an Irishman by descent, I have been taught to hate oppression." These were noble words and worthy of the noble soul that uttered them. But such were Sheridan's sentiments always. Whether as a dashing cavalry leader, at the head of five thousand sabres, or later, when other and more important commands were conferred upon him, his affection for Ireland has ever been true, lasting and sincere. Bostonians remember with pleasure his reply, last year, to an invitation to be present at the Irish National League demonstration. Dating his response, "Headquarters, Army of the United States, Washington, D. C.," he proceeded to express his earnest regrets that the manifold engagements attendant upon his position would not enable him to accept the "kind invitation" in person, though he did so in spirit, and after thanking the chairman for his courtesy, unhesitatingly subscribed himself "P. H. Sheridan, Lieutenant-General." And subsequently when invited to the initiative banquet of the Catholic club of this city, he immediately sent an appreciative acknowledgement, thanking the organization for its "kind remembrance." These incidents serve to illustrate the warm-heartedness of the man.

Speaking of Sheridan's military career, Captain Willard Glazier, of Philadelphia, in a volume entitled "Heroes of Three Wars," declares: "In battle he is the very soul of vehement action — the incarnate wrath of the storm. * * * The marvellous well-force with which he could hurl himself in the front of battle and infuse his own spirit of unconquerable daring into the ranks is phenomenal." Sheridan's present position of Lieutenant

General gives him, next to the President, —who is commander-in-chief — the command of the regular army, which at present numbers about twenty-eight thousand men, and is divided into ten regiments of cavalry, five regiments of artillery, twenty-five regiments of infantry, and a corps of engineers.

The recent troubles in the Indian Territory, which General Sheridan was called upon by the President to allay, originated in the invasion of the Indian lands by hordes of avaricious cattle-raisers who compelled the Indians to sign bogus leases of their lands, and with the aid of incompetent agents, at length succeeded in causing such a tumult that a serious Indian outbreak was threatened. In accordance with instructions from the President, Sheridan investigated the claims of the Indians, and the result was the issuance of a presidential proclamation, ordering the cattlemen to leave the disputed territory in forty days. It is needless to say that Sheridan enforced the order with characteristic alacrity and vigor, for which he received the grateful acknowledgments of the National Government. No man ever paid a higher tribute to Sheridan than the late General Grant, who said of him: "I regard Sheridan as not only one of the great soldiers of our war, but one of the great soldiers of the world — as a man who is fit for the highest commands. No better general ever lived than Sheridan. I rank him with Napoleon and the great captains of history."

The Chautauqua Philosophers and the Irish

THE Guild of the Seven Seals, the League of the Round Table, and other select circles of Chautauqua University, New York, were recently addressed by Rev. Edward Everett Hale, D. D., a prominent Unitarian minister of Boston. A large number of leading clergymen of various other denominations were also present, together with many distinguished people who have made their mark in literature, science and art. The discussion took a wide range and embraced subjects philosophical, religious, statistical and polytechnic. Incense, figuratively speaking, was plentifully burned before the "Anglo-Saxon" altar, while "Mother England" and the big rock down at Plymouth, Mass., were affectionately remembered. But in the midst of the festivities an awful shadow arose before that august assemblage, and skilfully invoked by Rev. Dr. Hale, the shadow increased in size until it overspread the scene like a vast pall.

"The Irish," said Dr. Hale, "have nearly gained control of all our great centres. Boston, for instance, is an Irish city, over sixty-five per cent. of its population being of that blood." At this assertion the assemblage stood aghast; but the orator promptly convinced those present of the undeniable truth of his startling assertion. The question of teaching religion to the masses was then dwelt upon, and, of course, "the Irish" came in for a share of this paternal solicitude. Is it possible that these Chautauquans, with their wealth of alleged philosophy, are ignorant of the causes leading to the progress of the Irish? Surely they must be aware of the secret which has so effectively caused the fearful decline among their own element! Or are they of those who are so blind that they will not see? "The survival of the fittest" is an old maxim, and there are those who see in this astonishing increase and permanency of the Irish, a logical result and moral recompense of their devotion and fidelity to God and religion. Disregard of the marriage vows, child-murder, and the divorce court, are not characteristics of the Irish element. Hence the latter increases and multiplies, while other elements, weakened by the absence of Christianity in their lives, and steeped in all the essentials of paganism, slowly but surely fade away. The lap dog and the fashion plate may suffice to satisfy the poor slave of "Society;" but the sturdy

Irish mother takes greater pride in rearing children to love God and support the State. The resistless tide of Irish increase cannot be stayed or overcome by the "Religion" of the Chautauquans, for upon a more vigorous and Christian doctrine depends the perpetuity of the Republic.

The Coming Election in Old Virginia.

TWENTY-NINE years ago, the Know-nothing Party in this country was fighting hard to destroy the influence of the Catholic faith in these United States. It was successful in many of the Northern States and was rampant until it was taken in hands in 1856, by the Hon. Henry A. Wise of Virginia. In that year Thomas L. Flemney was the leader of that party, and Mr. Wise led the opposition to the Knownothing or American party. The history of the Virginia canvass in that ever memorable year is well-known in this country. It was a fierce fight; and to this day Virginians, who remember that time, rehearse in burning words the wonderful speeches made by Wise against that monster party. His witty retorts, biting sarcasm, and burning appeals, during that memorable campaign, should never be forgotten by foreigners, especially the Irish and Catholic portion thereof. Usually, in commencing his speeches, he would clinch his fist, shake it threateningly over the heads of his audience, and open as follows: "In this contest I propose to fight under the black flag. I will not ask for quarter, nor do I propose to give any. Sam will have to crush me or I will crush Sam. I will carry the war into Africa. *Delenda est Carthago!* For I feel that 'thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just;' and my right arm is nerved by the reflection that it is lifted in the cause of the people, and in behalf of human liberty." Then would follow such a torrent of eloquence, such scathing invective, such a scattering of the jewels of the mind, as have never been witnessed in the Old Dominion before or since. Thank God, Wise was victorious, and that party has never been able to rally since nor never will. The great Wise has passed away, and strange to say, his son, Hon. John S. Wise, though yet a comparatively young man, is now the candidate of the Republican Party in Virginia, for Governor. He is a young man of great ability, and the present campaign just inaugurated in the Old Dominion promises to be a bitter and hard fought one. The son, like the father, is tied really to no party; but, at present, he seems to have allied himself with the Republicans as against the opposition — which he styles *Bourbon;* but it is really the Democratic Party. He says he will crush Bourbonism in Virginia, and he leads a division of the G. O. P., as he says, against an enemy, which compared with the party his father crushed in '56, is but as a lamb to a lion. He is assisted by Hon. Frank S. Blair, who runs for Attorney-General, and they are, to a great extent, under the control and direction of Gen. Wm. Mahone, who represents his State in the United States Senate. Mahone and Blair are descendants of *indomitable Celt*, and Wise's name is near and dear to every Irish heart. The country looks on the Virginia gubernatorial contest with interest, and while the outcome is very hard to forecast, yet all eyes are turned to the oldest of American commonwealths, anxiously awaiting the result. Both parties are confident of success; and speeches, replete with fervid eloquence and resistless logic, will be common in Virginia until the *Ides* of November next.

GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE, or "Fitz Lee," as he is generally called, has been nominated by the Democrats of Virginia, for governor. He was born at Clermont, Fairfax County, Va., on the 19th of November, 1835. His father was Captain Sydney Smith Lee, who resigned his commission in the United States Navy,

and accepted one in the Confederate service at the time of the secession of his State. He was the third son of General Henry Lee, or "Light-Horse Harry" of the Revolution, and a brother of the late General Robert E. Lee. Fitz's mother was a grand-daughter of Virginia's celebrated statesman, General John Mason, and a sister of James M. Mason. At the age of sixteen, Fitz was appointed a cadet "at large" at West Point. His term of service expired in 1856, and he graduated at the head of his class in horsemanship. He was appointed second-lieutenant in the then Second United States cavalry. His first service was at Carlisle barracks, Pa. After a year's service he was sent to Texas, where he soon distinguished himself in the various conflicts with the Indians, and on May 13th, 1859, he was shot through the lungs with an arrow, and his life almost despaired of. In November, 1860, he was appointed instructor of cavalry at West Point. Under his tuition were Kilpatrick, Custer and others. When the war broke out and upon the secession of Virginia, he promptly resigned his commission in the United States Army and offered his services to his native State.

He first served in the Confederacy, was in the adjutant-general's department, in General Beauregard's army at Manassas, and in the battle of July 21, 1861, he acted in that capacity on the staff of General Ewell. In September following, he was, upon the recommendation of Gen. I. E. Johnston, then in command of the army, and Gen. J. E. B. Stewart, commanding its cavalry, made the lieutenant-colonel of the first Virginia cavalry (Stewart's old regiment), and in April, 1862, he was elected colonel, receiving all the votes but four.

After the battles around Richmond, Fitz Lee was promoted to the rank of brigadier, taking Stewart's place, the latter commanding two brigades. Lee's brigade consisted of the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Ninth Virginia regiments, with a battery of horse artillery, under Captain James Breathed. In 1865, the cavalry of the army of Northern Virginia was divided into two divisions of three brigades each, and Hampton and Fitz Lee were promoted to command them. This promotion Fitz Lee had won on a record of almost unexampled success. His active disposition and brilliant courage made for him one of the best reputations in the army. He was a great favorite with officers and men in the army. In the disastrous battle at Winchester, Fitz Lee was conspicuous for his gallantry, and exposed his life on every part of the field. Three horses were shot under him,—one, his beautiful mare, "Nellie Gray," a favorite of the command; and at last a minie-ball brought him to the ground, having pierced his thigh. He was kept from duty by the wound for several months. He was one of those corps commanders, who, with Gen. Robert E. Lee, composed the council of war just before the surrender.

The war over, he went to farming in Stafford County. His war horse he turned into a plough horse, and in good earnest—in very fact—"he put his hand to the plough." He is still a farmer, but now lives about four miles from Alexandria. He is married and has several children. His race for governor against Jno. S. Wise will be an exciting one. He is no match for Wise in debate, and the issue is eagerly looked for.

HICKORY.

The French Elections

Take place on the 4th of October. An opportune warning is given to the Catholics of France as to the results that may be expected should their enemies triumph at the polls. To-morrow, remarked the Catholic leaders, if they become our masters, they will impose military service on the seminarists to prevent the ranks of the clergy from being recruited, and the suppression of the Budget of Worship will complete the work of spoliation, which has commenced with miserable reductions. If they have held their hands, it is because they have feared the electors, and because it enters into their plan to

weaken the Church before despoiling it. The appeal concludes with the words: "Catholics, we are the country; let us not allow others to dispose of its destinies without us and against us." Manly, stirring language such as this on the part of the foremost French Catholics fills us with hope for the future of Catholicism in France. French Catholics also show that they are alive to the necessity of political energy and organization. The elections to the Chamber of Deputies are fixed for the 4th of October, and in view of the struggle which will then take place between the enemies and friends of religion, the leading French Catholics have issued an appeal to the Catholic electors of the country. The document is entirely devoid of party spirit, and must, therefore, tend to unite Catholics of every shade of political feeling against those who have hitherto profited by their divisions — the men who have treated Catholicism as an enemy, who have expelled the religious from their quiet retreats of labor and prayer, who have chased the Sisters of Charity from the bedsides of the sick, who have removed the Crucifix from the school and cemetery, and who, by means of a godless system of education, are endeavoring to banish all religious sentiment from the hearts of Frenchmen.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST.— *New York Freeman's Journal:* Notre Dame, in Indiana, is the best known college in the West. It is directed by the Fathers of the Holy Cross. The Very Rev. Father Sorin has spared no exertion to increase year by year the facilities and reputation of this great Western establishment. Every effort has been made to strengthen the faculty of Notre Dame. It was hoped that Dr. John Gilmary Shea would have accepted the chair of Catholic History, but Dr. Shea's engagements in New York made it impossible. It is creditable to Notre Dame that it showed its appreciation of the great Catholic historian in such a manner. The greatest obstacle in the way of adding to the vigor of its Faculty is the absence of endowments. We observe that the year 1885 has been exceedingly prosperous in the college annals.

IRISH PRIESTS FOR THE AFRICAN MISSION.—At the Church of the Twelve Apostles, Lyons, France, his Lordship Mgr. Dubuis raised to the priesthood the Rev M. J. Healy, Rev. D. J. O'Sullivan, Cork; and Rev. Andrew Doman, Belfast. These three reverend gentlemen have just successfully completed their theological studies at the Mother House of the Society of African Missions, and will start in the course of a few weeks for the missions on the West Coast of Africa.

TRUE TO THE POPE.— The list of subscriptions contributed as "Peter's Pence" from the Archdiocese of Dublin has been published. They amount to the magnificent total of £2,444, ($12,220), a sum which has been reached only three times since the fund was inaugurated.

THE *Catholic Tribune*, of Kansas City, Mo., well says: "The legitimate news of the day is not objectionable in any paper; but the publication of scandals is no enterprise, and should be severely condemned by all Christian people."

ARRIVED HOME.— Archbishop Walsh arrived in Dublin on the 4th of September. He was received with great enthusiam. The streets were crowded with enthusiastic people, who removed the horses from the archbishop's carriage, and dragged the vehicle to his residence. Archbishop Walsh said that he had placed before the Pope the wants, wishes, aims and desires of the Irish people, with whom his holiness was in full sympathy. "The representations of the Irish prelates," the archbishop said, "have made it impossible evermore for any misrepresentation of Ireland's cause to find credence at the Vatican."

THE total cost of the funeral of Gen. Grant, exclusive of the loss of time and business, will not fall short of $1,000,000.

THE *Catholic Examiner*, one of the best of our Catholic exchanges, has added to its editorial staff, the services of Mr. T. F. Galwey, formerly editor of the *Catholic World*, an accomplished journalist and a competent critic, who will hereafter contribute weekly to its columns. The first of these contributions appeared in the issue of the 8th of August, under the synonym "Didymus," and they will be continued from week to week in the same form. While these articles will be mainly on literary topics, they will also take a wider range, and will treat of sub-

jects of a general character. *The Examiner* is published in Brooklyn, N. Y., at the low price of $2.00 a year. We give it in connection with our MAGAZINE for $3.50 a year.

IF we may trust the calculation of a German theological review, the total number of Catholic missioners is at present 6,700, thus divided: Capuchins, 1,000; Franciscans, 2,500; Oblates, 300; Priests of the Foreign Missions, 700; Jesuits, 1,500; Lazarists, 200; Dominicans, 500; the remainder of various congregations, or seculars.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA.—Every Catholic will hear with pleasure of the good news lately despatched to the Mission House of Scheut. A telegram was received from Tien-Tsin announcing that Mgr. De Vos had received from the Chinese Government a formal permission to travel through China on the way to Mongolia, in company with his six fellow missioners. This unlooked-for kindness on the part of the Tsung-ly-Yamen, is, no doubt, one of the first fruits of the magnificent letter of his Holiness to the Emperor of China some months ago.

THE WORD CATHOLIC.— *The Current*, a secular journal of Chicago, is of opinion that the word *Catholic* is of use only to distinguish the Church, and thus comments on the advice of the Boston *Herald* to its readers to refuse the designation *Catholic* to the "Roman Church:" "As a general thing, nothing is more Quixotic than an attempt to deprive an organization of the name which it assumes; and if we consider the strength of this particular Church, our notion of the impracticability of changing its popular name is not modified. It might anger some wordist to hear the name of Universalist applied to one of our sects, but his anger would have to run its course, like a fever. The word *Catholic* is not useful for any other purpose than the name of the Roman Church."

CHURCH PROGRESS, edited by Rev. Charles Kuhlmann, is an excellent Catholic paper. The Rev. editor seems to take into his paper the various topics of the day interesting to the Catholic body. The subscription price is only $2.00 a year, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and *Church Progress* (both) $3.00 a year. *Church Progress* is published at Marshall, Ill.

A NEW departure in College Commencements is reported from Milwaukee. At the graduating exercises of a convent school, a local paper says, "Oil stoves were used, and the curtain rose upon a very pretty young lady in the act of taking a loaf of bread from the tin, where it had just been baked. Another, equally pretty and expert, put newly kneaded rusks in the oven to bake, while a third turned her attention to preparing a fricasseed chicken.

THE MILLIONAIRE, D. T. Murphy, on whom the Pope bestowed the title of Marquis, who died the other day, did not forget in his last will to have Almighty God among his heirs. He bequeathed $5,000 to the Cathedral and $5,000 to the two orphan asylums of San Francisco. Still, considering that his estate is estimated to be worth $2,250,000, the return he made to Providence for the immense wealth of which it made him the steward, was not heroically munificent. He might have been more liberal to God without stinting his other legatees, observes the *Catholic Columbian.*

NINETEEN little Indian girls, ranging from six to ten years old, passed through Omaha recently on their way from their homes in the Turtle Mountain region in Dakota bound for Denver, where they will be placed in a Catholic school.

CANADA.— There are places in this country — to its shame be it said — where no Catholic can live with safety. The "Catholic" friends of Orange incorporation know this; but they have axes to grind, and advocacy of Orange claims may, they think, secure the grinding. They are really more despicable than the Orangemen themselves.

REVIVAL OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.— The Board of Education of San Francisco, by an unanimous vote, has granted the use of a room in one of the public schools where pupils will be instructed in the Irish language. This speaks well for the liberality of San Francisco's School Board. Could such a grant be obtained in the Irish city of New York? asks *The Tablet.*

Western Watchman : — The Protestant press is in spasms over the efforts of Rome to "annex" the Congo country. They relate with dismay that "forty priests" have already gone out to the "Free State." What will they say when they learn that a Congo seminary has been established in Louvain? The Belgians are good missionaries, too.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., has been pleased to declare St Vincent de Paul patron of all the charitable institutions existing throughout the entire Catholic world, as he had already, in 1882, proclaimed the same great Saint patron of the works of charity instituted in France.

"No flowers, but plenty of Masses and prayers from my Catholic friends," should be the last dying request of every good Catholic.

A Catholic who does not hear Mass on Sunday would feel indignant at being called "a heathen," yet this is precisely the predicament in which he places himself by not hearing the Church or refusing to obey her precepts, and woe be to the fate of such Catholics upon the final day of judgment.

We are sorry to see several respectable Irish organizations engaged in the futile effort to prevail on His Holiness to degrade from the Order of St. Sylvester the alleged informer, McDermott. They should let the Pope and his orders of knighthood alone. Well said, *Western Watchman.*

The Westgarth Prize of £50, presented by the Society of Arts, London, for the best essay upon the rehousing of the poorer classes, and especially of the very poorest classes, of London, has been awarded to Mr. Conway Scott, C. E., and Mr. James W. E. Tilley, B. A., both of Belfast, Ireland.

Mr. G. Waters, Q. C., County Court Judge, in discharging at Waterford the grand panel without being sworn, stated that he administered justice at Quarter Sessions in three counties in three different provinces — in Cavan in Ulster, Leitrim in Connaught, and Waterford in Munster — and during the present session he had got the white gloves in Cavan, in Manorhamilton, and Waterford, there being no criminal cases for trial in any of these places, and he would have been similarly favored in Carrick-on-Shannon, but for a petty case of resistance to a seizure under a decree, when the offender was discharged from custody with a caution on pleading guilty.

Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, was seventy-nine years old on August 18th, and will be forty-four years a bishop on November 30th.

Union of the Stars and Stripes and the Green Flag.— Though the marriage of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M. P., did not result from a case of love at first sight — a state of amatory affairs almost entirely confined nowadays to the fancies of novelists and the dreams of poets — yet it very closely approached it. Mrs. Wright, who rejoices in the sweet name of Bessie, visited friends in the North of Ireland not twelve months ago in rather delicate health, and wishing during her stay to see the great English metropolis, visited it. She was introduced to the gallant member for Galway in the house of a well-known Irish member of Parliament, who, we believe, acted as "best man" at the marriage ceremony. Mr. O'Connor soon became enamoured of the lady, who is not alone handsome in person, but has a most attractive and pleasing manner. She returned to America some months ago, and again visited Ireland, the result being, as already well-known, the marriage. A story by Mr. O'Connor is now going through our Magazine.

Changes at Boston College.—The following changes have been made in the Faculty of Boston College: The Rev. Father Shandelle goes to Frederick, Md.; Father Massi to Georgetown, D. C.; and Father Quinn to Fordham, N. Y.; Mr. Barnum and Mr. Colgan go to Woodstock to prepare for ordination; Mr. Hollihan goes to St. Francis Xavier's, New York, and Mr. Conway to St. Peter's, Jersey City, N. J. The following Fathers and Scholastics will take the places of the above: The Rev. P. A. Halpin, Vice-president of St. John's College, Fordham; Rev. James Major, White Marsh, Md.; Rev. Henry Sandaal, of Alexandria, Va., and Messrs. Reynaud, Gray and Condon.

Classes were resumed in the college on Sept. 7.

MRS. EMILY PIERCE, a fanatical hater of the Church, still a woman of candor and pains-taking honesty of assertion, after spending two years among the missionaries of Mexico, writes that the whole number of Protestants in the republic to date, and they form the net product of the last fifteen years of missionary enterprise and expenditure, as three hundred and sixty-five; and in that number is included the entire American Colony of the City of Mexico.

IT is stated that Mr. John Dillon, yielding to the strongly expressed wishes of a large number of leading members of the Irish Party, has signified his willingness to allow himself to be put into nomination for a constituency at the general election.

ALBERT MILLAUD, a distinguished French writer, curtly says, that it is neither as a great poet, a sublime prose writer, a deep philosopher, a marvellous dramatist, nor as a literary genius that a large portion of the French people are deifying Victor Hugo, but as a *freethinker* and *politician;* adding: "And these last two qualities are within the grasp of every imbecile."

THE LONDON SCANDAL. — Speaking of the *Pall Mall Gazette* exposures, an English priest said to a newspaper reporter: "My son, my heart sickens at it; but we priests who have labored in the East End know how futile all laws will be against this rapacious vice while the masses about us grow up in ignorance almost of God, and taught to measure all things by money, and to guage their conduct only by a regard for appearances. Our flocks are of poor working people; but they are taught that modesty is of the heart as well as of the head."

THE LATE TH. F. MEAGHER.— The late Confederate general, Robert E. Lee, paid, according to the Rev. George W. Pepper, the following high compliment to Thomas Francis Meagher and the men of his command: "I then mentioned," says Mr. Pepper, "the name of Thomas Francis Meagher, as the popular idol of the Northern Irishman. 'Yes,' continued Gen. Lee, 'Meagher on your side, though not Cleburne's equal in military genius and experience, rivalled him in bravery and in the affections of his soldiers. The heroic stand and desperate though fruitless gallantry of that brigade of Meagher's upon the heights of Fredericksburg never have been equalled. Though totally routed they reaped a harvest of glory. Their reckless and splendid charges upon our lines excited the heartiest applause of our soldiers and officers. Meagher was the bravest of the brave."

REV. H. DENIFLE, O. P., sub-archivist of the Vatican, has offered to the Holy Father a copy of the first volume of his "History of the Universities of the Middle Ages." This great work, which will consist of four volumes, is wholly based on a study of documents for the most part inedited, and forms the most exhaustive history hitherto published relative to the intellectual movement at that epoch.

AT the Provincial Chapter of the Franciscan Capuchin Order, held in London, the Very Rev. Father Louis was selected as Provincial. Very Rev. Father Pacificus, who was chosen as First Definitor, was appointed superior of the new monastery at Peckham, which is to serve as a college for the order.

REFERRING to the unveiling of the monument to Cardinal Mezzofanti in the Church of St. Onofrio, Rome, the *Moniteur de Rome* says: "It is now known that Cardinal Mezzofanti spoke one hundred and thirty-five languages, and fifty-four dialects."

Pastry without Butter.

THE American pie has been subjected to more unjust abuse from foreign writers than any other of our distinctive products, if we except the recent tirade against the American hog. And yet we cannot say that it has been altogether undeserved, because of the villianous compound, thick, hard and heavy, that is too often made to do duty as a "crust," and which by courtesy is called "pastry." Light, tender, flaky, and digestible pie-crust and all kinds of pastry can be made most readily by the use of Royal Baking Powder without any butter, or with half the usual portion, if preferred, or with a small quantity of lard or other shortening as

desired. Pie-crust thus made is much more wholesome and digestible, besides being more economical and easier prepared. In addition to saving all the butter if desired, one-third the flour is also dispensed with, as the crusts is rolled that much thinner, the leavening qualities of the Royal Baking Powder swelling it to the requisite thickness. If drippings or lard be used the Royal Baking Powder removes any unpleasant taste, rendering the crusts as short, sweet and pleasant as if made from the finest butter. Those who know the appetizing qualities of the genuine home-made American pie will rejoice that by the aid of Royal Baking Powder in the pastry it can be made quite as digestible as it is delicious.

MET HIS DESERTS. — During the celebration, recently, of a special festival, in the Cathedral at Cotopaxi, Mexico, a band of thieves conspired to extinguish the electric lights in the edifice, and take advantage of the confusion and darkness to rob the people assembled there. The leader of the gang threw a wire over the electric light wire with the intention of drawing it down and opening the circuit; but some other ground permitted the electricity to pass through his body, killing him instantly, and serving as a terrible example in wait for one about to commit the crime of sacrilege. The members of the gang made good their escape in the confusion caused by the tragic death of their leader.

THE assizes in Ireland continue to display a well-nigh total absence of serious crime. Judge Harrison congratulated the Grand Jury of Donegal, on the light calendar for that county. Judge Johnson had a similar congratulation for the Grand Jury of Carlow; Judge Murphy for the Grand Jury of Waterford County; Judge Lawson for the Grand Jury of Antrim, and Judge Dowse for the Grand Jury of Derry; while Judge Murphy was presented with white gloves in Wexford, and Judge Johnson with white gloves in Waterford.

THE INDIANS HAVE THE HONOR. — The *Catholic Citizen* says that the honor of organizing the first temperance society on this continent belongs to the Jesuits, and adds that in the year 1648 Jesuit missionaries gave a mission at Sillery, near Montreal, Canada, and after the celebration of Holy Mass, one of the fathers preached on temperance. The result was that Algonquin, with other Indian chiefs and members of their tribes, organized a temperance society, and took the pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors.

Fastest Passage Yet Made.

THE Cunard Steamship *Etruria*, Captain Theodore Cook, from Queenstown, Sunday, August the 16th, 1885, arrived at New York, Saturday August 22d, at 3.35 P.M., making the passage in 6 days, 5 hours and 44 minutes. The best previous record was made by the Cunard Steamship *Oregon* in 6 days, 10 hours and 4 minutes. The *Etruria* has now beaten this celebrated run of the *Oregon's* by 4 hours and 20 minutes. Her first day's running, counting from 2.26 P.M. on Sunday till the following noon, was 424 knots, followed by 464, 450, 465, 464, 464, and 70 from noon to 3.35 P.M. on Saturday. This trip is worthy of special notice, as the distance which she travelled shows that the *Etruria* maintained the unexampled speed of 21½ miles per hour continuous steaming for the entire voyage. The best single day's run was made by the *Etruria* on her second voyage to the westward, on which occasion she steamed 481 nautical miles, which is equal to 557 statute miles, and required a speed of over 23 miles per hour to accomplish.

THE "ETRURIA'S" PASSAGES.

Westward.

		D.	H.	M.
May,	1885, ...	7,	2,	8.
June,	1885, ...	6,	22,	33.
July,	1885, ...	6,	14,	14.
August,	1885, ...	6,	5,	44.

Eastward.

May,	1885, ...	6,	12,	39.
June,	1885, ...	6.	13,	14.
July,	1885, ...	6,	14,	6.
August,	1885, ...	6,	9,	10.

THE Post-Office Department has issued a circular of instruction to postmasters regarding the use of the new special delivery stamps, which will be put in use October 1. By placing one of these stamps, costing 10 cents, upon a letter, in addition to the regular postage, the sender secures its immediate delivery in all towns and cities where the system is established. All post-offices, having car-

rier delivery, will deliver the specially stamped letters, and the system will be introduced in all cities and towns in the country, having 4,000 or more inhabitants.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America.

THE Fifteenth Annual Convention of the Total Abstinence Union of America assembled in the Opera House, New Haven, Conn., on the 5th of August. Two hundred delegates, representing forty thousand members of that excellent organization, from all portions of the United States, answered roll-call. The convention was opened by attendance at church, where Rt. Rev. Bishop McMahon, of Hartford, celebrated Mass, and afterwards addressed the convention. As soon as the Mass was over the delegates were escorted back to the Opera House, and the St. Aloysius then marched back to the Green and fell into line with the other societies already assembled there. Fully twenty-five hundred men were in line. The consolidated roll of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America, based upon the annual reports of societies for October 10, 1884, showed 634 societies with a membership of 37,385. Connecticut has thirty-five societies and 1,991 members. The following officers were elected: President, Rev. James M. Cleary, Kenosha, Wis.; Vice-President, Rev. T. J. Conaty, Worcester, Mass.; Treasurer, Rev. Joseph D. Bowles, Fremont, Ohio; Secretary, Philip A. Nolan, Philadelphia. The convention will meet at Notre Dame, Ind., next year.

A mass meeting was held in the evening, which was attended by an immense audience. There were addresses by Bishop McMahon and others. Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, of Worcester, Mass., said: In Worcester we have fought this very evil that the speaker who preceded me has been talking about. We not only preached temperance to the people, but we preached to the liquor seller as well. What is there that brings evil to the community as do the saloons? None of my business, they tell me, or that I am interfering with their business. Is it not my business to care for the welfare of my people? I believe that the time has come when we should talk to the drunkard maker as well as to the drunkard. In one street in Worcester, where there were nine saloons, we opposed their license till now there is but one on that street. We show the drunkard-maker that it is some of our business. (Cheers.) There is a strong feeling against monopolies. Let me say to you, workingmen, consider for a moment the monopoly of the liquor dealer, which grinds and grinds, crushing out the very life blood of our laboring people. The heart within me is an Irish heart, and it beats to-day with the hope that we may soon see better things in our own land than our fathers saw. But while we work for Ireland's freedom let us not forget that there is a greater slavery right here in our midst than Ireland ever saw. Let us turn for a moment from the landlord to the rum-lord. Let us see to it that it is no longer thrown in our faces that we Irish are a nation of drunkards. That man is truly free who conquers himself and is able to battle himself through life, not as a slave to appetite, but as a freeman. May we live to see ourselves lifted up from that reproach, that because we are Irish we are intemperate, and be able to win not only the freedom of Ireland but freedom from intemperance. (Great cheering.)

Thus concluded a most successful public temperance meeting, the influence of which will be felt not only in this city and State, but in all parts of the country where the delegates reside.

The convention was an uninterrupted success from the opening to the close.

MISS SUSIE P. STURGIS, a member of one of the oldest and most prominent Boston families, was received recently into the Order of Carmelite Nuns at the Convent in Baltimore, Md. The ceremony of conferring the white veil was performed by Archbishop Gibbons.

THE Rev. Fr. Lawrence J. O'Toole, Rector of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, returned from Europe on Friday, the 28th ult., on the Cunard steamer Scythia.

CATHOLIC COLONY.—We have received from Ex-chief Justice Edmund F. Dunne, LL. D., President of the Catholic Colony of San Antonio, in Fernando Co., Florida, a valuable pamphlet, embodying all necessary and desirable information for intending colonists. The San Antonio Colony is in a most prosperous condition. There are, at present, though the colony was only established in 1881, church, school, resident priest, post-office, stores;

in fact, a town and settlement, with room for more. The present population of the colony is considered to be over three hundred souls. Orange lands, within three miles of San Antonio, sell from $10, to $100 an acre; further out from $2.50 to $25. To secure colony land it is necessary to bring a letter of commendation from last pastor, certifying to good standing as practical Catholic. Judge Dunne has no need of the class known as "*hickory* Catholics." Write to the manager of the colony, San Antonio, Fla., for information. Copies of the pamphlet can be had at all Catholic book stores, free; or address with stamp, for postage, Judge Dunne, San Antonio, Fla.

THE festival in aid of Carney Hospital on the 3d of September was a success.

BOSTON COLLEGE FACULTY FOR 1885-6. — Following is the Faculty of Boston College for 1885-6: — President, Rev. Edward V. Boursaud, S. J.; Vice-President and Prefect of Schools, Rev. J. H. Sandaal, S. J.; Philosophy, Christian Doctrine, Rev. Nicholas Russo, S. J.; Junior Class of Christian Doctrine, German, Rev. Edward H. Welch, S. J.; Physics and Chemistry, Patrick F. X. Mulry, S. J.; Rhetoric, French, Mr. Patrick J. O'Sullivan, S. J.; Humanities. Mathematics, Mr. Timothy J. Barrett, S. J.; First Grammar, Mathematics, French, Mr. James V. Kelley, S. J.; Second Grammar, Algebra, Mr. James R. Gray, S. J.; Third Grammar, Algebra, German, Mr. Joseph V. Schmidt, S. J.; Rudiments, Mr. L. Eugene Ryan, S. J.; Rudiments, Arithmetic, Mr. John Condon, S. J.; English, Arithmetic, French, Mr. Francis A. Harkins, A. M.; Mathematics, French, Librarian, Mr. Edward Reynaud, S. J.; Professor of Elocution, Mr. Samuel R. Kelley, A. M.; Choir Master and Organist, Mr. Edward J. MacGoldrick. The college opened Monday morning, September 7.

FR. ROCHE'S WORKINGBOYS' HOME. — Arrangements are being perfected for the picnic at Amory Grove, in aid of Father Roche's Workingboys' Home.

IRISH agricultural statistics show that there are 5,000,000 acres of land under crops in Ireland, an increase of 81,000 over the acreage of 1884; that there are 10,250,000 acres of grass land, a decrease of 200,000 acres; and that bog, barren and mountain land has increased 27,000 acres.

MR. ALEXANDER SULLIVAN, of Chicago, ex-president of the Irish National League of America, was interviewed recently by the representative of a New York paper and said among other things: "While I was president of the League I took no part in politics. I declined the office when re-elected to it, because I desired to take interest in American politics. When I left the League I had the same right that any other citizen had to express his political opinions. Gen. Collins, an ex-president of the League, was chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of Massachusetts, and stumped that and other States for the Democratic party, and nothing was said about it. If I had supported Cleveland instead of Blaine these fellows would never have said anything about it. Mr. Patrick Egan never issued any manifesto calling on Irish people to support Blaine."

MR. J. J. KELLER, senior member of the well-known chemical house of John J. Keller & Co., of New York, died recently aged sixty-one, the victim of a mistake in the giving of medicine. As a remedy for facial neuralgia his physician prescribed, or intended to prescribe for him, a dose equal to three-quarters of a milligramme of sulphate of atropine. By some error as yet unexplained, the dose given to the sick man was three-quarters of a gramme, or one thousand times more than had been intended. The patient took the dose, became immediately unconscious, and soon after died. Atropine is an alkaloid obtained from the belladonna plant, or deadly nightshade. It is a very active poison, but a very excellent and wonderful medicine when rightly used. It is especially employed by oculists in treating diseases of the eye, having a remarkable effect in dilating the pupil.

IMPORTANT MEETING IN LIVERPOOL. — An important meeting of Liverpool Irishmen was addressed by Mr. Justin M'Carthy, M. P., who has accepted an invitation to stand for the Exchange Division of that city at the General Election. Mr. Healy, M. P., was also present and delivered a stirring speech, advocating union amongst Nationalists in view of the struggle of a few months hence.

Personal.

AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES of Georgetown College, D. C., Thursday, June 25, the Merrick medal was awarded to John R. Slattery, of South Boston. This medal is given to the successful competitor in a public debate held yearly at Washington, and is considered the highest honor the College confers. Massachusetts has twice been the victor, the first time being in 1876, when it was awarded to Chas. A. Decourcy, Esq., of Lawrence, Mass.

DR. THOMAS J. GIBLIN, who has received his degree of Doctor of Dental Medicine at Harvard University, entertained his friends at his home in South Boston recently. During the evening the genial young doctor was presented with an elegant marble clock. Dr. Giblin has opened an office at 474 Broadway, South Boston.

RT. REV. RICHARD PHELAN, recently consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Pittsburgh, is a native of county Kilkenny, Ireland, where he was born 57 years ago. He came to this country in 1849, studied for the priesthood, was ordained in 1854, and has since labored in different portions of Pennslyvania.

BISHOP BECKER, of Wilmington, Del., although a German, and one who has never visited Ireland, speaks Irish fluently. At a presentation to Pope Pius IX., he offered the usual congratulations in good Celtic.

VICAR-GENERAL MCCOLGAN of Baltimore has been made a Monsignor. If holiness of life and long years spent in striving to make men better, and in advancing the interests of religion, deserve to be thus honored, then the prelate purple never robed worthier shoulders than those of this venerable Baltimore priest, well observes the *Catholic Union and Times*.

REV. ABRAM J. RYAN, the poet-priest of the South, spent the time since April recuperating at the Academy of St. Joseph, Paris, Ky. He is now the guest of Rev. P. M. Jones, of Mt. Sterling, Ky. Father Ryan is not in good health, but still keeps at his literary labors. In a recent letter he says: "I have many poems (and I am writing every week others), so that next year I'll have another volume for the press. I am writing 'A Crown for our King,' and I have begun a novel, besides."

FATHER BONOMI, who succeeded in making his escape from El Obeid after a long captivity in the Mahdi's camp, has arrived in Rome, and was received at the railway station by the Vicar Apostolic of Central Africa. Several newspaper correspondents endeavored to interview Father Bonomi. To one correspondent he stated that he had sent from Dungola to Obeid, where he remained ten days, the same Arab who liberated him. The Arab left with other companions who could be trusted. They brought horses with them, and were in hopes that they would be able to free the other missionaries and nuns and the European prisoners in the Mahdi's camp. Father Bonomi confirmed the news of the Mahdi's death.

PARNELL.— *Adam*, a new paper published at Memphis, Tenn., says: Parnell is reported to be about to give up his bachelor estate for the estate of matrimony. The girl — not paraded as a lady — is said to be American. An Irish peasant maid would be more likely to bless and perpetuate the name of Parnell.

JOHN DILLON is in Germany, where he is to remain for a few weeks.

CARDINAL MORAN, Archbishop of Sydney, has presented the Borgia Museum of the Propaganda Fide with a fine collection of geological specimens. His Eminence will proceed to Ireland about August 10, in order to obtain priests for Australia.

MICHAEL DAVITT is out in another letter explaining his position. He reiterates his resolve not to embarrass Mr. Parnell's policy, which, he claims, is subsidiary to the main issue, which is the ownership of the land. He admires, he says, Mr. Parnell's patient plodding; but he would like quicker action, and so forth. All this sounds nicely enough, but Ireland has suffered enough from "quicker action." Davitt had better make haste slowly, observes the *Chicago Citizen*.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

ONE ANGEL MORE IN HEAVEN. With letters of condolence and of consolation by St. Francis de Sales and others. Translated from the French by M. A. M. Price 50 cts.

In the words of the preface: "To console some grief-stricken mother, to lead some little one to heaven." Such is the two-fold mission of this book, and if this be attained, the short sojourn on this earth of our little angel will not have been fruitless. He will have scattered good on his pathway and of him may be said, in the words of the wise man: "Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time." The book is prettily bound and well printed. A nice book for the parlor table, to be read by visitors as well as the family.

Ave Maria Press, Notre Dame, Ind.

WHAT THE CHURCH HAS DONE FOR SCIENCE. A lecture by the Rev. John A. Zahm, of the University of Notre Dame.

This is the fifth of the *Ave Maria* series. We cannot recommend too highly this series of interesting little books. Only ten cents a piece; the five volumes for 50 cents.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

THE ART OF ORATORICAL COMPOSITIONS, based upon the precepts and models of the Old Masters. By Charles Coppens, S. J., Professor of St. Louis University, St. Louis, Mo.

We cannot do better than give the endorsement of *The Catholic Review:* One of the most important school-books recently brought out, is "The Art of Oratorical Composition," by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J. Disavowing originality in its matter, the author has produced an excellent compendium of the soundest principles to be found in the great masters of the art and practice of oratory. He has illustrated these principles by acute analyses of some of the great masterpieces of eloquence. We anticipate a great success for this work, to which its admirable form and beautiful workmanship will contribute their share.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "'Twas Grant That Set Us Free," words by H. G. Wheeler, music by J. W. Wheeler. "Mother, Heaven and Home," by Chas. H. Gabriel. "Little Bella Larkin," Song and Dance by Andy McKee. "The Bird Vender," by William Nunn.

Instrumental: "Dream Waltzes," by Millocker. "Jolly Boys Polka," by Geo. Fox. "Blushing Roses," Scherzo, by G. D. Wilson. "Birds of Spring," Waltzes, by Geo. Thorne. "Austin Schottische," by C. T. Sisson. "Last Kiss Polka," by Geo. Fox.

MISCELLANEOUS.

AFTER long and arduous labors a Committee of Japanese and European *literati* at Tokio has succeeded in reducing the 8,000 signs of the Japanese language to the rules of the Roman alphabet. A Dictionary has already appeared, giving Japanese expressions in Roman letters. Further, it is announced that Japanese-German, Japanese-French, and Japanese-English Dictionaries are in preparation. The effect of these great works on the mutual relations of Japan and Western culture can hardly be exaggerated.

OUR readers will be pleased to know that the Right Rev. Dr. Ricards, Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern District, South Africa, and author of "Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief," has received the following letter from his Holiness the Pope: — Venerable Brother, — Your active spirit in the discharge of your pastoral duties, and your zeal in guarding and defending the Catholic Faith in those distant regions, are known to us. Nevertheless, joyfully do we receive the new proof of the same which you have lately manifested to us, as well in your most loving letter, which testifies to your remarkable devotion to the Apostolic See, as also in the copy of the volume just published by you, entitled "Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief." We, in our turn, testify by this our letter of affectionate and grateful disposition towards you, Venerable Brother; and pray that God may give fruit to your writings and labors for the salvation of souls: and as a token of this favor, we most lovingly bestow on you, Venerable Brother, and on all the faithful whom you rule by your Vicarious Apostolical authority, our Apostolical Benediction. Benziger Brothers publish the book.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

BISHOP.

THE death, from cholera, of the Archbishop of Seville, at a village near Grenada, is announced.

CLERGYMEN.

BY THE DEATH OF REV. T. B. MCNULTY, of Brockton, Mass., the archdiocese loses one of its oldest and best-known priests, who expired at the parochial residence on the evening of the 10th of August, aged 70 years. Father McNulty, was a native of county Derry, Ireland. He made his ecclesiastical studies at Paris, and after his ordination was for some time chaplain to the Countess Montesquieu at the Chateau du Fresne. Returning thence to Ireland, he labored for five years in his native diocese, where he won wide fame by his religous zeal and piety, and obtained a national reputation for his vigorous espousal of the cause of Irish liberty. About the year 1850 he came to this country at the invitation of the late Bishop Fitzpatrick, who assigned him to duty first at Salem, and afterwards at Lowell. In 1857, the number of Catholics in Brockton, then North Bridgewater, and surrounding places calling for a resident priest, Father McNulty was sent there to erect a parish. His jurisdiction extended at first over the Bridgewaters, Eastons, Abingtons, Mansfield, and Foxboro, though the number of Catholics in these places was then comparatively small. By degrees the outlying missions were erected into separate parishes, and Brockton obtained the full exercise of Father McNulty's parochial care. So large had the congregation in this place, which twenty-eight years ago barely numbered two hundred souls, grown, that it is now nearly, if not fully, ten thousand, requiring the ministrations of four clergymen. St. Patrick's Church, of which Father McNulty was the builder, is one of the finest in the Old Colony, and the parish management speaks volumes for the zeal of the late pastor. Personally, Father McNulty was one of the most genial of men, a favorite with his brother priests and beloved by all who knew him. Outside his own flock, he was esteemed very highly for his many noble and patriotic traits, and his funeral, which took place on the 13th, was attended by a very large concourse of mourners, among whom were many not of the Catholic faith. Archbishop Williams and a large number of the Rev. clergy assisted at the funeral services. The procession to the grave was headed by seventy girls dressed in white, who represented the number of years attained by the dead priest. They were followed by the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Foresters' Society, the St. Patrick Total Abstinence Society and the various ladies' sodalities. The remains were interred in the parochial cemetery.

THE Dominican order has lost by death two valued members, Rev. Father J. A. Durkin of Somerset, O., who died at St. Rose Convent, Ky., 1st inst., and the Very Rev. Father J. A. Kelly, pastor of St. Peter's, Memphis, Tenn., who died on the 7th inst. Father Kelly was administrator of Nashville diocese, 1858-68. May they rest in peace.

THE REV. WILLIAM MCDONALD, the oldest of New England clergymen, and pastor of St. Anne's Church, Manchester, N. H., died in that city Aug. 26, of paralysis of the brain. He was seventy-two years of age. He was a native of Ireland, and for thirty-eight years was a resident of Manchester. The funeral ceremonies which occurred at St. Anne's Church on the 28th were the most imposing which ever took place in that city. All the great cotton manufacturing concerns, the workshops, and places of business were closed, and the attendance upon the obsequies aggregated thousands beyond the capacity of the church. A large procession of citizens under the direction of Mr. Patrick Fahey, preceded by a platoon of police, the City Band and the Sheridan Guards as escort, proceeded to the church edifice and remained formed in columns outside during the ceremonies. His Honor Mayor George H. Stearns, City Treasurer Sylvanus B. Putman, City Clerk Nathan P. Kidder, six of the eight aldermen, nearly all the members of the Common Council, Judges Lewis W.

Clark and Isaac W. Smith of the Supreme Court, Judge Daniel Clark, of the United States Circuit Court, and scores of other prominent citizens were among those present. At half-past ten o'clock the clergy, to the number of sixty, assisted in chanting the Office of the Dead. At eleven o'clock Rt. Rev. Bishop D. M. Bradley, of Manchester, celebrated Solemn Pontifical Mass, and was assisted by Deacons of Honor, Father O'Brien, of Bath, Me.; and Father Murphy, of Augusta, Me.; Deacon, Father Houlihan, of Nashua; Subdeacon, Father O'Donnell, of East Boston; Masters of Ceremonies, Fathers Riley and Hurley, of the Cathedral. Following the Mass, Bishop Bradley delivered a most touching and eloquent eulogy upon the life of the deceased. He referred to him as one who had been to him as a father since his childhood, and then with regard to the work that the deceased had accomplished in Manchester, he said: "As monuments of his great and untiring energy, we here have two beautiful and substantial church edifices. Under most trying circumstances, and at a time when persecution was rife, he erected a cluster of monastic buildings, within which more than two thousand virgins have consecrated themselves to the service of the poor, sick and ignorant, under the religious vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. He established more than twenty-five years since a system of parochial schools, which in the completeness of appointment and educational standard are second to none. When you have considered this last work, so dear to the heart of Father McDonald, place a wreath on his venerable brow, and among its leaves entwine the legend: 'Pioneer of Catholic religion in New England.'" Final Absolution was pronounced by Rt. Rev. Bishop J. A. Healy, of Portland, Me., after which the pall-bearers, Fathers Murphy, of Dover, N. H., Powers, of Keene, N. H., McDonald, of Rochester, N. Y., Duddy, of Great Falls, Butler, of Ellsworth, Me., Buckle, of Wilton, N. H., Houlihan, of Nashua, N. H., and Matsaers, of Penacook, N. H., received the remains and bore them to the vault, which was built in the churchyard on the north side of the building. Bishop Bradley leading in the services performed at the grave. The Rt. Rev. Bishop McMahon, of Hartford, Conn., was present in the Sanctuary, besides nearly one hundred priests. May his soul rest in peace!

Rev. William J. J. Denvir, pastor of the Church of the Star of the Sea, Beverly, Mass., died at the residence of his father, Mr. Patrick Denvir, on Tuesday, September 1, aged forty-six. He was born in Charlestown, Mass., in 1839, and was a graduate of Holy Cross College. He made his theological studies at Aix-en-Provence, France, and was ordained by Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, in the American College at Rome, June 14, 1862. He was stationed on his return at St. Joseph's, Roxbury, Mass. Afterwards he was attached to the Cathedral parish, later on, was pastor at Randolph, and afterwards at Beverly. His health for the last few months had been failing. His demise caused widespread regret in this city and vicinity, where the deceased clergyman was widely known and highly respected. The funeral took place at St. Mary's Church, Charlestown, on the 3d, where a large congregation assembled to pay honor to his memory, and pray for the repose of his soul. Solemn Requiem Mass for the repose of the soul of Father Denvir was said, the celebrant being Rev. Fr. Leo Boland of the Cathedral, with Rev. Fr. O'Donnell of East Boston, as deacon, and Rev. Fr. Stack of Watertown as sub-deacon, and Fr. Murphy of Haverhill, and Fr. Murphy of Weymouth were the chanters of the office of the dead. Rev. Fr. Maginnis, of Jamaica Plain, preached the sermon, using the words, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," from which he sketched the life and character of the departed, in a manner which drew tears to the eyes of the congregation. We never heard a more eloquent discourse on such an occasion. After the Mass, Archbishop Williams pronounced absolution. The remains were taken to Mount Auburn, where the mother and brother of Father Denvir are buried. There were present the Archbishop, Bishop McMahon of Hartford, some one hundred of the Rev. clergy and a large congregation. We deeply sympathize with the bereaved parent, now in his eighty-fifth year, at his great loss. But he must be consoled that his devoted son has gone to prepare the way before him.

BROTHER.

Brother Gregory, of the Order of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, died at the Catholic Protectory, Westchester, N. Y., after an illness of some

three months' duration. He was born in Ireland fifty-six years ago, and came to this country at an early age. He had been connected with the Order over thirty-five years, and held various positions in the Brothers' institutions in New York, and was for some years director of St. Mary's Commercial Academy at Troy.

SISTERS.

AT the Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 18, Sister Mary Frances M'Cormack, in the sixtieth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her religious life.

SISTER MARY CONSTANTIA died in the 75th year of her age, on Friday, August 21, at St. Paul's Orphanage, Brooklyn, N. Y., which institution she was instrumental in establishing. She was, it is believed, the oldest sister in the United States, having been a Sister of Charity for fifty-eight years.

THE Mother Superioress of the House of Mercy, Adelaide, Australia, died at that place. The Rev. Mother Evangelista Fitzpatrick was born in Dublin on December 24, 1827. She was a pupil of the venerable foundress of the Sisterhood of Mercy, Catherine MacAuley, and was trained by that heroic nun in the ways of her vocation in the City Hospital, Dublin. She made her religious profession in the presence of the late Archbishop Murray, at the Mother House of the Institute, Baggot Street, on March 28, 1848.

LAY PEOPLE.

WE briefly alluded last month to the death of Dr. O'Kane Murray. His remains were taken from Chicago, where he died, to Philadelphia, accompanied by Mr. James J. Murray and Rev. Bernard Murray, his brothers, and were taken to No. 1734 Oxford Street, the late residence of the deceased. Funeral services were held at the Church of the Gesu, Seventeenth and Stiles Streets, on the 3d inst., and after Solemn High Mass the remains were interred in New Cathedral Cemetery. Dr. Murray was born in County Antrim, Ireland, 36 years ago, and was brought by his parents to this country 30 years ago. He received his early education in the public schools and with the Christian Brothers, and was a graduate of St. John's College, Fordham, New York. having received the degrees of Bachelor in Science and Master of Arts. He took to writing early in life and has been well known as a contributor to the Catholic press of America. He is the author of many works on Catholic subjects. His "Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States" appeared in 1876, and was warmly received by the Catholic public and the Catholic hierarchies of the United States, Canada and Ireland, as well as by Pope Pius IX., who sent him a medal, a personal letter and his blessing, This work was followed by the "Prose and Poetry of Ireland," "The Catholic Heroes and Heroines of America," "Little Lives of Great Saints," "The Catholic Pioneers of America," and "Lessons in English Literature."

WE regret to learn the death of Mrs. Josephine, wife of Hon. John B. Martin, of South Boston. The funeral took place from Gate of Heaven Church. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated and Rev. M. F. Higgins delivered an eulogy. The floral decorations were superb. A number of representatives of the city and state government were present. The remains were placed at rest in the St. Augustine cemetery on Dorchester street. There were impressive funeral services at the grave, in which several clergymen participated, Rev. Fathers Lee, O'Connor and Mandalari, S. J., being of the number. The deceased was thirty-two years of age and left four children.

MISS BRIDGET E. KEANY, sister of Mr. Matthew Keany, one of the best known citizens of Boston, died at Pittsfield, N. H., on the 20th of July, after a brief illness. The deceased lady had been sojourning at Pittsfield for several weeks, and her death, which was probably caused by heart disease, was quite unexpected. Her obsequies took place at St. Stephen's Church, Boston, a Solemn Mass of Requiem being celebrated by Rev. Father Moran, assisted by Father McMahon, deacon, and Rev. John J. Moore of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, sub-deacon. An impressive eulogy was pronounced by Father O'Farrell of Stoneham. The interment was at Calvary cemetery. The poor lost a good friend in the death of Miss Keany. During the early struggles of the Home for Destitute Catholic children, she was a most earnest worker. She has gone to receive the rewards of a well-spent life. May her soul rest in peace.

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"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

First Days of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

WHEN to the bedside of her dying sister, the pious and virtuous Queen Mary, the unprincipled daughter of Anne Boelyn sent her sworn declarations of loyalty to the one true faith, and, in the hearing of her sister's messengers, boldly invoked the wrath of Heaven were she ever false to Catholicity,* there can hardly but have been many, amongst those who had knowledge of her words, to whom the loud asservations of Elizabeth brought neither hope nor comfort. In very truth it were little wonderful that such should be the case, for what was known of the by-gone life of this princess, from whose lips such solemn declarations fell so trippingly, was not of that nature which to thinking men could give warrant for belief in her interested vows. A youth in no wise free from reproach, one upon which the dishonoring breath of scandal had already fallen, a young reputation deeply tarnished; these were not the things to give faith in the roughly and half-angrily spoken words of the Tudor woman, who, to the darkened death-chamber in old St. James' palace sent the false and fraudulent message, which she hoped would open for her the path to a coveted throne; to that throne which she valued more than either faith or troth. Some there were, indeed, in England, who believed her; old men some of these, too; men, many of them versed in the ways of courts and camps, for, after all, it was hard to doubt the verity of one as yet so young, so passing fair to look upon, — that certain ambassadors and nobles and statesmen, men grown hoary in the work of politics, could not bring themselves to question the fidelity of Elizabeth to her promises and her oath.† Men are apt to believe in women, and it was difficult to suppose this princess so dead even to sense of mere earthly honor, as failure to observe her vow would betoken. Time alone was to prove to the whole world the mingled foulness, falseness, and ferocity of the mind and heart of Elizabeth.

On the 17th of November, 1558, but a little before the first strokes

* "She prayed God that the earth might open and swallow her up alive, if she were not a true Catholic." Ms. life of the Duchess of Feria, pp. 129-156.

† The Duke of Feria assured Philip of Spain that the accession of Elizabeth would cause no alteration in the religion established in England. He was one of those who trusted

of the noontime Angelus bell rang out from the tower of old Saint Paul's, and many another famous church of London, Queen Mary drew her last earthly breath, yielding her soul to God — and fatal day and hour for England and its people — her worldly crown to the clutching hands of Elizabeth. Scarcely had the rigor of death seized the late queen, ere the blare of trumpets and the loud huzzas of the populace, attracted by the brave show made by the passage of the pursuivants to Temple Bar, told of the due proclamation of the accession of a new sovereign and the opening of a new era for England and her faith. A deputation from the Privy Council, headed by the Lord Chancellor, was speedily despatched to the residence of the new queen, at Hatfield, whom they found in no wise unprepared to receive them. She had been well aided in her making ready by that matchless and most astute of hypocrites, Cecil,* he to whom the earlship of Burleigh, with a thousand other favors, were so soon to vouch his mistress's gratitude, and met the deputation with a cunningly, and not, as it should seem to her hearers, an unfittingly worded speech.† Elizabeth never showed lack of strong will and ability akin to that of her brutal father, and was ever able to veil her most evil designs with a wheedling tongue like to that of her frail mother. Neither was she ever to want, during her long reign, for fitting counsellors of evil, for men, who, as it seems, must have been prompted by the very Father of Lies, and who aided in and supplied all the necessities of her evil course with an almost demoniac ingenuity which baffles reproduction. Thus, the scene presented on that fair autumn evening in the presence room at Hatfield, was one to be often matched throughout her life. The gray beards who stood in that room that day, before they left it, realized full well that the young woman, whose yellow, curling locks glistened in the rays of the declining sun, which shone through the painted windows, was, for weal or woe, every whit their mistress, — a mistress who was to prove the most merciless and cruel, which the history of the world or womankind reveals.

Little time was to pass before the Catholics of England were to see clearly into what manner of hands the sceptre of their ancient realm had passed. For a while, it is true, Elizabeth did not hesitate

* Macaulay, little as he loved Catholicity, could find no excuse for Cecil's flagrant hypocrisy. He says, speaking of his demeanor during Mary's reign, "He had no aspirations after the crown of martyrdom. He confessed himself, therefore, with great decorum, heard Mass in Wimbledon Church, and, for the better ordering of his spiritual concerns, took a priest into his house." . . . "We do not blame Cecil for not choosing to be burned. The deep stain upon his memory is that, for differences of opinion, for which he would risk nothing himself, he, in the day of his power, took away without scruple the lives of others." . . . "Just at the very time at which Cecil attained the highest point of power and favor, an Act of Parliament was passed, by which the penalties of high treason were denounced against persons who should do in sincerity what he had done from cowardice."

† "She was struck with amazement, when she considered herself and the dignity to which she had been called. Her shoulders were too weak to bear the burden; but it was her duty to submit to the will of God, and to seek the aid of wise and faithful advisers. For this purpose she would in a few days appoint a new council. It was her intention to retain several of those who had been inured to business under her father, brother, and sister; and, if the others were not employed, she would have them to believe, that it was not through distrust of their ability or will to serve her, but through a wish to avoid that indecision and delay, which so often arose from the jarring opinions of a multitude of advisers." (Lingard's History of England, Vol. VII., pp. 343, 344.)

to continue to pass as a Catholic ; she buried her sister, Queen Mary, amidst all the noble and beautiful solemnity ordained by the Roman ritual, and she desired a solemn dirge and a Mass of Requiem for the soul of the Emperor Charles the Fifth. She continued to attend Mass ; she even dared to communicate. But the mask was worn for a purpose. She hoped to deceive the prelates of England and the Sovereign Pontiff himself, into what would have seemed almost consecration of her as yet hidden designs. Cecil whispered cautions in her ear and she waited a while, but only a while. It would have been such a marvellous aid to all their plots and plans could she have flourished the Papal blessing, while she "presented" to bishopric and abbey and living men of evil life and mind, such as Cecil ever found for her in the after years. This was worth waiting for ; but the blessing, so much wanted, never came. The old man, over whose hoar and holy head more than eighty years had passed, gifted with a marvellous acumen, seated in the Vatican, so many hundreds of miles away from the scenes of all her secret councils, seemed to be granted perception not given even to many who anxiously watched the doings of the queen at home in England, and therefore, when the official tidings came of the taking of the crown by Elizabeth, in virtue of "hereditary right and the consent of the nation," the Pontiff's dry comment, as he cast aside the document, was, that he, for one, could not comprehend the "hereditary right" of one born out of lawful wedlock. The plot had failed. Now! now! the tiger's claws might show through the velvet mantle. Now! now! the Church of God, nay, not only His Holy Church, but the great God Himself, in the adorable Sacrament, should feel and bear the blows of the Tudor woman and those who kept her secrets. Mark this well, for it is a point to be borne in mind, to be written deep where one would have true knowledge of "the Reformation" spread. Elizabeth's first hatred, her first blow was against God. This is a fact absolutely provable, admitted even by Protestant historians. Let us see it for ourselves.

On Christmas morning, little more than a month after her accession, Elizabeth was present at Mass in her palace chapel. His lordship the Bishop of Carlisle* was the celebrant. The service had already commenced ; from the choir was ringing those olden and holy words, never sounding more fitting than on Christmas morning, the divinely inspired *Gloria in Excelsis*, when Elizabeth was seen to beckon one of her suite towards her, to charge him with a mission and to despatch him towards the altar. Well might the prelate start when the hastily carried message was whispered in his ear, and little wonder that those who witnessed the scene had reason to marvel at the change in his countenance as he bent and listened, in startled doubt that he could hear aright, to the royal messenger, for never before had such a mandate as that which now fell upon his ear been conveyed to priest or prelate, while he stood upon God's altar, from one who pretended to be of his congregation. This mandate was the terribly audacious one that he should, on this Christmas morning, forbear to

* Oglethorpe. He died in 1559, after being deprived of his Bishopric by Elizabeth.

elevate the Sacred Host during Mass. The answer of the Bishop was such as befitted a Catholic priest, and Elizabeth's messenger came back to her bearing that refusal which she can hardly have doubted she would receive. At once then, with a loud stamp upon the floor, with a wicked biting of her thin lips, with a hasty gathering of her flowing robes and beckoning of her suite about her, she left the chapel ere the Bishop had read the Gospel. There was no Mass for Elizabeth that Christmas day or ever after.*

Two days later, on the 27th of December, Elizabeth, in special proclamation, boldly assumed the place of Supreme Spiritual Head of the Church of England, and, in virtue of her self-arrogated office, ordained that, throughout the provinces of Canterbury and York, there should be neither elevation or adoration of the Most Holy Sacrament.† Did we say aright when we said that Elizabeth's first blow was against God? Was Pope Paul right when he sent no blessing? Had the‡ people of England a right to a Catholic ruler? Remember England was Catholic, her people were loyal to the true church, to that church against which was about to be opposed only those who thirsted for gold and power and evil. We ask again could it be wrong to seek to secure for this people a ruler who would leave them free to practice the faith they loved? Assuredly, if ever the heart and intents of one were known to another, Pope Paul was thus guarded against Elizabeth and her planning. Well had it been for England and her people could only the will of the Sovereign Pontiff have been made effectual; then, indeed, the church would have been kept secure, the faith would still have been treasured amongst the people, the monasteries would still have been enabled to distribute relief to the indigent and education to the young, the heritage of the poor would not have been plundered and wasted in the maintenance in riotous living of a depraved nobility.§

Events were moving quickly. It was fast becoming evident that "the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty" was perfectly capable of forgetting all her previous declarations, and intended to assail the creed she had promised to sustain. The "Gospellers," as they were styled, were gradually increasing in insolence; those of their leaders who had fled the kingdom during the late reign were fast returning; many of them were openly received as welcome and favored guests at court. Bishop White, of Winchester, had already been imprisoned

* See Dr. Lee's "Church under Queen Elizabeth," Vol. I. pp. 12, 13. Dr. Lee is a High Church Protestant and his work, though marred by many religious foibles, is a valuable contribution to history.

† In this same proclamation, Elizabeth took upon herself, to a certain extent, to set up a new liturgy. She *permitted* the recitation and singing within the churches of the Lord's Prayer, the Creed, and the Ten Commandments, and the Litany, all in English. This, though she, of course, had and could never have warrant for meddling with church affairs or the things of God.

‡ We ask this question, though well aware that against us may be quoted the assuredly weighty opinion of the learned and celebrated Dr. Lingard (vide History of England, volume VII, p. 346-47), because we cannot help regarding the Pontiff's action as being amply justified by all the future of Elizabeth's reign, and because we believe that the granting of his sanction and benediction to her accession would have only multiplied the manifold evils of which that accession was the origin.

§ See Cobbett's History of the Protestant Reformation.

for no crime save some bold and fervent words which he had uttered during his sermon at the funeral of Queen Mary. Cecil had laid before Elizabeth a series of suggestions, which, though as yet unpublished, and partaking entirely of the nature of a secret document, were fast becoming evident in the public actions of the Queen.* Thus the Catholics of England saw themselves and their faith threatened with a new persecution, even more terrible than that through which they had so recently passed. On the 22d of December, Archbishop Heath was compelled to resign the seals as Lord High Chancellor, and in his place was installed that able, but most self-sufficient, being, he who did not hesitate to avow his readiness "to take all knowledge for his province," the timeserving politician and venal judge, Francis Bacon. Five days later, on the 27th, a new proclamation appeared, forbidding the clergy to preach, and ordering the continuance of the existing forms of worship "until consultation might be had in parliament by the queen and the three estates." This was sufficient warning of what was coming. The Bishops assembled in London and unanimously agreed that it would be impossible for them to take part in the coronation of a princess whose every action went to prove her an avowed enemy of the ancient faith, and one bent upon its destruction. This resolution excited much consternation in the occult councils of the Queen. It was doubtful how far the populace could ever be brought to believe in "the divine right" of a monarch from whose coronation was absent all the elements which made up the chiefest grandeur of those of the past, whose coming to her high place was unblessed by the Church, and unhallowed by the presence of its prelates. It was a grave dilemma, a dilemma from which the conspirators seemed likely to find it difficult to escape.

After due consultation with her trusted astrologer, the notorious Dr. Dee, Her Majesty, she, who, mark you, barred the Holy Sacrifice as "superstitious," had fixed upon Sunday, the 15th of January, 1559, as a suitable day for the performance of the ancient ceremony of coronation; but now the resolution of the Bishops threatened to set at naught all the trouble alike of Queen and Wizard. What was to be done? First one prelate was tried, then another; threats and entreaties were plied with equal vigor, but without avail, until it almost seemed as if the services of Dr. Dee would have to be called into requisition again; but this time to fix the crown on Her Majesty's head, as well as to find a lucky day for the crowning. Happily for Elizabeth, though unhappily for England, one of the Bishops, Oglethrope of Carlisle, at last, late on Saturday night or before daybreak on Sunday

* We may take Lingard's epitome of these suggestions. "(1) To forbid all manner of sermons, that the preachers might not excite their hearers to resistance: (2) To intimidate the clergy by prosecutions under the statue of præmunire and other penal laws: (3) To debase in the eyes of the people all who had been in authority under the late queen, by rigorous inquiries into their conduct, and by bringing them, whenever it were possible, under the lash of the law: (4) To remove the present magistrates, and to appoint others, 'meaner in substance and younger in years,' but better affected to the reformed doctrines: (5) To name a secret committee of divines, who should revise and correct the liturgy published by Edward the Sixth; and lastly, to communicate the plan to no other persons than Parr, the late Marquis of Northampton, the Earls of Bedford and Pembroke, and the Lord John Grey, till the time should arrive, when it must be laid before the whole council."

morning, consented to perform the ceremony of coronation, provided the Queen took all the ancient oaths and observed all the forms of the olden ritual. Poor Bishop Oglethrope was to test the value of Elizabeth's oaths before he died; and the world will probably never know now by what astute roguery he was induced to break from the resolution of his brother prelates, a resolution in which he had acquiesced himself, and one his breaking from which, was nowise to his better repute. He had, however, to deal with the ablest and least scrupulous of mankind, and may equally have been deluded by some false and specious promises. It is at least certain that Elizabeth consented to take the oath to maintain, unblemished and unharmed, the olden religion of the noble realm she sought the ruling of. To a credulous man this may well have seemed somewhat of a gain.

Elizabeth took the oaths required of her, for, as one of the latest and ablest of the historians of the "Reformation" period,* Dr. Lee, tells us, "The Queen had been carefully advised to dissemble falsely, in God's own house and presence, to swear and forswear, to appear to be what she certainly was not, and to seem to believe in what she had privately resolved to set aside. Within a few feet of the shrine and sacred relics of the saintly confessor, she openly took the usual solemn and sacred oath of Christian Kings, when it was tendered her, kissing thereupon the precious text of the Holy Gospels, and, in sight of peers and people, promising thereby to defend the Catholic Religion, and to guard faithfully the rights and immunities of God's Holy Church, as all the previous monarchs from the days of Saint Edward had each done.

Thus with what may be called a most solemn act of perjury, with what was a most henious act of brazen mockery, began the blood-stained reign of Queen Elizabeth.

WILLIAM FRANCIS DENNEHY.

Our Girls.

MANY a home circle owes all its charms to the girls of the family. Brothers come home tired and often out of humor, ready, some of them, to quarrel with a straw if it happened to lie in their way. Mother is tired, too, and father worried, but boys hardly ever think of this. They want their dinner or their tea the moment they come in, and somebody to sit and help them, or talk them into good humor all the time they are eating it.

"Where's Hannah?" exclaims one, as he enters and sees his sister's accustomed seat vacant. "She will be here directly," replies father or mother, looking up from newspaper or needlework, and before the great coat is hung up, bright-eyed Birdie trips into the room and

*In saying this, we are not taking from the high and justly earned fame of Mr. S. Hubert Burke whose works, dealing with this epoch, are models of all that Catholic historical literature should be.

begins to pour out the tea. The young man's face brightens the moment he hears his sister's footsteps along the passage.

"Give me my slippers, Birdie," he says, kicking off his boots; "it looks so cosy in here I shan't care about turning out again to-night;" and Birdie, like a good sister, takes care to keep up the charm, and make home the most bright and lovable place in the world. "Birdie takes all the worry of getting the boys their tea and setting them for the evening," says mother, with a sigh of relief, to her friend who happens to call in, and wonders how she can ever find time to do needlework with three or four great boys to wait upon.

"Birdie is such a comfort I don't know what we should do without her, husband," says mother, when her husband returns and finds that she has been taken ill during his absence; "she manages the two little ones as well as she does the boys, and everything has gone on as smoothly and comfortably as though I were with them myself. She washed and dressed them for school, and while they were gone cleared up the room and got dinner ready; made me some delicious broth, and the children a bread pudding of the pieces she had saved. Ah, dear Birdie is a treasure," and as the door opens, and Birdie pops her rosy face into the room, mother's pale face brightens wonderfully at the sight of her helpful daughter, and the lines of care and trouble that mark father's face relax, and a beaming smile creeps all over it as he lays his hand fondly on the smoothly braided hair and murmurs, "Thank God, you are such a blessing to your mother, Bird." These words how they thrill Birdie's heart. She is amply repaid for any little self-sacrifice or weariness her extra exertions may have cost her.

Now, girls, tell me, would you not rather have such hearty, loving words spoken to you than twenty empty compliments, hollow words of flattery, many of them on the style in which your hair is done, or the beauty of your bonnet, or the style of your dress. I know you would. I know you would be pleased to help mother and father — lift a portion of the heavy burden that presses upon them day after day, only you think to do this you must do some great thing — something that is quite unattainable to your limited powers and means. No such thing. The happiness of life is made up of little things, and for these little that make her happiness, a mother is often dependent upon her daughter. Think of this, girls, especially you who know that you are not helpful daughters and sisters, and resolve that from this time you will make home brighter, happier, and more pleasant for every one in it by doing what you can and all you can to help father, mother, brothers, and sisters. Just do what you can for each and all. It may be only the fetching of a pair of slippers, or pouring out a cup of tea, or sweeping up the hearth; but do it cheerfully, gladly, not as though it were a hard duty, but as if it were, as it should be in reality, a pleasure. "But such things are not pleasures to me," some one may say. That is because you have never yet learned the pleasure of being helpful. To learn this you must practice these things at the cost of a little self-denial at first, and ere a short time, depend upon it, you would not let another perform these little acts of loving service for anything. Ah, girls! strive to be helpful, and there is little fear but that you will be happy yourself, as well as making others happy likewise.

The Modern Muse.

From the German.

PRAY, who art thou? — methinks I ought to know thee;
There's somewhat in thy mien remindeth me
Of one whom I have seen — do not men call thee? —
Yes, yes, thou art, but no — it cannot be.

Thou steppest boldly on with clattering sandals,
With Amazonian stride and haughty face,
As tho' earth's proudest rulers owed thee tribute,
And none should sceptre wield but by thy grace.

Oh! you would lay down laws for all creation,
Remake the world; its sponsor and sole lord,
Would break across your knee all ancient landmarks,
Reconsecrate in blood the cross a sword.

Sweet peace is in thine eyes a thing of horror;
The man of war thou deemest chief of all;
To show how skilfully you can unwind it,
You roll the tangled skein into a ball.

I see you look around at times, a Phryne,
And backward glance, with wanton, sensuous leer,
And linger in your gait, half faun, half seraph,
Treating of holiest things with scornful sneer.

Your mouth foams over with the strangest fancies,
Gathered with learned toil from far-off climes;
To soft, sweet words you wed them, and baptize them
With names new-fangled in your jingling rhymes.

The Bedouin's fleet-footed steed you borrow,
And round your path are Persian roses strewn;
The Hindu by the Ganges interests you;
You seem to love all lands except your own.

You set so many nosegays on your bodice,
That none can tell the stuff of which 'tis made;
You judge at times, as some unlettered barmaid,
Who all things to her level doth degrade.

And if I ask for woman's fairest virtue —
Piety? Aye, indeed, thou hast that, too,
Tho' *you* do not conceive it in our fashion,
Or practice it as men are wont to do.

The God who reigns in heaven you'd remodel,
And since He's too prosaic for your trade,
Would widen His horizon, so He might be
Worthy of *you* — the creature he has made.

What wild, misshapen fantasies you scatter,
Now high as heaven and now of earth a part;
Your empty thought you veil in phrase melodious,
But one thing when you sing I miss — the heart.

No, no, thou art not she whom I am seeking, —
Art not the Muse to whom I pledged my faith,
And whom no matter how disdained and flouted,
I cherished still, unstained by slander's breath.

The loyal, chaste, the truthful Muse; the pious,
Who dwelt of old within my native isle,
Whose eyes, Medusa-like, flashed anger only
When foreign hate distilled its slanders vile.

The loyal Muse, with heart so brave and tender,
The champion of my trampled Motherland;
Who meek, yet proud, o'er earth is ever strewing
The seeds of holy peace with noiseless hand.

The chaste Muse, who, alike in hut or palace,
Dwelt as a being of another sphere,
Serenely pure, the simple child of nature,
Transparent as the light, as crystal clear.

The truthful Muse, who all things weighing justly,
Called them by name, in plain, unvarnished phrase;
Well knowing when the heart is touched, its feelings
Will find in speech true utterance always.

The pious Muse, with child-like faith adoring
God imaged in creation everywhere;
Who only thought of giving, not of robbing,
Whose noblest song rose up an anthemed prayer.

Yes, THOU, thou art the Muse whom I have chosen,
Who safely thro' earth's snares hast led me on;
My trusty friend, alike in joy or sorrow,
Thou'lt close my eyes in peace when life is done.

Oh, thou of noblest mien, majestic, queenly,
Then in thy temple will I stand, and feel
That as thy priest tho' I no more may serve thee,
I can at least before thy altar kneel.

REV. JOHN COSTELLO.

An Incident.

On a little eminence adjoining the beautiful city of N———, stood the unique mansion of a retired citizen, which commands an extensive view of the city and its environs. The style of architecture being the English renaissance, most of the material had been obtained from foreign countries. The circular tower surpasses in magnitude that of any other private residence in America, and is regarded with awe and admiration. We will not attempt a full description of this colossal structure. It is conspicuous for its adaptation of symmetry and architectural unity; and the main entrance leading from the East Avenue and a *portecochere* on the South Avenue. At either extremity of the terrace, fountains were placed. The interior was finished in a manner in keeping with the exterior, and supplied with incandescent lights. Nothing could exceed the taste with which the gardens were laid out. The natural, sparkling streams which surrounded these domains added to the beauty and laid a charm, which impresses the vision with a strangeness, and the imagination with an appreciation for Nature's endowments. As the sweet perfume greets each step of the intruding foot that tramples the velvet green and purest lily of the valley, one is inclined to retreat rather than invade the sacred precinct of this hallowed spot; but the spell-bound visitor listens to the magical strain of various birds hopping among the thick foliage, and instinctively wanders to the brow of the hill and silently beholds the form of a lady about forty years old sketching a scene not far distant, and perfectly oblivious of being observed.

No malign influence had actuated the intruders to enter these private grounds. The enchanting scene alone must offer apology for the liberty a class of recent graduates from a neighboring convent had taken. As they stood thus, they slowly and almost inaudibly uttered, "It is not at all illogical, or unreasonable, to suppose the occupant was happy in such a home."

It was just twenty-two years since the owner of this Eden had graduated from the same convent. She possessed a heart filled with ardent longings for the illumined boon,— to reach the summit of the mountain of life. She had also embraced the opportunities to cultivate the virtues which form a noble, Christian life. She had been taught to appreciate and love charity, patience, humility, fidelity to duty. She was prepared to fulfil a destiny on earth, and was true alike in adversity and in prosperity. If the perishable goods of life surrounded her from the crib to the grave, she always sought the gem of happiness where the sunlight of joy seemed to glow in all its beauty; she found her soul's desire in that hidden treasure which meet us at each step taken up the mount of life, which lures us on as the freshness of the morning breezes. Her mission was to spread the mantle of charity, to lighten the heavy cross, to calm the angry tempests of burdened life.

Alene Devereau had never felt the fatigue caused by labor, nor

the hardship and suffering entailed by poverty, and one would be quite sure to see her as she sat listlessly sketching from nature, that the thoughts of woe and misery never found even a transient place in her breast.

Possessed of every luxury which money could purchase, or a refined taste could contribute, she imposed upon herself the duty of helping bear the burdens of her sex who were less fortunate than she, by providing each day for the wants of some unhappy creature. For this purpose a trusty servant was sent out every evening to investigate the condition of such as were receiving her assistance, or to discover new objects for her generosity.

At the time Alene is brought to our notice, her attitude indicates that she has been indulging in one of those harmless reveries, called "day dreams." Her thoughts seem to wander far away from her surroundings, and even the sketch-book and pencil which she held in her hand, had apparently ceased to excite her emotion, when all at once she was attracted by the near approach of a merry group, whose faces were familiar, and who exclaimed, "We have come to take a parting glance, to bear with us the amaranthine wreath of memory, woven of gratitude and love, and to ask the favor of an incident of your early life."

Though taken by surprise, Alene at once led her guests to the most beautiful portion of her garden, — a grotto, where an elegant statue of the Immaculate Conception stood, superbly decorated with choice exotics, sparkling jets of water playing at her feet, and around her sacred head a crown of stars lit by gas. It was a bower of bloom, interspersed with broad-leaved tropical and foliage plants. This group of Titian's style of beauty contrasted harmoniously with the protecting shade around them.

Alene, seeing the eagerness of her young friends, addressed them as follows: "How exquisitely fair all things seem in their awakening splendor this beautiful morning. At the feet of Mary Immaculate you may linger and cull many a sweet blossom; you may toy in careless happiness, with the rippling waters as bubbling from its sides, and sing your gladsome melody. Be not deceived: if you think to find your pathway through life a bed of flowers, disappointment will meet you; the burning heats of the noon-tide sun will stream upon you; you will grow weary; you will long for the joy no longer yours. I tell you this not to discourage but to forewarn you. You will stray from place to place, seeking a brighter and fairer clime; but all in vain. You can only quench your soul's desire at the feet of our Lady of Mercy. Unlike myself you have inherited a faith which I have adopted, and since you have asked for an incident of my life, I will relate one, which may appall, perhaps depress, you; but, I trust, serve to guard as you enter into the arena of life.

"My school-days were passed in yonder convent from which you have just emerged; under whose shadow I live and hope to die. It was there we were taught to mark the deep and subtile distinctions from right and wrong. The strength, the peculiarities and duration of character rest upon that of the individual who compose it. We are

suffering to-day from a spirit that shuts out all moral obligations and regards not the rights of others. It is not impossible to indicate the methods by which those lessons may be inculcated.

"True virtue alone is embedded in the teachings of the Apostolic Church, and radiate in rays of light and pervades the whole universe. It is not difficult for us to determine the amount of culture for head and heart with such an *Alma Mater*.

"At the age of nineteen I married an influential, professional gentleman. We were both Protestants, and for two years nothing occurred to mar our peaceful, happy life. At that period I began to investigate, and found in the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church the true faith established by Jesus Christ. With the approbation of my husband I embraced it, and living up to what I deemed the only means of salvation, I felt secure in the step I had taken and was contented.

"In less than six months after I became a Catholic I grew conscious of a rigid coolness toward me. Relatives and friends held me at arm's length; but the increasing consolations of my religion compensated for the loss of society. One day I was requested to visit my nearest neighbor, an invalid lady. Supposing she desired me to read to her as I had done on previous occasions, I provided myself with a copy of Thomas a Kempis, knowing this to be a favorite, and immediately repaired to the sick room. To my utter consternation the features of my friend bore evidence of great agitation, and before I had time to inquire the cause, she bade me come close to her side, saying, 'You and yours are in eminent danger. I cannot go to my grave in peace unless I place you in possession of facts which may enable you to defend yourself.

"'Our husbands are members of the same Masonic Lodge; it was all well with you until you joined the Catholic Church; since that day our Lodge, for I am a sister of Rebecca, has determined to separate you from your husband, knowing you will, sooner or later, estrange him from the Masonic Order. To accomplish their designs, they have watched every time you have visited your church, counted the times you have gone to confession, the length of time you remained, and reported all to your husband. They have used every effort to arouse his suspicions. Yea, they have gone farther, they have associated your fair name — implicating a want of virtue on your part; in a word, they have gone as far as they can and failed to impress your husband unfavorably.

"'Recently they have had two secret meetings and have decided to take another course. They have circulated the report that your husband has another wife living, knowing if they can induce you to believe it, your church will not allow you to live together. To-morrow night at ——— they will meet to pass resolutions to suspend your husband, on the plea of bigamy; even the residence of a former wife has been agreed upon, and a party engaged, if necessary, to personate the same. I will give you the password to their secret chamber, when you exact an oath from your husband not to implicate my name; tell him all I have said to you, and, in possession of the password, he will gain admittance, where I advise him to go well armed, and once in their midst let him

expose their satanic designs, and withdraw his membership from what I now know to be the most diabolical of evils, — a society spreading misery and discord. Manhood shrinks and humanity veils her face when their cruel outrages are revealed. Oh, consistency, abused, palsied, slain and soiled with the spatter of crushed homes and ruined innocence. Our country is imperilled and will be overthrown unless the glittering blade and uplifted arm of Masonic rule meet with defeat.'

"I lost no time to advise my good husband of our perilous position, and requested he should act as our invalid friend had suggested. Having laid his plans he was not slow to execute them.

"On the following night his appearance in the midst of our would-be destroyers excited an indescribable surprise and struck terror into all present, when they learned from the lips of my husband a full account of what they had done, and were concocting to do. With a revolver in either hand he demanded his resignation should take effect at once, and papers drawn to prove the honorable life he led, and that *his withdrawal was of his own free-will.*

"In possession of these he declared in conclusion, 'If any Mason interfered with his private or public life he would deal with them as their infamy deserved.'

"I shall never forget with what earnest persistency, my husband, to the hour of his death, denounced all secret societies, and never omitted an opportunity to impress the danger Catholic maidens incur in uniting their destiny with non-Catholics or members of secret societies. The former he declared inconsistent; but the latter was a danger which not only their reputation, but life was often the penalty.

"You view my possessions with pride and admiration. My friends, lift the curtain, and you will behold my life has been a warfare. Litigation after litigation to despoil me of even this home. Trace the origin, and you will find the secret workings emanate in *every instance* from the machinations of Free Masons.

"As a mother would shield her offspring from the fanged adder, let this true incident of a convert's life serve to discourage Catholics from intermarrying with non-Catholics, or worse, with members of a vile, mysterious craft."

PROTEUS.

SIR PETER LELY, a famous painter in the reign of Charles I., agreed for the price of a full-length, which he was to draw for a rich alderman of London, who was not indebted to nature either for shape or face. When the picture was finished, the alderman endeavored to beat down the price; alleging that, if he did not purchase it, it would lie on the painter's hands. "That's a mistake," replied Sir Peter, "for I can sell it at double the price I demand."—"How can that be?" says the alderman; "for it is like nobody but myself."—"But I will draw a tail to it, and then it will be an excellent monkey." The alderman, to prevent exposure, paid the sum agreed for, and carried off the picture."

Southern Sketches.

XV.

FROM JACKSONVILLE TO CEDAR KEYS AND KEY WEST.

It was now early in February, and just the time to take a trip to Cuba. The merchants, hotel keepers, and agents of steam lines at Jacksonville were delighted with each day's news of increasing cold and dreariness in the North, as such a state of things would advance their business and fill their coffers. The captain of the *Water Lily* stroked his chin with an air of contemplative bliss, as he saw his decks and saloons filled with tourists, invalids, hunters, real-estate speculators, orange dealers, and other classes, all for the time seeming oblivious to everything but the smoothness of the waters, the beauty of the woody banks, and the sweetness of the music rendered by a colored band on board. On our way down the river to Jacksonville, we saw hundreds of ducks sporting on the waters, sea gulls were flying and screaming in great numbers around us, and the tracks of silvery light marked on the waves, lent an additional charm to the whole landscape.

Now the steamer *St. John's* from Charleston, passed us on its way to Palatka, with her decks full of passengers and gorgeous flags waving in the breeze. When our boat arrived at its dock in Jacksonville, our ears were saluted with the cries of a negro candy vender, dressed in fantastic garb, announcing, "De only original candy, ladies and gemmens — five cents — who buy, who buy?" That evening I had the pleasure of staying at the St. Mark's Hotel, with Father Keveny of Cohoes, whose sweet voice, prepossessing manners and tender heart afforded indescribable enjoyment to Father Halligan, of Pawtucket, and myself. Mr. Mathers, of New York, a whole-souled person, and a brother-in-law of Father Keveny's, had come with him to the South, and was just after returning home. As my ecclesiastical friend feared a sea-voyage, I was obliged to travel alone; so I started next morning about ten o'clock, by rail, for Cedar Keys, intending to take the New Orleans steamer from that point to Havana. Clergymen usually travel by this route for half fare.

The depot at Jacksonville is a scene of great bustle and excitement. During the winter-time crowds of people are coming and going by the trains and cabs, and darkies fill the place. A great, big, fat policeman, with a ferocious moustache and a military gait, stalks regularly up and down, and if any darky cab-man dares to infringe the rules, he is sure to get "particular fits." The freight trade here is very large. Thousands of boxes of oranges come from the interior to be shipped in the boats to New York and other Northern cities. Lumber, cotton, resin, turpentine, and other goods, may be seen ready for transportation. The cars from Jacksonville to Baldwin, which is a junction about forty miles away, are a dingy, dusty set, when compared with our Northern carriages, and so I found by experience, after being in them while moving about ten minutes. The track on which

they were laid was highly calculated to plunge a nervous individual into convulsions. The train was constantly jumping and jerking till we came to Baldwin, since it ran upon rails that were cut and destroyed during the war, and, being hastily laid, could afford no sense of smoothness and ease to passengers. After leaving the depot, we passed large pools, where numerous lily pads were waving, and on the banks of which, half-naked darkies were fishing for cat-fish. We swept by the outskirts where no houses were seen but those of negroes, whose children were swinging in trees, playing with cats, and otherwise enjoying themselves. As we emerged in the country, we saw fields on each side, with nothing but long, brown grass, scrub palmettoes, and a few trees. These soon gave way to the prevailing pine forests, which were now and then relieved by a handsome house and orange grove. We saw no birds but a few mockers that were as silent as beautiful harps in a drawing-room. Large, burned patches occasionally appeared under the mighty vaults of waving green cones. The young grass would soon grow up here and be a sweet God-send to the poor cattle in the spring. The clear, polished woods and thickets of sweet hay, gum, scrub oak and vines looked beautiful under the rays of the sun; yet lovely as these spots are, they are not fit for homes in the summer time, as their low and marshy situation gives rise to fevers. When we arrived at Baldwin, I was rather surprised, as instead of a handsome, thriving village, which I expected to see, I found a shabby hamlet, consisting of a rusty-looking depot and a few small dwellings and stores. Yet they say Baldwin is the home of gamblers, and here reflect and plot those human arch-fiends, who, with dashing manners and assumed aristocratic titles, so often swindle wealthy hotel guests in Jacksonville, and other Florida towns. About twenty miles from here, at a place called Ohestee, a terrific encounter occurred, between the Federal and Confederate troops during the war, resulting in a victory for the latter. We had to wait for an hour in Baldwin, till the arrival of the train from Fernandina, that would convey us directly to Cedar Keys. The only refreshments offered to hungry guests at the depot were hard-boiled eggs, five cents a piece, and pieces of hog at twelve cents a pound. There is nothing very interesting in the scenery between Baldwin and Cedar Keys. The soil is sandy all the way, the underbrush is made up chiefly of scrub palmetto, and the lofty growth is generally pine. As we moved south, the air became warmer and more balmy. I met a man in the train named Barnes. When he found out who I was, he became very confidential and communicative. He informed me that he had lately settled on the line of the railroad and was doing well. He was once an unfortunate drunkard in New York, and had almost ruined himself and his family by his excesses; but in a lucky hour he became heir to the sum of three thousand dollars, went to confession, took the pledge, and decided to emigrate to Florida. Though once nearly gone with consumption, he was now a hale, hearty man, and was happy with his family, in a pretty cottage to which was attached about forty acres of good Southern land and an orange grove. Men of this class, who come here with some money, and lead sober, industrious lives, can do well; but it is next to impos-

sible for a poor man, at present, to get rich, as he has to contend against cheap negro labor, and other difficulties. If a man with weak lungs comes from the North with sufficient money to buy an orange grove, he can rest on his oars and prolong his days, as the fruit in ordinary good seasons, will yield him a handsome income. Some trees bear as many as 9,000 oranges, rich, red, luscious fruit, full of juice and sweetness.

Before reaching Waldo, the cars ran over a drunken negro whose groans resounded through the silent forests. He was taken up in the baggage car, and carried to the depot, where a gaping, inquisitive crowd of crackers and darkies took possession of him. Little negroes came into the cars at Waldo, crying out: "Oh, gemmens and ladies, here be nice boiled eggs for you all only five cents a piece. Won't you buy? Won't you buy?" When we reached Hatchet Creek, we observed several saw-mills, oxen drawing lumber, and lots of dead pine standing up like dread ghosts.

This is a great turpentine region, and it is very picturesque to see horsemen with long coats and wide hats riding at a rapid rate through the still aisles of the forests.

The next important town that we came to was Gainsville, a beautiful place, as dry and clean as the rooms of a first-class cottage in the midst of the Adirondacks. The smell of the pines was delicious. The fallen cones and sand mingled together, and were tapped by soft, green brushwood and lovely flowers. Cotton-gins and saw-mills were numerous here, and yards were seen full of the Spanish moss, which is dried and fixed for the markets. This moss that hangs from oaks and cypress trees has no roots, and lives on the moisture of the atmosphere. Its flowers are very small but pretty, and its seeds are wafted by the softest zephyrs and vegetate wherever they fall. Its wire-like heart, when separated from the outward tissue, becomes an important article in the manufacture of mattresses. Here we noticed little negroes tumbling in the sand banks, black babies were creeping on the ground like young crabs or bullfrogs, old darkies strolled along with big sun-bonnets, their white teeth shining between their black jaws, while young ebony ladies, with men's hats, ran to and fro in the most exciting manner. The first hill on our journey appeared to the right, south of Gainsville, and here oak and pine woods, adorned with prairie grass, and succeeded by open fields and sweet vales, burst upon our gaze. The fiery, crimson sun shone through the woods, and lit upon the first stone fence I saw in Florida. As we came near Aredonda we noticed blackberry bushes in full bloom, also peach and plum trees. All along the line from Waldo to Cedar Keys there exists a rotten lime-stone formation which often gives way. It is said that a man's barn went down one night a few years ago, and he could not find it on the following morning. Four acres of land gave way near Tampa, and the spot is now a lake. Along this route you can see sweet bay, gum and laurel trees in abundance, Indian shell mounds, where skulls and bones of old warriors are found, and when you come to Bronson, you are likely to be informed by the old conductor that things and times have greatly changed since. Not many years ago the train would wait here

while the passengers would drink at the inn, play cards, and sport in the woods for an hour or two. "The more civilized we get," said he, "the more regular our train goes. None of that old nonsense would be tolerated now. Since the yanks came we've been a-learned to be a great deal smarter."

Night was advancing fast, as we were hurrying on our journey. We soon arrived at Otter Creek, the last station on the line before Cedar Keys. Here the passengers quitted the cars to partake of supper. A large, oily-faced, corpulent old gentleman, stood at the door of the primitive dining-room, ringing a bell. The meal which cost fifty cents was one of the best ever furnished to a hungry man. Roast venison, tender chicken, good beef, eggs and the best of fish were served up in profusion, and invalids as well as tourists soon consumed all but the dishes. We reached Cedar Keys a little after nine o'clock, and the moon was just then rising in the heavens. Her pale beams disclosed to our view great numbers of tall palmettoes standing silently and weirdly among the grassy swamps. I saw for the first time the smooth waters of the gulf of Mexico which bathed numerous keys and islands. Lights from many vessels fall on the waves, giving to the scene an air of poetic and mysterious splendor. After leaving the train I passed along by palmettoes, century plants and sand mounds, till I came to the main street, at the head of which, stood the new, and rather imposing, Suawnee Hotel. After securing my room and partaking of a capital oyster supper, for the people of Cedar Keys pride themselves on the superior quality of their bivalves, I retired for the night, resolving to see the town next day, previous to my departure for Cuba. When morning came the breakfast bell summoned the guests of the Suawnee to table. A smiling negro, with a spotless white apron, a shining black pate, and a light grey, red-striped jacket, bowed me to a seat, and supplied me during the course of the meal with very choice and tempting dishes. The Suawnee for $2.50 per day presents its guests with a splendid bill of fare, and a clean and elegant room free from Southern fleas, bed-bugs, centipedes and cockroaches. After breakfast I took a look at the town, which was essentially maritime in its appearance. Most of the citizens were dressed in sailor-like costumes, given to chewing tobacco, swearing and drinking rum, yet they seemed a polite and orderly people. About forty new houses were going up while I was there, and most of these were being built of a concrete substance, composed of lime, sand and shell. There is but one principal street running down to the bay, and this is lined on both sides with respectable stores and dwelling-houses. The remainder of the roads are made of plank, and run for the most part over the waters. In order to take a good look at the place, I ascended with a waiter to the roof of the hotel. The view from this point was grand. Towards the north, we saw Sea Island, with its waving palms; on the south appeared Wakasassa Bay, a perfect panorama of beauty, the sun shining down on its blue-green waves, and the white sea birds caressing its bosom. Nearer were the docks of the New Orleans, Pensacola, Tampa and Mexican steamers, the big turtle crawls, the hosts of fishing-smacks, nets, oyster apparatus and sea

gulls, crows and blackbirds that were constantly flying through the masts and cordage of the vessels. An United States revenue cutter rested quietly in the gleaming bay. Cedar Keys appeared about a quarter of a mile away towards the west, and the noise and smoke of its saw-mills could be distinctly heard and seen. The town itself was built on Way Key and may well be called Cedar Keys, as the cedar track is, or, at least, has been, its leading industry. Away to the east those trees can be observed, their dark green strongly defined beneath the blue sky. The mills where the wood for Faber's and Eagle's lead pencils is prepared can be heard roaring near the beach, and may be reached by wooden bridges and walks over quiet coves, by Indian mounds, groves of gum and sweet bay, and verdant isles where the velvet grasses grow and shine like the hair on a seal's back. Right under the roof of the hotel, on the salt meadow side, I noticed great oyster reefs and millions of fiddler crabs running over one another. Beyond grew great quantities of blackberry bushes in full blossom. The sight of gorgeously colored waters, bright skies, lovely meadows, wild fowl, picturesque negro cabins, pretty villas on hills, and vessels with fluttering flags, formed a grand picture, which I would have revelled in for a longer time had not the whistle of the boat for Cuba induced me to go towards it. Cedar Keys has a population of nearly two thousand, several saw-mills, some general merchants stores, a fine jobbing trade, and an extensive business in sponges, turtles, fish and oysters. Being the Western terminus of the Atlantic and Gulf Railroad, and a great highway for many steamers and trading vessels, and having a delicious, healthy climate, it ought to grow very prosperous.

On going to the dock, I met a young negro, and on asking him if he would come with me to New York, he replied, "Oh, no, sah; if you shot me for a bear I wouldn't go to freeze to death in that ere place." A Seminole Indian next approached me. He was dressed in citizen's attire, and looked a handsome, copper-faced fellow. His black, glossy locks hung considerably down his shoulders. While speaking to him, I learned that he was once with his brethren in the everglades, but left and took to cigar-making in Key West. Nothing would induce him to quit civilized life and return among the hunters. A pretty steamer whistled in the distance. What was that? It proved to be a mail boat bound for the Suawnee river. Ah, how I longed to have time to sail "Away down upon the Suawnee Riber, far, far away," where the tender hearts of exiled darkies loved to wander; but as this desire could not be gratified, I went on board of the large and splendid New Orleans steamer, *Hutchinson*, and then secured a ticket and state-room for Havana, price $20. The extraordinary quantity of freight on board, kept us waiting at the dock until ten o'clock next morning. Jolly darkies were whistling and singing, as they continued unloading bales of hay, bags of oats and flour, butter, corn, oil, lard, hominy, soap, starch, chests of tea, crackers, wine, liquors and other commodities. At last we were relieved by the sound of the parting whistle, and soon bade good-by to Cedar Keys, with its dangerous bay well studded with buoys.

Notwithstanding that our boat was a perfect beauty, and as large

as one of the Atlantic coastwise steamers, and though the gulf was as bright and glassy as a mirror, still all the passengers on board, as well as myself, were not without serious apprehensions, since it was only a week before that the steamer *Josephine*, of the same line, was wrecked on this very sea, and its crew and voyagers with great difficulty saved; yet God was good to us, and the sail along these waters in February was as sunny and mild as a row up the Sound would be in the middle of August. Nothing could surpass the beauty of this water scenery. When we lost sight of land, we were confronted by the open waves and the blue sky of heaven. The brave ship with its spotless white decks, grand masts, cordage and sailors, sped along like a proud, white heron. Our thirty cabin passengers sat on deck and opened their mouths to take in the fresh and pleasant breezes. Glasses and revolvers were taken out, so that the strange, big birds, flying fish and dolphins of the sea could be more distinctly seen and shot at. Thank goodness many were seen, but none were killed. Lovers of nature object to such cruel and unwanton sport as this, and the man who is usually the quickest to pop a harmless creature for mere fun in wood or in water, is often the slowest to face danger when the chances of a noble fight are at hand. How lovely these tropical waters looked, as clear as a mighty mirror resplendent with sapphire and gold. At the approach of sunset the heavens were adorned with gorgeous hues, and these reflected on the sea, produced a superb picture. Purple, crimson, vermilion, blue and gold, imparted a peculiar loveliness to numerous cloud forms, which hastened to pay honor to the monarch of the skies, as he was about to sink below the horizon in his gilded car. A soft, rosy mist fell on the gulf, filling all around us with such a mysterious splendor, that while in our swift and silent boat, we felt like riding on the back of some genii through realms of enchantment. The scene from the upper deck seemed as silent as eternity, and was admirably calculated to fill the soul with love and admiration for God and His works. While watching the shining waters, I could not help remembering these beautiful words of the poet Cornwall: —

> "Thou trackless and immeasurable main,
> On thee no record ever lived again
> To meet the hand that writ it; line nor lead
> Hath ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
> Where haply the huge monster swells and sleeps
> King of his watery limit, who, 'tis said,
> Can move the mighty ocean into storm.
> Oh! wonderful thou art, great element:
> And fearful in thy spleeny humors bent,
> And lovely in repose; thy summer form
> Is beautiful, and when thy silver waves
> Make music in earth's dark and winding caves,
> I love to wander on thy pebbled beach,
> Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
> And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach —
> Eternity, eternity, and power."

We had such a calm and pleasant sea during our passage that the boat never rocked for a moment. I slept splendidly that night, and awoke next morning to gaze on waters smoother and dreamier

than ever in their beauty. We came in sight of Key West about three o'clock that afternoon. The distant coral reefs, islands and light-houses stood picturesquely up between the sunlit sea and tropical sky.

REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

Madonna dei Candelabri

I.

HER maiden face, so grave and sweet,
Is full of gentle majesty;
From curl-crown'd Head to dimpled Feet,
The infant Christ is fair to see;
And on the Mother's left, — behold!
A lamp of bronze, antique and quaint,
Whose wind-blown flame of fiery gold,
Glows, like a gem, 'mid shadows faint.

II.

Her virgin hand that lamp hath trimm'd;
Beside its lustre, pure and mild,
Oft hath she wrought; — with rays undimm'd,
Oft held it o'er her sleeping Child;
Or, in the window of the room,
Hath set it, trembling like a star,
To cheer St. Joseph thro' the gloom,
And guide his footsteps from afar.

III.

O gracious Lady of the Lamp!
We, too, like Joseph, need thy light;
Our path is dim with shadows damp,
We grope towards thee thro' the night.
The world's true Light is in thine arms,
Ah! lift Him high, and let him shine
Upon our darkness; naught alarms
The soul which hails that Lamp divine!

IV.

And when along the vale of Death,
We journey slowly to our home,
The *Home, sweet Home* of Christian faith,
Which rears afar its golden dome:
Ah! leaning from the window's height,
Swing forth thy lamp across the gloom,
And lead us, Lady of the Light!
Safe thro' the shadows of the tomb!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Reminiscences of our Ninth Regiment.

INCIDENTS RELATING TO ITS FORMATION IN BOSTON AND ITS HEROISM IN THE FIELD.

ARTICLE I.

SAID a war-worn Irish-American veteran the other day, as he laid down the September number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, containing articles relative to the Ninth Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers: —

"Well, it is no wonder that Mr. Donahoe takes a pride and an interest in the old Ninth. I recall the time when we looked to him for considerable moral and pecuniary interest in its formation. You see, my friend," he continued, "there was a class of us young Irishmen then in Boston, who had belonged to the Columbian Artillery, the Montgomery Old Guard, the Shields and Emmet Guards, that wanted to prove how loyal they were to the land of their adoption, or that of their fathers. A few years previous to the breaking out of the war, the arms were taken away from the companies named that had been in the Massachusetts militia, and their organizations disbanded. This, of course, rankled in their breasts. Not loyal to the American flag. My God! it was too awful to think of. It was a fearful stigma to put upon us. Now, when it was proposed to organize an Irish regiment for the war, when it burst upon the country in 1861, we young fellows naturally looked to such men as Patrick Donahoe, Andrew Carney, and the comparatively few others of our race then in Boston, whose names were the synonym of all that was high and honorable in the business community, and whose well-earned prosperity entitled them to take a lead in such a crisis of public affairs as then occurred. Well, sir, Mr. Donahoe entered heartily into the project of forming an Irish regiment, when Captain Cass of the Columbian and others took hold to do the practical organizing. He was then on Franklin Street. His *Pilot* was a power in the land, and his Catholic and Irish book trade a splendid one, built up by his own indefatigable industry and ability. His first subscription to the Irish regiment fund was $500. His influence with the rich merchants of Boston was great, and they gave liberally. The work went bravely on. Now," he went on to say, "at this early stage of the war, when Seward was saying it was only a ninety-days' scare, there was a question about the advisability of accepting a purely Irish regiment; but we, as a race needed vindication from the slurs and insults that had been heaped upon us by the enemies of our kind and creed. Their enmity was uncalled for. Yet it was malignant and cowardly and was often, as it is to-day, covert as well. But our friends and our leaders were indomitable, and before the Irish Ninth left Long Island in Boston Harbor, where it had been located for about four weeks under State law, and two weeks under United States army regulations, after its muster into service, the country began to realize that the war was going to be one of extensive, and (as it is proved to be), of possible gigantic proportions. It

was then in June, 1861, no longer the Shibboleth, 'No Irish need apply!' The Long Island Irish regiment was assuming splendid form and discipline, over one thousand strong, and commanded by a stern and fearless leader who knew how to handle a regiment in battalion movements as well as any major general then in the Commonwealth. Pæans of praises were begun to be sung for the Celt. His physical strength and chivalrous courage gave the business circles heart of hope that in his manhood the country could rely. Among the deputations that visited the headquarters in the harbor, there appeared Ex-Governor Henry J. Gardner, the Know-nothing commander-in-chief of Massachusetts, who a few years previously disbanded the Irish Militia Companies, because 'they were not to be trusted with the safe keeping and honor of the nation's flag.' Nothing could be franker than his apologies to Colonel Cass and his command, for the indignities he had put upon them in his day of brief power. He thanked the Irish Colonel, again and again, in behalf of himself and the business men of the Commonwealth, for the prompt manner in which he had thrown up the comforts of a delightful home and rallied around him a crowd of heroic spirits, in the hour of the country's peril to meet the Union's foe in war's bloody trial. 'If, Colonel,' he said, 'you would ask me this moment to go on my knees to apologize for the injury done to your race, and to bless them for what they are doing, and I am sure what they will do, I am ready.' But in this supreme moment there was mutual confidence and esteem re-established, and the by-gones of the game of politics were a thing of the past. Personally it was well known that Governor Gardner was not a bigoted man, and no one was kinder to the Irish men and women in his employ than he. Perhaps, my friend, you did not know before of this little episode of Governor Gardner's visit to the Irish Ninth at Long Island in 1861.

"In the meantime Mr. Donahoe was serving as treasurer of the fund of the regiment, and daily and in various ways performing very many acts to aid in completing and equipping it individually and collectively for its great service in the field. One of his last tributes — the day the command bade adieu to home and friends in Boston — was to place a bag of gold in Colonel Cass's hand, this containing one thousand one dollar pieces — a present for the boys."

"My veteran friend you served, I suppose, with the Ninth through its term?" I asked.

"You bet! as the bhoys say."

"You must have many things to relate, of your own personal knowledge outside of the histories, that would prove interesting reading," I queried.

"Well, I have. Now, if you will only promise to put them together in shape, as you see by my poor right hand, I can't do a great deal in the writing line, I will promise to do so. By the way, did you read the June number of the *Century Magazine?*" — "No." — "Then you ought to do so if you are interested in what the Ninth went through at Gaines Mills. The story is told by General Fitz John Porter. By the way, the General succeeded William Tecumseh Sherman, who was our

first brigade commander when we (July, 1861) crossed the Potomac and bivouacked in the Arlington woods of General Lee's estate. General Sherman's headquarters were then at Fort Corcoran, named after Col. Michael Corcoran, the chieftain of the gallant Sixty-ninth (Irish) Regiment of New York. General Sherman was almost a nightly visitor at Camp Cass. He and the Colonel were great cronies, and their military ideas flowed pretty much in one channel. When Sherman went to a new command in the West, he wanted Colonel Cass to go with him. The latter agreed to do so, provided his regiment was ordered there. But the authorities at Washington knew a trick, so to speak, worth two of that. The presence of a regiment that even then stood high in reputation, was needed for the defence of the nation's capital's gates. Mind you, this was only a few weeks after the first Battle of Bull Run.

But about General Porter's magazine article I commenced to speak. He does give us the highest praise; he should. We presented the advance of the main Confederate Army from crossing Powhite Creek for about four hours, and gave way only when Jackson was coming down to the Gaines Mills battle in our right rear. We afterwards fought in the afternoon in the woods for about three hours. Both ammunition and nature gave way; but it was after a rebel charge was repulsed. We remained close to the woods, got a fresh supply of ammunition, and then when the whole Sixth Corps and reinforcements were retiring across the Chickahominy bridges, made nine charges under Major-General Morell, our division leader, in a ravine road against the rebel pursuit. Several standard bearers were with us and only a few men to back them. But as agreed, between you and I, more of this anon. I will only say in closing, that it was then, at almost dusk, the heroic Meagher came across the river with his Irish brigade, and promptly sent in beyond us his Eighty-eighth gallant fellows, fresh, vehement and true, who soon cleared the enemy from the track in genuine faugh a ballaugh style, and gave us a chance for a couple of hours' sleep on the bloody field."

EDITOR DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE: — I have written these notes from a conversation with one of the noble veterans of our race in the war for the Union, and believing that your wide circle of readers would be as interested in them almost as much as myself, I write them down from memory for the MAGAZINE.

STUDENT.

LEMONS FOR MALARIA. — Dr. Crudelli, of Rome, gives the following directions for preparing a remedy for malaria, which may be worth trying, as it is said to have proved efficacious when quinine has given no relief: Cut up a lemon peel and pulp, in thin slices, and boil it in a pint and a half of water, until it is reduced to half a pint; strain through a linen cloth, squeezing the remains of the boiled lemon, and set it aside until cold. The entire liquid is taken fasting.

The Employment of Young Women.

UNUSUALLY interesting and agitative at present is the question relative to the employment of young women. What shall we do with our girls? What pursuits shall they select to earn a comfortable, honest livelihood? Stenography, telegraphy, music, the store, the factory. Which of these are most conducive to health, comfort and morality? This is a subject which to-day enlists the attention of the *doctrinaires*, the philanthropic and the humane in a more marked degree than ever before. It is to be regretted that so many young women, actuated by false ideas of gentility, seek employment in the large stores and shops of our great cities, while neglecting opportunities that are better adapted to insure them contentment, health and an adequate recompense for their labors. To be a "saleslady" is the mistaken ideal of many a young girl's dream. And yet, generally speaking, few selections could be more ill-advised. For, aside from the petty tyranny exercised by scores of superintendents, floor-walkers, forewomen, and the small brigade of other officials, there are the long hours, inadequate compensation, constitutional strain, and last, but not least, the danger to good morals which too frequently exists in such establishments. As a rule, the wages paid in these places are meagre in comparison with the amount of work required; but, nevertheless, the girls employed therein must dress not well, merely, but oftentimes extravagantly and beyond their means, if they wish to retain their position. Under such circumstances what can a girl place in bank for emergencies in present or in after life? Little or nothing. "I should think," remarked the writer a few days since, to the proprietor of one of the large stores in this city. "I should think that in the interests of morality alone, you would pay your female help better wages." With an oath, the "gentleman" addressed declared "that they proposed to give their girls as small wages as the latter would work for." And then he added, "If we could get girls to do our work satisfactorily for $1.00 a week we wouldn't pay them more. As for their morality, that is their own concern. Our duty is to make money." Such pagan sentiments, it is feared, are only too frequent among employers of large numbers of young women. But though they thus flippantly disclaim any responsibility on the score of morality for those in their employ, the justice of a living God will, nevertheless, hold them responsible in a measure, for the moral welfare of their employees. In factory life, the conditions are but little, if any, better. Indeed, it is a question as to which is most dangerous, morally speaking, life in a large store, or that in a factory. But whether in the store or factory, the girl, who, when her work is done, lives at home with her parents is to be congratulated upon her escape from the oftentimes degrading influence of the typical boarding-house. Of recent years many new avenues of employment have opened up for young women. The medical profession, for instance, already numbers hundreds of members among the gentler sex. Large numbers of girls have become expert

telegraph operators. Many have acquired a competent knowledge of stenography, or short-hand writing, and earn good wages as private secretaries and the like, while others have devoted themselves to the life of a teacher, or to book-keeping, type-writing and similar employments. Of course, the number of women who enter professional life must always be very small in comparison with the vast numbers who are obliged to earn their living in other ways. The girls who have the eminent good sense to "live out" in respectable families are sometimes sneered at by the sickly, over-worked "saleslady" as "servant girls;" but a little reflection will convince any impartial observer as to which is obliged to perform the hardest and most servile work.

Between the store and the family, a sensible girl who consults her own comfort, health and comparative independence, will not, other things being equal, be deterred from preferring to "live out." While it may be true that some girls are better fitted for store-work than they would be for house duties, it is undeniably true that thousands of girls, who, through false pride, seek employment in stores and factories where they are underpaid, discontented and unhappy, would enjoy better treatment, more real independence and a happier life generally, if they secured positions in good families. Let us look at this point for a moment. Take the girl employed in one of the great stores in Boston or New York: She must report for duty at an early hour every morning throughout the year. She takes her cramped position behind the counter, where she must stand all day, and if her tired limbs prompt her to sit for a moment during the day, the stern eye and black scowl of the floor walker, or other official, promptly brings her, with a half-frightened look, to her feet. Indeed, in some establishments, the girls are positively forbidden to seat themselves at all during business hours. Imagine the injury to a girl's health which must result from thus standing all day long. With the exception of a brief intermission for dinner, she must so stand until evening, waiting on hundreds of people, answering a thousand questions, liable to insulting remarks from any wealthy idler who happens to saunter in, and all without complaining. For "Politeness to customers" is required by the firm. No matter about the poor drudge, for she is supposed to have no sensitiveness, no feeling, no rights, no soul. The firm must make money, must down all rival concerns, must be blazoned forth as "a big house," though the lives of the fair and the innocent be the cost. Take the girl who prefers to "live out" in a private family and how different her lot! Instead of being obliged to respond to the beck and call of twenty insolent bosses as in the stores, she is, generally speaking, subject only to the orders of one — the matron by whom she is engaged. Her duties have a beginning and an ending, and are not interminable. When her work is done for the morning, afternoon, or evening, she has the time practically to herself and can spend it in mental improvement, sociability, sewing for herself, needed exercise, or otherwise, as she pleases. Every week she has at least one half holiday and frequently more. She gets fair wages, good food in abundance, and frequently little extra marks of appreciation. She has ample time to entertain her friends who may call, and altogether she is treated far

more respectfully, considerately and kindly by her employer than she ever would be in store life. Should she be suddenly taken sick, she is tenderly cared for; indeed, on the whole she is happier, and better situated than her sister of the shop. As to the term "Servant" being a badge of disgrace, it is, on the contrary, an honorable mark. We are all servants, rich as well as poor, capitalist as well as laborer, employer and employed. The girl who lives out is no more a servant than the shop girl, sometimes not as much. Does a girl possess a good education, is she well read, is she of a refined temperament? She sacrifices none of those qualities by living out. Good families are abundant and good help is always in demand. Girls, if you decide to choose between the shop and the family, select the latter.

Dead Men's Night — A Breton Legend.

From the French of Jean Rameau, by Th. Xr. K.

I AM going to tell you a story of our place.

There was once a young man named Pierric, who loved a maiden named Lucine. Pierric was ugly, Lucine pretty. But such as he was, Lucine loved Pierric. They were betrothed to each other, and in the coming spring, in the time when the wag-tails follow the plough to pick the worms out of the fresh furrows, people should see Lucine guiding Pierric's oxen,— yes, my good gentlemen,— and Pierric at every furrow kiss the neck of his wife Lucine — yes, my good ladies!

But Pierric was afraid he would not live until then. Lucine's husband! To be, to see, to feel himself Lucine's husband! — And they say that paradise is only for the dead!

Pierric used to go sometime to think of those things alone in the deserted paths, the hollow roads, and mechanically he would squeeze his head between both hands, to keep the thought of his future happiness from taking away his reason.

Now, on All Saints Day, Jacquet, the fine village bell-ringer, came to Pierric.

"Will you take my place until to-morrow, Pierric? he asked. "I have business in the village, where my old mother is sick."

"Indeed I will," said Pierric.

"You know that the bell must be rung all night, so that the dead who are in purgatory won't lack prayers."

"Yes, Jacquet."

"Very well, here is the key of the belfry."

Pierric took the big, rusty key, which he put in his pocket.

Indeed, he well knew that the bell should be rung all night. The dead might be forgotten by their living relatives during that night, and, lacking their prayers, have to writhe another year in flames.

And Pierric remembered the dreadful legend which all mothers teach their children, which the old men still repeat at the fireside on All Saints Night before beginning the night prayer aloud:

"Once a bell-ringer fell asleep that night. When he awoke, he found a tall, black dead man ringing in his place.

"'Dead man, for whom are you ringing that knell?' cried the man in affright, rising up.

"'For you,' the dead man replied in mournful tones.

"And the guilty ringer died on the spot."

* * * * * * * * * *

The belfry was an old, round tower, with a flat roof. Its walls were crumbling away, and there was hardly any more of it left standing than could be held up by an immense, deep-rooted ivy, with heavily entangled branches.

At the vesper hour Pierric stationed himself in the tower and began to ring. At the first stroke, he trembled in every limb; for, — no doubt, the legend was to blame,— he seemed to hear, not the tinkling of a metal which he had struck, but the wild voices of a thousand dead men crying at once.

Vespers ended; night was falling. Pierric rang on. Now, while the bell's slow notes were falling one by one through the gloom, behold, about ten o'clock he thought he heard a plaintive cry uprising from outside. He looked eagerly through the window. Nothing broke the monotony of the dark sky, nothing but a red gleam in the horizon, foretelling the coming rising of the moon.

Pierric began to ring again.

But another cry more distinct sent a shudder through him. Was it a dream? He thought he heard Lucine's voice. Between two strokes of the bell, he went to the window.

Still nothing.

He was about to return to his post heaving a sigh of relief, when suddenly a window was lighted up, and from it came a third cry:

"Pierric!"

It was indeed Pierric who was called.

"Pierric!"

And the young man suddenly saw in the luminous frame of the lighted window the shadow of Lucine clasped in the arms of another shadow.

* * * * * * * * * *

Pierric in his tower could not help uttering a cry of rage.

He looked for a moment at the huge, round bell above his head, still swinging as though the breath of some spirit of darkness had lightly touched its surface. He rang two strokes, one after the other, two loud strokes, which made the whole skeleton of the belfry tremble, then rushed towards the stairway to Lucine's assistance. Lucine was in danger. What were the suffering souls of the dead to Pierric?

As he descended, the weakening vibrations of the forsaken bell gradually died away. Soon, it was only an indistinct murmur, then a little, sonorous breathing, then, nothing. Then, Pierric frightened by the silence, stopped short.

"I was dreaming," he said; "it is the devil who puts those ideas into my mind to keep me from ringing the bell; for sure, Lucine is sleeping quietly at this hour."

And he began to re-ascend the steps, his heart filled with pain.

Again, he began to ring, striving to drive the temptation away

which was urging him to return to the village — to think of the dear dead ones of his family, his father, his old grandmother, and his little sister who had died at six years of age.

But another sound, the sound of a door closing violently, was heard in the sleep-wrapped village. Pierric, distracted, left the bell, and saw below, in the red glare of the moon Lucine fleeing.

He gave a leap as though he would have sprung from the window. Some one was pursuing Lucine — Jacquet.

* * * * * * * * * *

Poor Pierric thought he would die on the spot.

Without ceasing to ring, he began to shout, to shout with all his strength.

Alas! his voice gave no echo, being borne away by the night wind.

Yet, at the foot of the tower, despairing cries were ascending at intervals. And each time Pierric forsook the bell and ran towards the winding stairs. But each time, too, when the last vibration of the forsaken bell died away, a mysterious power made him reascend the steps and return to his post.

Oh! what a martyrdom he endured,— poor Pierric,— a martyrdom like that of the suffering souls whom he wanted to save.

Then he fell on his knees, and asked God for wild favors — ringing all the while — to see his dead father, to ask his permission to descend. Oh! it was excruciating torture.

Suddenly, on the very stairs, this time a last cry was heard, a heart-rending cry from the lips of the dying Lucine: —

"Pierric!"

Pierric made a leap and down the steps, irresistibly this time, he sped.

He found Lucine dying, lying against a wall.

Jacquet had fled, but before doing so, as he could not carry the maiden with him, he had stabbed her — Lucine, pretty Lucine, whose neck in the coming spring Pierre was to kiss at every furrow — yes, my good ladies.

Pierric roared like a madman. He took Lucine's body in his arms and tried to carry the corpse up beneath the silent bell.

"Oh! the dead are forsaking me," cried Pierric in choking tones. "What! not one of them will come and restore her to life!"

His temples were throbbing, his filmy eyes could not see the way. As he reached the last step, his foot struck against a crumbled stone. He stumbled with his dear burden, and his head struck the wall. He fell with fractured skull beside his loved dead one.

But behold, before he closed his eyes forever, Pierric saw a strange thing.

As in the legend, some one was there, ringing in Pierric's place. But it was not a tall, black death man, no! It was an angel, all in white, with two beautiful, spreading wings, and two pink feet which rested on nothing. The angel was ringing a glad carol.

"Beautiful, white angel, whose wedding are you ringing there?" Pierric asked with dying voice.

"The wedding of Pierric and Lucine in heaven!" replied the angel — if I am to believe the story of our place.

The Advance Towards Home Rule.

MR. T. M. HEALY, M. P., contributes an article to the September number of the *Contemporary Review* on "The Advance towards Home Rule." He says: Twelve years ago when Mr. Butt put forward his plea for Home Rule it was met by one set of English politicians with a blank refusal, and by another more diplomatic with the excuse, "We do not understand what Home Rule means. Bring in your bill and then we shall see." The refusal of the Tories, and the evasive diplomacy of the Whigs produced no discouragement in the minds of the Irish people. They had been accustomed to see the most moderate reforms denied for generations, and it had become proverbial in Ireland that no attention should be paid to the "nevers" of English statesmen whose cries of "no surrender" on every demand from Emancipation to the "Three Fs" form one of the stock subjects of mockery in popular assemblies. So the Home Rule agitation went on unabated; but the leaders of the movement declined to reduce their demand to bill form, on the ground that it would be time enough to do this when its justice was admitted in principle. Mr. Parnell followed Mr. Butt in refusing to give his opponents the pleasure of picking holes in the details of a scheme so long as both Liberals and Conservatives declared Home Rule to be impossible, and though some Englishmen seemed to regard this attitude as irritating, its practical wisdom is unimpeachable. Mr. Parnell's party have not formally argued the merits of Home Rule very frequently, yet many persons will now concede that even for England it would have its conveniences. Englishmen may not admire the way in which the Irish have conducted operations to bring about this result; but for practical purposes such admiration is unnecessary. An admission of their efficacy is the sweetest applause which those concerned look for, and it is even notable how lightly British condemnations are treated by modern Irish politicians. While, therefore, it is evident that leading men are beginning to cultivate an open mind on the subject, as yet their views do not appear to have taken definite shape. It would be unwise to overrate the value of mere declarations of anxiety on their part to come to some terms of settlement with Ireland. Such expressions, though gratifying, are vague, and, as yet, only one important politician dropping mere phrases has descended to particulars. That a statesman of the rank of Mr. Chamberlain should feel it necessary to approach the subject constructively rather than critically, and propose, instead of asking for the details of a plan, shows at all events that we have advanced a long way from the Butt epoch. The amiable gentlemen who started the Home Rule movement used to be bullied and laughed at for demanding something, which, it used to be said, with exquisite sarcasm, he could not explain, and no one could understand. Indeed, as a rule, could it not be said that the opponents of Irish demands prefer to treat them funnily in the earlier stages, causing the dense-headed Celt who has to put up with a certain reputation for humor to crack a great many grim, unrelishable jokes

to gain his ends, and prove that he may sometimes be a very serious person. In Mr. Butt's day the whole Liberal Party declared in chorus that they could not understand Home Rule, but not one of them appeared to think there could be any statesmanship in trying to devise a plan for themselves which might be alike acceptable to England and to Ireland. The leader of the movement of 1873 would probably have jumped with delight, could Mr. Chamberlain's proposals of 1885 have been tendered for his acceptance. But it is just this dozen years interval that makes all the difference. If the rulers of Ireland prefer, by spurning every suggestion for the accommodation of the Anglo-Irish difficulty, to raise public passion to molten heat, they must take the consequences. Irish politicians wash their hands of them, and treat with disdain the remonstrant whine of those virtuous obstructors of reform, who, while denouncing "turbulence," "sedition," and "rebellion," are themselves the fanners and strokers of the fiercest fires of agitation. Twelve years ago it was the A B C of British politics that the Act of Union irrevocably and eternally settled the relations of England and Ireland; and if to-day there is a change, who will say, it is due to the effect of logic, or the claims of justice? A few persons, of course, seem to have the echo of this parrot-cry still lingering in their ears; but they are principally newspaper editors, who make it a rule never either to die or surrender. Bating this unapproachable caste, many of those who were formerly bitterest in their opposition to the Irish demand, would, perhaps, be just as glad, if the record of their earlier opinions were not so easily ascertainable, and from the publication of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme, the "coming on disposition" of another set of politicians may be inferred. As to the merits of the proposals of the radical leader, it is due to him at the outset to admit that he must have had very great difficulties in putting forward any definite plan; for, not to speak of the prejudices of a section of the British electorate, already alarmed, perhaps, by his so-called "socialistic" theories, there was the obstacle that in trying to supply details he had very little assistance to derive from the accumulated materials of discarded schemes, which, on most other subjects, cumber the lumber rooms of the House of Commons. Mr. Chamberlain seems to have addressed himself to his difficult task, and after dealing with the question of county boards, he boldly puts forward as a competitor to Grattan's Parliament the idea of a "National Council" exercising all the powers now vested in private bill committees of the House of Commons. It has been correctly stated that a proposal of this kind was contained in the original draft of the Elective Councils Bill of 1883. The clause creating a central council, however, was struck out when a "proof" was submitted to the Irish Party, and it was never sanctioned by them, although the first draft saw the light in some of the Dublin newspapers. Nor is it uninstructive to note that although this scheme, plus county boards, is now put forward by Mr. Chamberlain within a fortnight after quitting office as a settlement of the Irish difficulty, the much more modest Elective Councils Bill of 1883 was energetically opposed and defeated by the government of which he was so influential a member. The cold daylight which

streams on all debatable questions from the opposition benches, has, however, illuminated duller eyes than those of radical statesmen, and it is more important now to consider why his proposals must fail to satisfy the Irish people. The first observation the dullest Irishman would make on them is, that if Englishmen are willing to grant a measure of Home Rule to Ireland, they need not begrudge the concession to native sentiment of calling the new legislation a "Parliament" instead of a "council." Let them keep their councils for Fiji, or some islands of yesterday, we'll none of them. Having learnt to speak the English language we surely may have leave to employ it as royally as our neighbors. Again, the suggestion that this council is to be "liable to be brought to book in the high court for exceeding its functions," is so intolerable that it would not even be discussed by Irish representatives, unless Mr. Chamberlain means the tribunal to be one modelled on the supreme courts of the United States to take cognizance of purely unconstitutional infringements. But he surely does not forget that the Supreme Federal Court also takes cognizance of the acts of Congress, and does he propose that an Irish suitor might similarly bring the Imperial Parliament "to book" for an infringement of the prerogatives of his National Council? In the same spirit is the proposal that this body "should have its power of rating strictly defined and limited," and, without further criticising the scheme, it will be seen that the conception of a sovereign chamber controlling purely Irish affairs has not so far entered into the calculations of Mr. Chamberlain. Yet he calmly suggests, as if all the declarations which so many generations of Irishmen have made were the feelings of children, that once his scheme got into operation the impressionable Celts would abandon the dream of a native parliament. This splendid British phlegm, which treats no Irishman except a dynamiter as a serious person, would be an admirable endowment in a radical leader if the National Party were an entirely helpless body of gall-lacking politicians. But as things are, I, as one of them, take leave to say, that when the cry of Grattan's Parliament is heard no more, it will not be because it has been silenced by the establishment of a "National Council."

A Premonition.

THE Mass sung at the funeral of the late lamented Father McDonald, was the "*Missa Pro Defunctis*" (Gregorian), transcribed from the official Ratisbon Graduale, and was selected by the deceased some six months before his death. There is every reason to believe, also, that Father McDonald had in mind when the selection was made the idea that he was effecting a choice with regard to himself and his own funeral; and in this matter a very touching circumstance grew out. Six months ago the late Rev. Father called to his residence his faithful friend, Walter Dignam, who for many years has had charge of

the music at St. Ann's Church, and expressed the wish that he would procure, without further delay, a Requiem Mass to be used upon a special occasion, if one should chance suddenly to arise. He made no reference to himself, but his conversation and manner impressed his visitor, more forcibly than words can tell, that the beloved Father was in a quiet and indirect way providing a portion of his own funeral service. A Mass was recommended by Mr. Dignam and approved by Father McDonald, and it was purchased. But so sorrowful had become the feelings of the old organist and director that he had not the heart to have it rehearsed, and the five copies bought were placed away, and were not looked at afterwards until two weeks ago, when the Rev. Father again called his friend to his side, and asked him why the Mass was not being rehearsed. Mr. Dignam made an evasive reply, and left more depressed than ever with the thought that, nearly six months ago, had suggested itself to him. But the rehearsals so frequently urged upon him were not held until he had passed away. Adding this circumstance to others, it seems almost a certainty that Father McDonald apprehended his early death, and was in some ways preparing for it.

Vice-President Hendricks in Behalf of Ireland.

A LARGE meeting of citizens was held in Indianapolis, Ind., to indorse Mr. Parnell in his present political career respecting Ireland. Hon. John E. Lamb, of Terre Haute, presided, and speeches were made by Vice-President Hendricks and by Mayor McMaster, of that city. Resolutions were adopted of sympathy and encouragement with Mr. Parnell and the Irish Party. Vice-President Hendricks spoke as follows: —

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FELLOW-CITIZENS: Always, whatever may be her condition, Ireland will find devoted and steadfast friends in the United States. Some years ago, I was called upon to attend a meeting of another nationality. When the war was pending between France and Prussia, the Germans of this city held a very large and interesting meeting to express their sympathy in the course of Germany in that controversy. I felt it right thus to participate in that meeting, because the sons of Germany were deeply interested in the contest. This is no contest between navies or between armies for the establishment of good government in Ireland, and very specially do I enjoy participating and joining with you, Irishmen and Irish women, in expressing the sentiments you express on this occasion. What shall be the government of Ireland? For many years it has not been a controverted question that Ireland has been dealt hardly by. It is known the world over that Ireland, from the days of Henry I. until this hour, has not had fair play from Great Britain. On the contrary, she has been denied the rights of equal citizenship, and been despoiled of her lands. Every Irishman here to-night, every Irishman in America, is a protest

against the bad government of England toward Ireland. How is it that you are here, having left almost the most beautiful land in the world? Perhaps no part of this world is more attractive than Ireland. And yet you left Ireland. You are here because you could not get good government in Ireland. Forty-five years ago the population of the "Green Isle" was nine millions of people — a large population for a region of country only

The Size of Indiana.

To-day, after the lapse of forty-five years, that population is only five millions, a loss in less than half a century of four millions of people. Almost an entire half of the entire population has gone from Ireland. I know the famine of 1848 had much to do with this, but bad government and cruelties by their landlords have done more than famine or pestilence to depopulate the beautiful isle. I would say it is a serious matter when a man or woman chooses to leave the home that has been the home of ancestors for many centuries; and when, on account of bad government, unjust laws, and a cruel system of tenantry there has been driven away almost half of the population, the question "What is to be done?" comes up. It can not remain always this way. The landlord who draws the rent cannot always enjoy it in Paris and London. He must have part in the fortunes of the people of the country, or quit. It cannot always be that the people of Ireland are to be oppressed. I think the day of tyranny in every form is to pass away, and that the day is soon to come when all men will be blest with good government and just laws. It is well enough for you and me to understand just what the political contest in Ireland is. I chanced to pay a visit to the House of Commons a few years ago, and heard this cause. Mr. Parnell, then as now, was the leader, and held that, in respect to her domestic affairs, Ireland should have the right to make her own laws. There are, this fall, one hundred members of parliament to be elected from Ireland, and Mr. Parnell expects that of this number, his cause will carry eighty or eighty-five, so that when parliament meets there will be of true, tried, and reliable

Friends of Ireland

at least eighty members. They will go to parliament for the purpose of assisting the right of local self-government for Ireland. What a beautiful system that will be! They get it from you Irishmen in America. Here, as I said, is Indiana, about the same size as Ireland; differing not more in extent than half of Marion County, with a population not more than half as large as Ireland. We here would allow no man to speak of taking from us the right and power of local self-government. We recognize the right and power of the general government; but what affects you and me, and the people of Indiana with us, is, that Indiana makes her own laws. The mission of the men to be sent from Ireland to parliament is to have for Ireland what we Indianians enjoy; to claim the right to make her own laws. Simply because we can regulate our own affairs better than any one else can regulate them for us, so Irishmen on their own soil, for that simple

reason, must be the legislators for Ireland. This was the great argument first asserted in this country. One hundred years has established the fact that local self-government, with respect to local affairs, is the true system of government in this world.

The great trouble in Ireland, to-day, is the land. Where there is trouble with the land in any country, the trouble is exceedingly great. Much has been done in Ireland to make better the condition of the tenants; but the land trouble still exists, and it must be regulated as we regulate such matters in Indiana — by legislators from the soil. No question can arise between landlord and tenant in Indiana that is by our legislator. So Ireland must have

Local Self-Government.

Who in Indiana would trust to any other State in the legislation for her schools, in the building up of her industries? So, according to Mr. Parnell, not only the agricultural classes, but the mechanics, the people of the cities and towns, must live, and when Ireland becomes clothed with the right and power of local self-government, these matters will be cared for. That is a doctrine so plainly expressed, and so powerful in its application to human interests, that it will never stop; it will go on. It is not reasonable that in London the relation of the landlord and the tenant in Ireland shall be fixed. It is against reason and justice that such a practice should permanently prevail. When the men to be elected by the friends of Ireland come to parliament it will be to say as one man, "Local self-government in Ireland." You are asked to help in this election. There is to be no mistake made at this election. There will be no shams, no frauds. Ireland is tremendously in earnest. Before any man is nominated he is given a written pledge to sit and vote and act with the numbers representing Ireland and favorable to Ireland's cause. Mr. Parnell is a very great leader, and I believe he is going to lead his countrymen to triumph and success.

It is proper that I should say to you that the friends of your countrymen in Ireland rely upon the differences between the two great English parties; the whig and tory, or the radical and liberal. Not greatly different are they in numbers and force, and Mr. Parnell relies upon this; and if Ireland is thoroughly united in the struggle between the two English parties, Ireland will be placed where she ought to be in her political relations with the world. Each party seeking strength from the Irish vote will help to place Ireland where she has

The Right to Stand.

I think this cause will go further than has been mentioned. It will result in just what we have in Indiana — a written constitution. Ah! that is what I hope to see. Ireland to be governed by a written constitution in which the parliament will be restricted as our legislature is by the constitution of the State. Will it not be a grand sight, when in the city of Dublin, there will meet a constitutional convention to form a constitution for Ireland? I observe Mr. Parnell favors only one

branch, one parliament body. He is afraid of a house of lords, perhaps; but he could have, as we have here, a senate in its stead, and thus be saved from errors and faults of legislation. I do not know of anything that would give me greater pleasure than to attend that constitutional convention in Dublin. [Great cheering.] I want to live until that time. Let us come back to the great question which lies at the foundation of government — the question of the right of the people to make their own laws, and that no other power has a right to make laws for them. You remember where we stood one hundred years back. You remember in the Declaration of Independence we asserted the right of men to govern themselves. That is the great foundation idea of America, and is now being applied in Ireland, a cause to which you are to give your sympathy and support; the right of man to govern himself and to abolish laws that are inimical to his welfare. In hope that principle was asserted at Bunker Hill, and in glorious triumph it was proclaimed at Yorktown. [Great applause.]

The Following Cablegram

was forwarded to Mr. Parnell after the close of the meeting: —

Hon. Charles Stewart Parnell, Dublin: At an immense mass-meeting held here to-night, addressed by Hon. Thomas A. Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States, resolutions were adopted endorsing your address of August 22, and pledging our aid, moral and financial.

JOHN E. LAMB, *Chairman.*

John Bull Excited Over the Speech.

That the tone of the Indianapolis meeting, and of Mr. Hendricks' speech, has not been pleasing to the anti-Irish element in England, is evident from the following cable dispatch.

"LONDON, September 9. — Considerable surprise and regret has been occasioned here at the tone of Vice-President Hendricks' speech at Indianapolis, siding with Mr. Parnell in the latter's issue with England. It is urged by British politicians that owing to his position he ought to have taken a neutral stand."

MOUNT CARMEL IN AUSTRALIA.— His Eminence Cardinal Moran, has consented to the transplanting of the Carmelite nuns of Angoulême, in France, to the Archdiocese of Sydney. This is a literal fulfilment of the prophecy of the seraphic Mother, St. Teresa, who declared that the Carmelites would go to the furthest bounds of the earth. When the good nuns reach Australia they will enjoy the double consolation of feeling that they will be the daughters of a new Prince of the Church, and the completion of the supernatural wishes of their foundress and reformer. The first Mother Superior of the new congregation is Mother Mary of the Cross. We wish her and her religious God speed.

Dead Man's Island.

THE STORY OF AN IRISH COUNTRY TOWN.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

CHAPTER XI.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

It had been with a strange sinking of the heart that Mat on the first day after his arrival in Ballybay had asked his mother about Mary Flaherty. For the first time in their conversation he had paused when he came to mention her name; and for a few seconds he had waited with a terrible clutch at his heart, when he asked if she, too, had gone into a convent.

His mother had looked at him with a strange, searching, frigid look when he mentioned this name; and she paused before she replied.

"No," she said, "she's just come home from the convent; I haven't heard that she's going into a convent. There were reasons why she shouldn't," she added, with something like a sneer in her voice that made Mat fiercely angry.

"There were reasons?" he said.

"Yes," said Mrs. Blake. "Her father — you know the kind of a man Tom Flaherty is — did not pay up for the last year she was at school; and, of course, she could not be admitted as a nun; not that I have heard that she had any idea of becoming one."

"Where do they live?" asked Mat. "In the same old place," said Mrs. Blake.

Mat almost trembled when he came to the street where those well remembered figures lived. The door itself was his first unpleasant surprise. To his recollection it had appeared as the one neat, well-kept, and tastefully painted door in all Ballybay; now how shabby and mean it looked! The elderly and slatternly servant who answered to his knock was quite in keeping.

When Tom Flaherty appeared from the kitchen, a clay pipe in his hand, Mat could scarcely recognize him. When Mat had last seen him, Flaherty was still erect, broad-chested, and with fire in his eye. Now, his shoulders seemed to have bent in; he was evidently unsteady about the knees; there was permanent redness about the nose, and the eye was weak and watery. He gave Mat that peculiar look with which so many Irish provincials regard a stranger — a look in which one sees curiosity, a detailed estimation, and finally a certain calculation as to what purpose you can be put. When Mat announced himself, Flaherty's whole face changed its expression so completely that one might have imagined him a different man. The lines softened, and there was real geniality in the smile. He dragged Mat into the parlor, called his wife and daughter, and immediately ordered glasses

and took out a decanter. Mat was a fanatically abstemious young man; he was disgusted beyond words when Flaherty poured out for him almost half a tumbler of whiskey; and it was with much difficulty that he could save himself from the fiery stuff.

Meantime Mrs. Flaherty and Mary had come in, Mary with a face that grew scarlet the moment she caught sight of Mat. She was, indeed, as pretty as he had expected; her long, black, thick locks were still in curls, her cheeks rosy, and she had at once the robust figure of her father, and the soft brown eyes of her mother. Mat was delighted, though his face became almost sullen — which to those who knew him was an invariable sign of his being particularly pleased, as in woman an appearance of anger often indicates the presence of love. He prepared at once for a lively and an interesting conversation. He asked Mary what she thought of the two candidates.

She looked at him with almost a puzzled air, and at last with a slight shrug of her shoulders, said, "Oh, I don't know."

"The *Freeman's Journal*," went on Mat, who on his side was a little put about, and could only speak of subjects with which he was acquainted, "says Crowe is an imposter."

"Ah, Mat," here intervened Mrs. Flaherty, "Mary never reads the papers; what have poor women to do with politics?"

This, then, was the first unpleasant discovery Mat made with regard to his former sweetheart; she never read a newspaper, and, as he found out later, she did not know the names of half a dozen of the prominent political men of her country.

Conversation naturally began to flag, and Mrs. Flaherty asked Mary to play a tune on the piano. The girl hesitated and blushed; and when she went to the piano, Mat could see that she was trembling all over. She played, and played badly, "The Maiden's Prayer." When asked to play something else, she said she had not practised for a long time — not indeed since she had left school. The mention of school suggested to Mat, who was a great student, a topic upon which conversation might launch itself largely and boldly.

"You were at St. Mary's, Seabay?"

This was the name of a convent in a town close by, which had a high reputation for teaching in several counties round.

Then Mat asked her what books she had read in English History

"Magnall's Questions," was the answer.

Was that the only book she had read on the subject?

"Oh, no; she had read all of Miss Strickland's 'Lives of the Queens of England.'"

Mat tried another subject.

"I suppose you were taught French?"

"Oh, yes; I read three books of 'Telemachus.'"

That was enough for Mat; and he turned to Flaherty himself.

But Flaherty had in the meantime been helping himself rather freely to the whiskey.

The mother and daughter fortunately at this moment left the room. This it will be remembered was Mat's second day in Ballybay, when he was still fresh under the impressions of all his disillusions. He turned almost savagely to Flaherty, and hissed out —

"It seems to me that the people of Ballybay show their sense by poisoning themselves and everybody else with whiskey."

"Ah, the crachures!" was Flaherty's only reply. "Ah, the crachures!"

But the days passed on; then Mat took an interest in the election contest. The harshness of his cynicism had been softened, and he came again and again to the house of the Flahertys. He never could learn to wholly tolerate Flaherty; but his old affection for Mrs. Flaherty came back, especially as the poor creature was plainly in the last stages of consumption; and his love for Mary, which had never wavered for a moment during the years of separation, was changed only in the sense that it had been transformed from the tranquil affection of childhood, into the warm passion of his early manhood. The old house in Queen Street, to which the Flahertys had moved a short time before Mat had left Ballybay, began once more to be suffused with the same imaginative colors as in his childish days when he used to come up and ask Mary to go down to the Big Meadows. He remembered well how, the first day after the Flahertys had changed to their new house, he had gone up to see Mary, and how he found the shop, barred, bolted and dark; and how through the window he thought he saw the black curls and the rosy cheeks and the deep, large, brown eyes of Mary looking out at him.

Mat, too, found a change coming over his way of looking at things in Ballybay. It is, indeed, the fatal effect of Ireland — whether the result be climatic or what I don't know — but it is the fatal effect of Ireland that a very short residence in the country, suffices to make one fall insensibly into its most careless and easiest and slipshod ways; that there steals over one something of the careless, devil-may-care spirit of the people around. Thomas Davis speaks of the breeze of Ireland, soft as mother's milk. It has certainly a balminess that produces on the mind and body something of the effect one might find in the land where the dust of the lotos impregnates the air. Then, though Mat's nature was not sensual, and nothing could induce him to sink into a dreamy slothfulness, Mat was in love, and but twenty-one; and he would have been more than human — and he was very human — if this fact did not lend a soft glow and an infiniteness to even the dark and narrow horizon of Ballybay.

He began to make the discovery which has to be made with most Irish girls reared in a country town. When first Irish girls present themselves to a stranger, they have the ready giggle, the quick and causeless blush, the silly small talk that are associated with the bread-and-butter period of a girl's early school days. Then they have all a conventional manner, a strange affectation and a dread monotony, that suggests the idea of sameness, of silliness and emptiness. But the thick crust of shyness once removed, and the wit and brightness, and perchance the profound depths of affection may be discovered; though it is rarely indeed, that the training in absolute dependence, which Irish mothers deem to be imposed by good manners, religion, and the eternal fitness of things, leaves in them any spirit of self-dependence and strength.

Mary had, under the influence of Mat, begun to take an interest in politics, and especially in the contest then going forward in Ballybay; and Mat was delighted to find the depth of intelligence that was hidden under the quiet face of this girl. Then, too, as their intercourse became once more free and unconstrained, she displayed a bright spirit of fun; and Mat, who hadn't a particle of vanity in all his composition, was more delighted than anybody else when the shafts of her humor were directed against himself. But what especially won him to the girl was the tender affectionateness, the strange softness, the complete self-forgetfulness of her nature. The illness of her mother gave her an opportunity for the full display of these qualities.

One night Mat happened to call late, and was told that Mary had gone to bed. Mrs. Flaherty, however, insisted on seeing him. When he was going out he happened to look into the next room; there he saw Mary sitting bolt upright in a chair; and so he heard she sat every night, when her mother thought she had gone to bed — sleepless, untiring, watchful; ready at the least noise to rush into the sick room of her mother. But the attitude of Mary to her father was more puzzling to Mat. With that curious spirit of toleration with which the air of Ballybay was impregnating him, he found that he was not so ready to swear against Flaherty as when first he came to the town; but still he was nothing better than an idle, worthless, self-indulgent sot. But to Mary he seemed still clothed in all the glory of his early and brilliant manhood! She ran after him like a dog; watched his every look; either would not see or smiled tolerantly on his every weakness. If he coughed she grew pale; she brushed his clothes every morning herself; and — but that in Ballybay manifestation of affection was forbidden by a rigorous and relentless custom — she would have kissed him every time he said a kind word to her.

Mat was not sharp or experienced enough to know what were her feelings to himself. After the embarrassment of their first few days she was as easy and unconstrained in his presence as if she were his sister. Nor did even her mother know anything about the state of her heart. There was a period when Mat had to make an excursion to a neighboring town to take part in an election; and there was a whole week during which he never came to the house. But Mary was as gay during this period as when he came daily; and her mother, though she watched the girl closely, could not detect a single sign of grief, or even of a sense of want. But if she could have looked into her daughter's room as she sat there through the long hours of the night, she would have been able to trace on that face, which was impassive or bright with gaiety during the day, the fast passing shadows of hopes and blushes, of terrors and tears.

CHAPTER XII.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

And now I have an opportunity which I would gladly embrace, of relieving the sombreness of a dark picture. My two young people are in love; in Ballybay there runs a glorious river; and moonlight walks

by its banks, the exchange of tender vows, the thrill of wild embraces, would form some relief to the history of squalid poverty and baffled struggle. But this story must be true — pitilessly true — and there were no such scenes between Mary and Mat, nor between any others of the young people in this town. My picture of Ballybay will be entirely false if the reader does not understand that the prevalent — the only atmosphere of the place — was spectral joylessness.

In Ballybay there was a system of etiquette between the two sexes as strict as that in France. There was no instance known of two young people of the better classes walking alone, and there were few instances indeed in which they ever walked in a party. There were, now and then, picnics under the auspices of the Catholic Young Men's Societies, which had come into existence about this time; but the Catholic Young Men's Societies — like so many other enterprises in Ireland — had come to an untimely end after a few years of life, at least in Ballybay, and the town resumed the stony isolation in which all people and all classes were divided from one another. Indeed Ballybay, hating most things with all the malignant venom of its small and shrunken soul, hated love, perhaps, more than any other. There were a couple of young men in the town who were devoted to the fair sex, they had come either from Dublin or from England, but the town loved not these strangers and their ways. They were regarded either as effeminate or as frivolous; and Ballybay was too grim a place to have any love for frivolity.

Throughout their life, then — except in the days of their unconscious childhood — Mat and Mary were never out alone but once; that occasion will come many years after the period to which their story has now reached, and it will not be a joyous one. But in Ballybay young blood is warm, and imagination strong in brains as yet undulled by the hopelessness of Ballybay's eternal war with poverty; and Mat and Mary had their hours of rapture. The principal scene of these was the chapel. It will be understood at once that Mary and Mat were both entitled to go to the "Grand Gallery," for they belonged to the shopkeepers, and the shopkeepers were the main occupants of the "Grand Gallery." Ballybay had a tolerably good choir and a fine organ, and under its spell many a weary soul found momentary comfort; and the rapture of disembodied joy came to many a young heart. Then there were occasions when the dullest mind was elevated, and the sorest heart relieved by the ceremonies in the chapel. This was on the first of the month, when there was Benediction with all its solemn and moving accompaniments, with its congregation hushed into awed stillness, or murmuring their prayers in fervent whispers, and, above all, with a sublime impersonation of sanctity, lingering awhile on earth before its flight to its natural home in heaven, in the person of the venerable Bishop of Ballybay.

The fame of the bishop had spread far beyond the town; throughout all Ireland he stood first in the reverence and affection of the people as the most saintly of the bishops. And his face and whole air suggested unfathomable depths of tenderness and purity in the saintly soul within. His hair was silvery white; he had a bend in his

shoulders, such as we see in the pictures of the saints as they kneel in adoration before the Cross or the Blessed Virgin; and there was about his face an air of piety, so rapt and so etherial, that in fancy, many of the Ballybay people saw the aureole of the saint already hovering around his beautiful head. The "Great Dan" was fond of applying epithets, especially to his supporters; he had called Dr. MacDonald the "Seraph of Ballybay," and as "The Seraph" he had since been universally known. The love for this man was the strongest and the best thing in Ballybay. It was increased by a vague apprehension which occasionally sent a thrill of horror through the town. "The Seraph" was now very old — 77, and the time could not be far distant when he would be released from the vile imprisonment of the flesh, and his pure soul could be free to fly to its natural refuge in the skies. He had often declared that of all the towns in his diocese, Ballybay was the one nearest his heart, and that in Ballybay, accordingly, he would wish to die and to be buried. But there was a neighboring town where there was still a good market, and many wealthy graziers around, and an annual and popular fair; and this town — Rosscahir by name — had declared that the bishop belonged to it, and that rather than allow his remains to lie in Ballybay or anywhere else, every man in Rosscahir would die; and Rosscahir was known to mean what it said.

Looking down, then on "The Seraph" and listening to the music, Mat and Mary often floated away in unconscious reveries on their future, which, in absolute ignorance of each others thoughts, they were insensibly weaving together. Mat was modest in his self-estimate, but he had already done something in emancipating himself from the thraldom of the small life of Ballybay; to be a reporter on a Liverpool paper was, in the eyes of all around him, to have already reached a dizzy height on the ladder of fame and fortune, and he will not be blamed if he dreamed his dream of wealth and reputation. And the dream will be the more excused for this fact, that, amid all, there ran a central thought, giving it purpose and sanctity; the thought of dragging his father and mother from their dread Slough of Despond, and of giving years of happiness to Mary's father, and perhaps even to her poor sad and sick mother.

"The best bank *on* earth," Mat remembered hearing his father say often when he was a child, "is a bank *of* earth."

Mat resolved that when he was rich he would buy his father a farm, and there let the old man, with his plough and his prayers, enjoy the tranquillity of mind and rapture of soul that were, perhaps, unknown to the Pagan heart of Cincinnatus.

This dream of giving the happiness and tranquillity of comfort to parents worn out with unrewarded toil and ever-baffled struggle, is the vision that lends dignity and pathos to much of Irish life.

And what thought Mary in those reveries in the Grand Gallery? If Mat underrated his own powers, it was not so with his girl. He was really a man of brilliant abilities; and she, too, though she scarcely knew it, was a very clever girl. She knew that, if he got the opportunity, Mat had in him the makings of a great public man; and already

she knew, too, better than anybody could tell — and nobody had ever told her, — how much of Crowe's thunder had been borrowed from Mat's ready wit; how much of the success of the struggle was due to the ceaseless activity and ingenious resources of the young reporter. Perhaps some day, said Mary to herself, Mat would also come to Ballybay as its candidate; and people would be saying of him as they said of Crowe — that he was the hope of poor old Ireland. It would be a necessary consequence of this, of course, that Mary Flaherty would be in a very different position from that of the penniless daughter of a drunken and bankrupt Ballybay shopkeeper; but I can aver that no such thought ever entered her heart; in that devoted nature there was no room for one thought of self. But she did think of her father; and she saw him, happy and free from debt and care, and with his glass of punch steaming every night before him — for poor Mary, though like most of the ladies of Ballybay, she had scarcely ever tasted a drop of any form of stimulant, had the usual laxity of Ballybay women on the great temperance question, and the rights of the superior being — man; and it was as much a part of her unquestioned faith as that of her poor little mother, that men required, and that men ought to have, as much whiskey as they chose.

So the lovers dreamed on at Mass on Sundays. Mat would occasionally dream on a week-day. The contest of Crowe had come now to be fixed up with his own hopes and prospects. If Crowe were returned Mat would go to London — would perhaps get into the Reporter's Gallery — an Olympian height of success that almost dazzled him even in contemplation. Mary and he would then get married; the farm would be bought for old Mat Blake, and something would be done for poor Tom Flaherty; Betty Cunningham would come to London with them as a servant — for Mat would have regarded a household not entirely Irish as intolerable; "and then," he would say with a smile to himself, repeating the invariable ending to the stories he used to hear long ago from Betty Cunningham —

> "Put down the kettle and make tay
> And if they don't live happy, that you and I may."

Mat must have been a pleasant sight as he walked along by the "Big Meadows" one morning, thinking of all these things. Under the influence of the bright, clear frost and the strong sunshine, his hopes rose higher and higher. The political struggle in which he was engaged mingled freely with his own passion and interests; the love lent softness to the fierceness of the struggle, and the struggle lent earnestness and purpose to the love. He walked with an erect head; there was a pleasant little smile on his face; and the dark luminousness of his eyes was replaced by a bright, playful, tender light. Suddenly he heard "Ahoodge!" He was too absorbed for a moment to notice particularly; and again he heard "Ahoodge!" It is impossible by any combination of letters in the English tongue to convey the softness, the caressing and melodious sweetness of this Gaelic term of endearment. It is like the unintelligible love of the young mother to her still dumb child. He looked; and he saw two hungry eyes looking up

at his. The phrase but indicated the emotion of the speaker; Mat almost shuddered; he heard the cry of a rent soul.

It was the widow Cunningham.

She was, indeed, changed from the prosperous, "sonsie," tidy woman he had known when her daughter represented to him the sweetest and tenderest thing in all the world. She was a mass of rags rather than of clothes. A torn and dirty dress but half covered a still more torn and dirty red petticoat; and the petticoat barely reached the knee. Her feet were in a pair of drisheens — footless stockings. A dirty red handkerchief was on her head. Her face might be said to be almost invisible from the deep, frequent wrinkles that lined it all over; and through all this looked out those strange and powerful eyes, with their old hungry, eager look. Amid all this degradation, physical and social, the soul was still there — loving, hating, sorrowing.

"Ahoodge," she said for the third time, and to Mat's ear it brought strange memory of his earliest years, when the same sound dropped in playful lisp from the lips of this woman's daughter.

He was about to speak, but she suddenly walked hurriedly away without another word. Then she disappeared around a corner, and a few moments afterwards, as he followed her, he stopped with a fierce pain in his heart that made his cheeks grow red. She was about to speak to Cosgrave, and the voice that had just been softened to a maternal coo, was heard. The old *pose* of dignity had given way to a whining stoop, and he heard her say, "Then won't your honor give a poor widow woman the price of a cup of tay; I've some nice oranges to-day."

She apparently did not know, from her stoop, who it was she spoke to when first she approached Cosgrave. But when he told her to go about her business, the voice seemed at once to reveal to her the identity of the man. She looked up suddenly with a glare in her eye, and then she went off with a scowl and a curse.

Mat made some inquiries, and he found that of late the widow and her daughter had taken to selling apples and oranges. In the coldest as well as the warmest weather, in rain and hail and snow, he found these poor creatures were accustomed to go around Ballybay with their miserable baskets, often with hunger visible in their eyes, and at night, wet, dirty, and ragged, they returned to the railway arch.

This news was sufficient to dash Mat's spirits for this day, but it was not the only thing that happened to recall him from visions to the dread realities of Ballybay.

His mother, when he returned home from his walk this morning, had something in her air that told him she intended to say something to him.

"Mat," she said, "I found that letter in one of your pockets. Is it yours?"

Mat grew scarlet.

"Mother," he said, "I wish you would not interfere with my pockets. You have no right to do it."

"I am older than you," she said, "and I have a right to keep you from doing wrong."

"I am not going to do wrong," he said, still hot. And there was something more than anger, too, in the fierce blush upon his face. It meant the shyness of youth at the discovery of its secret. The letter was one of the many which he had written but never sent to Mary; and it was full of strong affection.

"Give me the letter, mother," he said.

The hard, mocking, grim look in his mother's eyes burned into his soul; and his vision faded and melted, until he felt as if he had been plunged from a land of warm summer into an Arctic Ocean.

She gave him the letter, and he put it in his pocket. He had thus conquered apparently; but it was a pyrrhic victory. His spirit was already shaken, at the beginning of the struggle.

"Mary Flaherty," said his mother, "hasn't a penny in the world. If her drunken father were to die to-morrow, there would not be enough money in the house to pay his debts."

"I know that, mother; but there are worse things than poverty."

"No," said his mother; "there's nothing in all this world so hard as poverty. You would be better able to pronounce an opinion on that if you had known what poverty is."

"But, mother, I am young and strong, and have good prospects."

"Yes, Mat; I have heard you say that many times for the last seven years — since ever you left home."

Mat thought this was a cruel and unjust blow; for surely his mother had no right to complain of him after all the privation and self-abnegation he had endured for her sake; and he was silent.

She saw her mistake, and went on:

"I know, Mat, you have been a good son to your father," — it was part of her practice to always separate herself from her husband. She felt that she was too strong an individuality to be — consciously at least — dependent on anybody for support. Her husband, on the contrary, she regarded as a weak and helpless creature, who required assistance from the whole world; and hard and loveless as she was, her strong sense of duty and the profound conviction which she shared with all the women of Ballybay, of the unquestioning fealty which a wife owed to her husband, made the demands for his protection a sacred duty for her to fight for. "I know you have been a good son to your father, Mat; and I hope your going to continue so; if you are, you must give up this folly."

"What folly, mother? Mary would make a good wife to any man."

"She certainly thinks so herself," said Mrs. Blake; "she's in plenty of hurry to make the experiment."

Mat was hurt to the quick by this sneer, and looked at his mother with a glance of dumb pain. But though his mother loved him, there was no pity in her eyes for the wound she had caused. A wave of despair came over Mat's soul; he saw in the stony glare of his mother's look that he was dealing with convictions impenetrable as the rock, and he almost whispered to himself, with a shudder as resistless as destiny.

But he had not the least notion of giving in, and where was ever

the lover that was kept by tact or any other cause from defence of his mistress?

"Mary is a tender, affectionate girl," said Mat; "no man could be unhappy with her."

"Oh! she's tender and affectionate enough with you," replied his mother. "She's had enough of poverty to know that she must be tender if she wants to catch a man, and especially if he be a soft young fool."

Mat went no further. An intriguing, selfish, dishonest woman! that's what Mary appeared to his mother; and though he loathed the image with fierce hatred, he saw it was graven on the hard mind of his mother; and he knew her character too well to imagine that it ever could be changed.

"Why don't you look after Annie Galvin?" said Mat's mother, "she's a nice girl I'm sure, and would make a good wife, none of your high-fliers, but a good, industrious, sensible woman. And she has a good fortune."

Mat looked at his mother to see whether she was joking or in earnest. Annie Galvin was forty years of age; had inherited a large farm from her father, and had worked it herself. She was a coarse, honest, hard-working, dull woman, with a face like a saucer, and a figure like a sack of potatoes.

Mrs. Blake saw the look, and she answered it. The phrase was hatefully familiar to Mat from his very childhood; it seemed to sum up his whole life, and the life of every boy he knew in Ballybay.

"Beggars," said Mrs. Blake, "can't be choosers."

Then Mrs. Blake went over to her work-box. This work-box exercised a strange fascination over Mat; it seemed so like a view of his mother's own life. It had still some remains of its former splendor and purposes. Though the white wadding came through, there were still bits of red silk here and there. There was a coquettish little glass, such as a young girl might love to look at; it was at once shabby and dainty, the symbol of youth's joyous hopes and age's sad realities; it was the place where Mrs. Blake kept her pawn-tickets and her bank bills.

CHAPTER XIII.

ARIGIDH SHEESH ("MONEY DOWN").

It seemed as if the work of disillusion, having begun with Mat's personal feelings, would extend to his political hopes. Mat Blake was about to learn the lesson which many Irishmen have to learn on returning to their country. His political faith was robust, as will have been seen, without question as to its righteousness, without fear as to its consequences, passionate, self-sacrificing and relentless. He was sure that the same feeling would be found among all the people of Ballybay. If in a strange land and among strangers his anger was so bitter against the enemies of Ireland, and his hatred so intense for them, and how much more violent ought these passions to be in the people who had never left Ireland, and who saw her daily martyrdom.

His own home had given him the first chapter in the terrible lesson that slavery can benumb the senses of the slave to his servitude. As days passed, and he had an opportunity of learning more of the real feelings of the people of Ballybay, the first dread impression began to deepen, and the contrast grew to the width of an abyss between his imagination of what the feelings of Ballybay ought to be and what they really were. To him the story of Ireland at that moment was a tragedy of unprecedented depths of suffering, to the people around he began to see there was nothing so very much the matter. They were poor, hopeless, in daily battle and daily defeat with poverty, but they never cared to ask themselves the cause, or if they guessed the cause they had lost all hope in the power of removing it. Their misery was a narcotic, not a stimulant.

"Musha," said Betty Cunningham to him one day during one of the talks that had now become habitual between them, "God is good."

And as he heard these words, he looked across to a corner, and he saw a number of the "botheen boys" standing around. Their faces were bloated; most of them had black eyes; their hands were stuck into depths as unfathomable as those in the trousers of the Marquis of Hartington; and they had that odious slouch of the shoulders which makes any Irishman fond of his country swear — or, perchance, weep.

"But we must change all that," said Mat. "When we have good men in Parliament we'll have our own again, and then we can make Ireland happy and prosperous."

"Ah, honey!" said Betty, "you're young and innocent — kind for you — for your poor father was always the innocent slob o' a man. But I'm ould enough to remember '43, whin Dan towld us we were goin' to have Repale and everybody was to be happy and comfortable in poor ould Ireland. But the hunger kem, and then the faiver, and we didn't get Repale; and Dan died himself 'o a broken heart." Then she paused, and looked at him with a wistful glance, and added, "Ah! thim Inglish are a bad, cruel lot, they've killed ivery good man Ireland iver had, and they'll kill you to if you thrust them." And then she went away with her basket of apples.

It was not long before Mat learned another and a darker side to the contest on which he had entered.

(MONEY DOWN.)

While he was entangling the contest in Ballybay with his dreams for his own happiness, and the resurrection of his country, Ballybay itself was viewing the question with its characteristic good sense. The great question which disturbed its sleep, and filled its conversation was this: Was the money right?

Crowe certainly spoke big enough. But the shrewd men of Ballybay were not to be taken in by talk. Crowe then began to speak bigger than ever.

"Captain Ponsby," he said in a speech one day, "though if he be a captain, he belongs to the feather bed corps" — loud laughter from the crowd, which regarded this as marvellous wit — "Captain Ponsby and his friends are giving out that I have no money. I tell Captain Ponsby that he knows nothing of the resources of a man like me. I

have fought my way through life myself; my victories have been gained on the fields of Mars, and not in those of Venus," this was an allusion to the fact that Captain Ponsby owed the greater part of his income to a wealthy English wife, "and I tell Captain Ponsby, and Captain Ponsby's friends, and all whom it may concern, that I have as much money as would buy him and all his beggarly family out and out."

Wild cheers greeted this declaration; but the statement was known to be an audacious lie to several of the "politeeshens." Of these "politeeshens" the most notable at this period was Mat Fleming, the shoemaker, at whose house the "politeeshens" gathered in the days when the papers were foretelling the death of Sir Patrick O'Halloran. Mat was a Protestant, and there was no social intercourse between his family and those of the Catholics of the town. The five splendid daughters walked behind him and his wife without a male companion. Between them and the Catholic young men of the town there had never passed a word. But Mat mixed freely with his Catholic fellow-townsmen, and was a great favorite amongst them. He, poor man, was without a particle of religious or any other bigotry, and he believed in the gospel of Ballybay with a faith that had something of the singleness and the devotion of fanaticism.

"I'm a Protestant," Mat Fleming used to say, "and my father was a Protestant before me, and his father was a Protestant before him; but Protestant and Catholic's all the same to me at an election, and the man I like to see Mimber for Ballybay is the man that laves the money in the town." The phrase was often quoted, and did much to increase Mat's already great popularity in Ballybay.

Well, Mat Fleming knew more about Crowe than almost any other man in the town. Crowe had come to him one day in the thick of the election.

"Mat," he said in his usual "Hail-fellow-well-met" style, "Mat, I'm in a little fix, and I want you to get me out of it. I got the half of a five pound note yesterday morning, and the d——d fool forgot to send the other half. Lend me the money till to-morrow."

"You'll be sure to give it to me then?"

"Oh, I declare to God I will." Appeals to the Deity were very common in the conversation of Crowe.

But when the next day came Crowe did not pay back the money, and Mat Fleming, making inquiries among the other "politeeshens," discovered that he had played exactly the same trick with Jim Doolin, the apothecary.

Mat went indignant to Crowe's committee rooms to reproach him with the trick. He knew Crowe so little as to imagine that he would have appeared somewhat abashed. Crowe looked at him steadily in the face, and Mat quailed before the fierce glare of those audacious eyes.

"I have come, Mr. Crowe," he stammered, "about that little matter."

"What little matter?" said Crowe, appearing to burst with rage. "Here's your d——d £5 note, and here's another to follow it, and

there are twenty more to follow it, if necessary," and with that he shook a bundle of notes in Mat's face.

Mat took the note and slunk away with a sheepish face. He at once went to Doolin and found that he also had been paid, and at once the "politeeshens" veered again to the side of Crowe. The question had been answered satisfactorily. The money *was* right.

There had been a curious and passionate scene in Crowe's room the night before he thus paid his debts. Crowe had a brother, almost the very opposite of himself in every respect—timid, gentle, scrupulous, but attached to his daring and gifted brother with the fanatical love that is characteristic of the family affections in Ireland. He had come down to Ballybay to help his brother in his election; and his visits between Ballybay and Dublin were frequent. On the night before the incident just described, Crowe had been seen at the railway station, waiting with that feverishness of look and manner which he was unable to suppress; and the moment his brother arrived he took him on a car and drove to the hotel.

"Have you the money?" he said at last in a horse whisper, when they were alone.

"I could only raise £100," said his brother, stammering and pale.

Accustomed as he was to the vagaries and passions of this strange, mysterious being, the younger brother was astonished at the effect which this announcement had upon Crowe. He threw himself upon the ground in an agony of rage, cursed, tore his hair, and cried, "I'm ruined! I'm ruined! d—— them, I'm ruined!"

But the fit passed away in groans and hysteric sobs. Crowe rose from the ground, brushed his clothes, washed his face, took a brandy and soda, and in a few minutes more was haranguing the crowd, and making that very speech about the comparative resources of himself and Captain Ponsby which has been already quoted. But he himself alone knew the tortures which he suffered during the next few days. There were numberless judgments against him, and the bailiffs were at that moment in possession of his house in Dublin. At that period bankruptcy was the social and professional death of either a legal or political man. Crowe felt that the hosts of his enemies were advancing irresistibly against him, and that the many foes he had everywhere made were about to have their hour of big revenge; and he saw nothing for himself but outlawry, shame, perhaps the gaol; for some of his transactions had stood on that dangerous and debatable ground between sharp practice and legal theft.

Meanwhile the appetite of Ballybay grew keener as the days went on. In the case of Captain Ponsby there could be no doubt about the money. Already several of his agents had received instalments in advance, which opened up brilliant prospects of almost incredible gain in the future. Translated into plainer language this means that several of them had got sums varying from £10 to £20, with promises to raise these instalments to £40, £50, and in one or two select cases to even £100; and to Ballybay that meant a Pactolian stream indeed.

The nightly debauches at Crowe's Hotel still went on, and the

"politeeshens" assembled there every evening. They ate as many meals as they could get; they drank oceans of whiskey; they swore ten thousand oaths of fidelity; but — but — Crowe always knew that there was in their eye the same greedy, anxious, relentless question, "Was the money right?"

He was not a man of any delicacy of feeling or loftiness of aim, and he did not sicken at this exhibition of the degradation to which servitude and poverty had brought the public life of his country. But he had violent and selfish passions; every penny taken by these men from him he regarded as robbery; their doubts he resented as treason. In short he loathed every one of them; but he still called them Pat, or Jimmy, or Mick; and he gave them as much whiskey as they could swallow.

Mat went once or twice to the symposium of the evening, but that was as often as he could stand. He had nothing to do with the dirtier part of Crowe's canvass; it sickened him too much. But he could not help knowing what was going on; and when he heard day after day of what this man said and what that man asked, there came over him that strange sense that often overcomes, and dazes, and appals the thoughtful Irishman.

The whole middle class of the country appeared to him seized and enraged by unsatisfied passions; by a hunger like unto that of famished tigers; a thirst that oceans could only chafe. As, standing on the beautiful bridge over the Shannon in Ballybay, he looked one night at the low clouds on a black, lowering, and narrow horizon, he thought in a passion of sadness and despairing grief that this was typical of the condition of his country.

There rushed before his imagination the main features of the life of Ballybay; its streets with their big, empty shops or tall ruins; its markets, spectral memorials of the teeming, chattering, busy crowds that once filled them; its young men without employment or prospects or hope, and with that hideous look of disappointed hope, of spirits grown weary, of raging but baffled activity; its old men with that sardonic smile, and that suspicious and watchful eye that perpetually asked how far you could guess their squalid purposes; the young girls with their wild capacity for love, or for the keen struggles of intellect, fashioned down all to that mould of shame-faced silence, of helpless expectancy, of colorless, blighted, mean existence.

Then, looking again at the cold, cheerless, narrow horizon, his townspeople seemed to him as though they were a mighty soul, struggling and bound in a Nessus shirt that fretted and held and prisoned them; thin, impassable, but with the grip of death. It was no wonder, he reflected with a weary sigh, that such conditions should give keenness to evil appetites, and rank growth to the worst and vilest desires; and he no longer blamed his people. But all the same it was terrible, this eternal hope of some petty gain, this perpetual demand for some favor, this loathsome calculation in every eye, this perpetual sense of the Ballybay *bourgeoisie* as of a pack of famished wolves confined in a pit, hungry to seize, to rend a reputation, or a fortune, or a soul.

And then he knew there was another side to all this meanness

and earthiness; and as he was thinking this, he lapsed into a sort of waking dream, for the mellow though thin notes of the convent bell were rising on the evening air, and their slow and regular rise and fall produced a strange impression of remoteness always on his mind. It was a wail and an appeal; a wail over the sorrow of earth, an appeal to look to another world beyond. But both its sorrow and its appeal had something thin and spectral about them. There was no hot anger in the one, nor joyous exultation in the other. In short, it was like Ballybay, bloodless, nerveless, tremulous.

Under the influence of this bell the whole place gradually lost its substantiality, and melted into a dream of some town in a land of unhealthy dreams, peopled by ghosts with the mournful bloodlessness of the spectres in the Elysian Fields of the ancients. As Mat was thus in his pallid day-dream, the men and women began to pass before him in a group — silent, subdued, spectral. He passed along with them, and went into the church. And then he heard their voices raised in the sad, monotonous, though apparently unconscious wail, as the priest gave out the words of the "Hail, Holy Queen!"

"Hail, Holy Queen! Mother of Mercy! Our Life! Our Sweetness! and our Hope!" so the hymn ran. "To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve; to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears." To the philosophers of other lands the pessimism of such a creed might appear worthy of mockery; but to Mat it seemed the fitting wail of the agony of a dying nation.

He looked around the church. There was a hushed stillness about the place, broken only by the murmur of prayer; many breasts were beating, and eyes were either bent on the ground or lifted fervently to the altar in appeal to a Deity listening and near. There was his poor old father, with his beads in his hands, a soft gravity in his face, a beautiful concentration in those blue-grey eyes that were to Mat the softest and sweetest eyes in all the world except those of Mary's, and as the son looked at the father, he thanked God that Heaven had left to Ireland, amid all its wreckage, such simple and tender and elevated hearts. A little away was Mary herself, with something of the same rapt look as that in his father's face, and above them all, kneeling at the side of the altar, was the holy face of the "Seraph of Ballybay." The whole scene seemed a strange contrast to the tumult and brutality and vice of the mad contest without.

But the contest was going on all the same, and the congregation could hear borne in on the evening air, the wild shouts of the "botheen boys" as a procession of Crowe's was passing through the street outside.

The service was over, and Mat went out, and in a few minutes he was in front of Crowe's hotel, and was trying to push his way through the drunken and howling mob; and in a few more minutes he was inside the committee rooms and in the midst of the group of "politeeshens." He heard pass from one to the other a number of observations; he saw nods and smiles. Yes, he knew what it all meant; they were asking the same hideous question which had tortured and suffocated him ever since he had come back to Ballybay.

Was the money right? Was the money right?

Song of Agathon.

CHRISTIANIZED FROM ARISTOPHANES.

"Out of our evil seek to bring forth good." — *Milton.*

I.

THRO' all the noonday city silence reign!
No sound of voice be heard, or rushing feet;
Within the poet's walls the Muses' train
Hold court in Agathon's house beside the street.

II.

Breathless ye winds, your surly blasts withhold;
Be hushed blue billows on the soundless shore;
Tribes of the restless wing your pinions fold;
Ye woodland monsters wake nor rage nor roar!

III.

Our sweet-voiced lord doth deftly weave the lay,
With many a braided wreath of form and hue;
Strength, wisdom, beauty, lend an equal ray,
And passion bathes it in Parnassian dew.

IV.

Around our Lady's shrine, fair lilies stand;
Fair virgins, lilies white of human kind;
A glowing lamp held in each white-gloved hand,
Rejoice with voice and light and loveliness combined.

V.

Sing her the brightness of day's golden noon,
Praise her in song, the glory of the stars;
Pure, white, light fountain of the gladdening moon,
Whose house of pearl is fenced with golden bars.

VI.

She tends the lambs beside the mountain streams,
She teaches roses bloom and lilies blow,
She fends harsh danger from her dear one's dreams,
And wards away the terror of night and snow.

VII.

Praise her in Spring with joy of copse and field,
In Summer sweet with glory of glad flowers;
Autumn is proud for corn and vintage yield,
And Winter hath repose in cosy bowers;
For wine, and bread of joy and strength give praise,
Mortals with gifts, and poets with heavenly lays.

8th September, 1885. J. KEEGAN.

*Summa Philosophica.**

THERE exists in many minds at the present day a strong feeling, not to say prejudice against compendiums of all kinds. The very name of compendium is odious to some. To them it represents the noble work of great minds squeezed and cramped by some one of inferior talent, anxious either to make money or a name, or else to impart just so much information on the matter in hand as will enable smatterers to swagger by the side of learned men as if they understood the subject quite as well. And there is some foundation for this feeling. The intellectual world is of late endeavoring to run at a rate that will outvie the steady progress made of old in the same proportion as the locomotive outvies the lumbering stage coach of our grandfathers' days. Yet there is a medium in all things. If we object to smatterers, as we decidedly do, if we smile or grow indignant at attempts to hew out royal roads to difficult branches of learning, we quite as decidedly fail to see why any subject should be made more difficult of acquisition than of its nature it is, or why any man should be made to struggle through ways made briary and tortuous *propter agonem intellectus*, when his object is to arrive at his destination as soon as possible. Compendiums and summas have their places, and there are some subjects — and one of them is philosophy — in the study of which we hold it be the greatest blessing for a man to get his hands on a good compendium. So many minds, great and small, have in the course of centuries been at work on the problems of philosophy, the mass of what has been written has accumulated to such an extent, proportion of parts and perspective have been so far lost sight of, as to render metaphysical studies far more formidable than they need be, and to confuse and overwhelm minds that had else been most successful. Hence we believe that a writer who will offer a really good compendium of philosophy to the young or to beginners in this noblest of human sciences, is a true benefactor to them. We have been careful to say a really good compendium, for, as the author of the work before us remarks, many or most of the compendiums extant either consist merely of selected passages from larger works, or are on the other hand little better than indexes. A really good compendium will give in its own way a complete *course* of philosophy, bringing into prominence and bold relief what of its nature is prominent and fundamental, claiming for minor points only minor importance, and omitting altogether such ulterior deductions as only minds already trained are capable of grappling with. We believe such a work to be the very best that can be put into the hands of a beginner, however much time he may be able to afford to the study of philosophy. Nothing is easier than to pass on to fuller treatises. An additional and invincible argument is, however, supplied in favor of such a work if the time

* *Summa Philosophica juxta Scholasticorum.* Principia, complectens Logicam et Metaphysicam. Auctore P. Nicolas Russo, S. J. In Bostoniensi Collegio Philosophiæ Lectore. Boston: Noonan & Co.

allotted to the study of philosophy be limited to a single year, as in the case of those for whom Father Russo has primarily written. A vast amount of solid and clear information may be gathered in a single year by the ordinary student under a sensible professor and with a compendium such as we have spoken of, while with one of the larger treatises, and only a year in which to master it, the student is not unlikely to acquire such a distaste for the whole subject as will last him for the term of his natural life.

We have carefully examined Father Russo's work, and we are glad to find that it tallies with our ideas of a good compendium. Indeed, it almost makes us regret that we have not still to begin the study of philosophy. Father Russo, while thoroughly scholastic and Thomistic, has contrived to give each question its due prominence, and to omit or pass over lightly those subtleties with which the name of scholastic is not unusually associated. We can, therefore, very confidently and sincerely recommend Father Russo's *Summa* to such as wish to become acquainted with the outline of Catholic philosophy, and to obtain an accurate knowledge of its leading questions. Much more can we recommend it to those for whose advantage it was written, those who can devote but a single year to philosophy.

London Tablet.

"Have Pity on Me, at Least You, My Friends."

THE thought for Catholics during the month of November is, it is a holy and a wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins. We should pray without ceasing for the poor suffering souls at all seasons; but we ought to pray with redoubled earnestness all this month, which is dedicated with the approval of the Church to prayers for the dead. Our prayers have now greater efficacy, when our voices are joined with voices of millions of the friends of God throughout the earth, calling upon Him to be mindful of His mercies, and when a holy violence of importunity, which He has promised shall prevail with Him, is offered to secure the release of our departed fellow-members from their painful prison, and their admission to the place of refreshment, light and peace.

It is certain that we can help the souls in purgatory; it is certain that we have a binding duty to help them. The law of charity, the love of God and our neighbors, is the great first law of religion comprising all others. We are bound to share our goods with our brother who is in need, for if we love not our brother in truth and deed, we cannot love God, nor keep His commandments, nor escape the punishment of transgressors. We are bound even to risk our life to save our brother; we are bound even to lay down our life, if need be, to save the soul of our brother from utter and hopeless loss. Our brethren who are in purgatory are in the sorest need. Their suffering is intense and hopeless, so far as they do anything towards their own

relief. They call upon us in the most piteous accents to help them. Have pity on me, at least you, my friends, have pity on me. It is a father, mother, brother, sister, who calls; perhaps it is the voice of a bosom friend; it is the voice of some one in dire distress calling on us by name. Surely, if the law of charity ever binds, it must be binding in such a case as this. Our friends are in flames, and the door of the house where they are confined is locked, and we have the key. And the key is prayer. Pray, therefore, for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins. Have Masses said for your friends, by all means.

The Caroline Islands,

ABOUT which so much fuss has been made by Spain, and almost involves a war with Germany, are a remarkable group of coral formations in the Northern Pacific. They are, perhaps, of no great strategic importance, since they lie on the road to nowhere in particular; but, from the point of view of the archæologist, they are interesting in the extreme. Certain Dutch navigators, who visited them nearly a generation ago, returned to Europe with wonderful stories concerning the gigantic ruins that had been discovered on some of the smaller islets at the eastern end of the archipelago; but it was not until 1883, that anything approaching to a systematic survey of the group was undertaken. In that year Her Majesty's ship *Espiegle* touched at many of the islands, and those officers who went ashore found that the magnificence of the remains had not been exaggerated.

The most imposing ruins are at Metalanim Harbor, in Ponape, and at Chabrol Harbor, in Kusaie, and an idea of their grandeur may be formed from the fact that some of the stones of the buildings measure as much as thirty-five feet long by twenty feet broad and fifteen feet thick. They are ornamented with rude sculptures, which bear a family resemblance to the well-known sculptures of Easter Island, in the Southern Pacific; yet Easter Island and the Carolines are fully six thousand miles apart, and, so far as is discoverable, there has never been any communication between them. The object and origin of the monuments are alike unknown. The Caroline group, which was discovered by Spain in 1526, has hitherto, even by German geographers, been regarded as a Spanish possession, although for years there have been no Spanish residents on any of the islands. The extent of the land surface of the group is rather more than three hundred square miles, and the estimated population is about 22,000 souls, all of whom are of the Malay race.

A LARGE brain is better than a small foot.

Manchester Martyrs: A Bloody Page of History.

EARLY before daybreak, 11th November, 1867, the police in Oak Street, Manchester, England, attempted to arrest four broad-shouldered, muscular men, loitering suspiciously about a clothes dealer's shop, hearing them drop remarks that would indicate the plotting of an illegal enterprise. Two escaped. The others were found to have loaded revolvers, and gave the names of Martin Williams and John Whyte. Both claimed American citizenship; Whyte said he was a hatter living on his means; Williams, that he was a bookbinder out of work. They were about to be imprisoned for a few days under the vagrancy act, when a detective officer applied for a remand, stating, he believed they were Fenians. His application was granted, and soon Williams was found to be really Colonel Thomas J. Kelly, and Whyte to be Captain Deasey. Great score was set upon Kelly, he having personally supervised Stevens' escape, and being a representative man in the Fenian Brotherhood. But on trial a second time, in the police office, Wednesday, 18th September, they were identified by the chief inspector of the Manchester detective force. They were put into the police van (Black Maria) along with a boy, aged twelve, being brought to a reformatory, and three women convicted of misdemeanors. The two Fenians were the only ones handcuffed and locked in separate compartments.

In consequence of a telegram from Dublin Castle and another from London Home Office, precautions were taken to prevent a liberation. Two policemen sat on the box seat, two on the step behind, Sergeant Charles Brett inside the van, and four others followed after in a cab. At 3.30 P. M., the van set out for the borough jail, Salford, two miles distant. At the railway arch, Hyde-road, Bellevue, half-way between the two places, the driver was stopped by a pistol aimed at his head by a determined man. Thirty others leaped over the wall, some holding pistols, others revolvers. The driver tried to push through. A shot fired at him did not wound him but tumbled him down in a fright, and one of the horses was shot through the neck. The police incontinently fled. The rescuers immediately began to smash the van with axes, hatchets, hammers and crowbars. The police returned, reinforced by a mob. Then an attempt was made to prevent a rescue. But a ring of Fenians, with loaded pistols, kept back the anti-rescuers — especially after firing a few shots in the air. Sergeant Brett, who had the keys inside, was summoned to give them up. The next minute he fell. A shot fired into the keyhole to break the lock to pieces had struck him in the temple. A second demand being made, one of the women took the keys out of his pocket, and handed them out through the ventilator. The door was opened, and Brett fell to the ground weltering in his blood. A pale-faced young man, wearing a light overcoat, a blue tie, and a tall, brown hat, entered the van and unlocked the compartment in which were Kelly and Deasey. He took the former by the arm, and hurried him across the road, over the wall,

and into the brick-yard beyond, while others did the same for Deasey. The work being done, the rescuers scattered. Some were overtaken and treated with savage ferocity by the cowardly English mob. The young man who opened the door was knocked down by a brick, then brutally kicked and stoned, and the Englishman who cried "Shame!" was himself assaulted. Police, military, detectives, telegraph — all to no avail. Kelly and Deasey escaped. Brett never recovered consciousness, and died in two hours afterwards at the hospital. Before morning sixty Irish were in jail. Many were discharged, but on Thursday, September 25, no less than twenty-eight were brought up for committal before Mr. Fowler, R. M., and a bench of other magistrates. The prisoners were tried in chains, though the whole building was filled with police and soldiery. Mr. Jones, senior counsel for the defence, after vainly protesting against this outrage, threw down his brief and left the court. Mr. Cottingham, junior counsel, also protested. The end was the men were committed to stand their trial for "Wilful murder."

On Monday, October 28, Allan, Larkin, O'Brien, Maguire and Shore (Edward O'Meagher Condon), were placed on trial in the Manchester assize court. Condon's history is well known. Michael O'Brien (alias Michael Gould) was born near Ballycomada, county Cork. His family were flung out of a large farm in the same parish in 1856. He was apprenticed to a draper in Youghal, and having served his time, became assistant in a leading drapery establishment of Cork. He crossed over to America and joined the Federal army during the Civil War, attaining the rank of Lieutenant. After his regiment was disbanded he returned and again became assistant in a large commercial establishment in Cork, where he remained until the night before the Fenian rising, then disappearing only to re-appear when arrested for participation in the Manchester rescue. Michael Larkin was born in Lunemagh, in the south-western corner of King's County. His father was a tradesman, who gave his son a good English education, and then taught him his business. Until '58 he was employed at Parsonstown. Then he went to England, married, and lived there until '67, returning to receive his dying father's blessing. Going back to England, he was shortly after arrested for participation in the great rescue. After the usual amount of false swearing, and an hour and twenty minutes' discussion by the jury, the prisoners were found "guilty!" on the evening of Friday, 1st of November. The witness swore that Allan had fired the fatal shot. He himself, in the spirited address he delivered, said, "I positively say, in the presence of the Almighty and ever-living God, that I am innocent, ay, as innocent as any man in this court. Larkin declared that he went to the rescue to aid in it, but without pistols, revolvers, or any other deadly weapons. O'Brien denounced Charles Francis Adams' neglect of his duty, and denounced the barbarity of the English government. Maguire denounced all the witnesses against him as perjurers, and solemnly protested his perfect innocence of the crime imputed to him. Condon wound up a magnificent speech with the now historic cry, "God save Ireland!" which was defiantly re-echoed by his comrades. "Justice"

Mellor passed sentence and pronounced the verdict a proper one — the result of "a full, patient, and impartial investigation." And this was the sentence: "The sentence is, that you, and each of you, be taken hence to the place whence you came, and thence to a place of execution, and that you be there hanged by the neck until you shall be dead, and that your bodies be afterwards buried within the precincts of the prison wherein you were last confined after your respective convictions; and may God, in His infinite mercy, have mercy upon you."

Thirty or forty reporters, members of the metropolitan and provincial press, then signed a petition for the pardon of Thomas Maguire, and on the 21st November a pardon was granted. Then Condon was reprieved. At eight o'clock Saturday morning, 23d November, 1867, Allan, Larkin and O'Brien, were hanged. They died as Christians.

Allan, Larkin and O'Brien: "God save Ireland."

Air — "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

High upon the gallows tree
Swung the noble-hearted three,
  By the vengeful tyrant stricken in their gloom;
But they met him face to face,
With the courage of their race,
  And they went with souls undaunted to their doom.
God save Ireland! cried the heroes,
God save Ireland! cried they all,
  Whether on the scaffold high
  Or the battlefield we die,
O! What matter when for Erin dear we fall!

Girt around with cruel foes,
Still their spirits proudly rose,
  As they thought of those who loved them far and near;
Of the millions true and brave,
O'er the ocean's swelling wave,
  And the friends in holy Ireland ever dear.
God save Ireland! cried they proudly,
God save Ireland! cried they all,
  Whether on the scaffold high
  Or the battlefield we die,
O! What matter when for Erin dear we fall!

Climbed they up the rugged stair,
Rung their voices out in prayer,
  Then with England's fatal cord around them cast;
Close beneath the gallows tree,
Kissed like brothers lovingly,
  True to Faith and Home and Freedom to the last.
God save Ireland! prayed they loudly,
God save Ireland! prayed they all,
  Whether on the scaffold high
  Or the battlefield we die,
O! What matter when for Erin dear we fall!

Never till the latest day
Shall the memory pass away,
  Of the gallant lives thus given for our land;
But on the cause must go,
Through joy, or weal, or woe,
  Till we've made our isle a nation free and grand.

God save Ireland! say we proudly,
God save Ireland! say we all,
Whether on the scaffold high
Or the battlefield we die,
O! What matter if for Erin dear we fall!"

Parnell.

THE eyes of the civilized world are turned to the Irish Tribune. His pronunciamento in Dublin taken in connection with the occasion on which it was delivered, may well be described as inaugurating a new era in British politics. The Irish leader has informed his countrymen and the people of Great Britain that in the new Parliament — in which he not unreasonably expects to have about eighty-five followers — the great work on which the Irish National Party will concentrate its marvellous energy will be the restoration to Ireland of her native Parliament. In order to ensure unity of purpose and action he has drawn up for signature by the Nationalist candidates a formal pledge to sit, act, and vote with the Irish Parliamentary Party, and to resign their seats at once if a majority of the party decide at any time that they have been unfaithful in their promise. Upon this fresh political warpath Mr. Parnell and his lieutenants enter with the courage and confidence of men whose past struggles have been rewarded with an amount of success in which it is natural for them to discern an augury of future triumph for the cause that they have espoused. The member for Cork is confident that the two English parties will vie with each other in attempting to settle the Irish question. There may be a slight variation in the terms offered by each party; but he believes that the settlement proposed by the Conservatives will be as valuable and important as that put forward by the Liberals. He is apparently indifferent as to the result of the general election in Great Britain, for he says exultingly: "We are in this position, that, no matter which of the English side wins, we are bound to win."

And what will be the functions and the powers of the Irish Parliament, supposing Mr. Parnell to succeed in obtaining its re-establishment? On this point Mr. Parnell speaks with characteristic candor. "We shall require our new Parliament," he says, "to do those things which we have been asking the British Parliament to do for us. We shall require them to develop the Healy Clause of the Land Act, to abolish evictions, landlord oppression, and rackrenting, to make every tenant farmer the owner of his holding upon fair terms. We shall require that power to do this shall be given to our Parliament, we shall require our new Parliament to secure to the laborers a share in the heritage of the land and comfortable houses. We shall require our own Parliament to build up the industries of Ireland, to see that not only the agricultural laborers, but that the artisans, the workingmen, and the mechanics of the towns shall be enabled to live; to afford

profitable employment, to look after the educational interests of the youth of Ireland, and to train them up in the way they should go, both from a religious and a national point of view."

Such is the programme with which Mr. Parnell, at the head of an energetic and united following of nearly ninety members, will confront the new Parliament. In many political circles in England the prospect thus opened up is viewed with alarm; in all it is regarded with uneasiness.

The *London Tablet* heartily admires the bold stand lately taken by Mr. Parnell. In the course of a leader on "The Irish Future" the *Tablet* "finds it difficult after reading his latest utterances to resist paying an impulsive tribute of admiration to the high qualities which Mr. Parnell has displayed all through his long struggle, his triumphs, and his many disappointments. Nor, continues the writer, "do we think that his words can fairly be charged with exaggeration when he spoke in warmest praise of the men who have worked with him so long and so well, and been from first to last 'so generous to their leader, and so loyal to each other.' An isolated handful of men in a House which viewed them with distrust and dislike, they have won results quite out of proportion to their strength. And it is precisely those who have realized most clearly the momentous change which has been worked in Ireland during the life of the present Parliament, and know how completely the whole face of its society has been altered, who will be the first to recognize the wonderful fearlessness and energy and faithfulness and utter disregard for every good opinion, but the good opinion of the people they served, which have characterized the Irish Parliamentary party."

A Colored Man Who Spoke Irish.

THE Hon. Benjamin J. Webb, the historian of Catholicity in Kentucky, says:—The principal families of this colony were the Flahertys, the Connellys, the Tuells, and the Whelans. The first slave property that came into the colony is said to have been a negro child of seven years of age, bought by Mr. Tuell at public sale of an insolvent debtor's estate. In connection with this negro boy, I remember to have heard an anecdote, related by the late Daniel Dwyer, Sr., at the time, nearly half a century ago, a leading wholesale grocer of Louisville. I was his guest, and seated at his own table, when he related the incident. "The Irish settlers on Cox Creek," said Mr. Dwyer, "had been my customers for many years. It pleased them to deal with a countryman, who could speak their own mother tongue. One day I was waited on by one of their number, Patrick Tuell, by name, who bought of me a very large bill of goods. His instructions were that his goods be delivered to his negro, who would call for them on the following morning. Since you must have observed it, Mr.

Webb, I need not tell you that what is known as the brogue of my country is in my case ineradicable. Though it is somthing of which I am not ashamed, I am not a little sensitive to its mimicry by those who have it not. Well, on the following morning, after I had closed my business transactions with Mr. Tuell, a negro fellow, some twenty years of age, entered the store, and with as honest a Tipperary brogue as ever fell from tongue, asked for his "masther's groceries." I had but one idea, and that was that the black rascal was trying to imitate my own manner of speech. Picking up an axe helve I made after him, and he, frightened at my demonstrative attitude, backed out of the store and leaped into the wagon that was standing in the middle of the street. Turning to me before he could reach the saddle horse of his team, with a piteous look, he asked in native Irish, what he had done to offend me. I was utterly confounded you may be sure, and the weapon I held dropped to the pavement as from a nerveless hand. Questioning the boy, I found that he had been brought up from childhood in his master's family, where he had not only contracted the brogue I had regarded as a mere mimicry, but had learned with other children to understand and speak the Celtic of the family's intercommunication.

The Prize-Fighting Curse.

Is "civilization" advancing in America? We doubt it. The whole country seems given over to the prize-fighting nuisance. Buffers Sullivan and McCaffrey can draw a bigger crowd, or audience, to be more refined, any day or night of the week than the most brilliant actor, lecturer or singer in the world. What is the cause of this moral deterioration? English example we answer. England is the mother of boxing, or what is misnamed "the manly art of self-defence." We are sorry to be compelled to confess that Irishmen, or the sons of Irishmen, in this country are among the aptest pupils of this rough and degrading school. So general has become the vice of boxing for money that every fellow throughout the country, who is too lazy to do an honest day's work, and who is gifted with semi-developed biceps enters the fistic arena as a "mauler." Englishmen, Irishmen, Americans and colored men vie with each other in this barbarous business. The police make no really vigorous effort to put a stop to it. Young boys are enthusiastic spectators of "knocking out" matches in all our great cities, and, forthwith, they acquire a contempt for legitimate work, and begin to sigh for the muscle that would permit them to "make" $10,000 in one day, like Sullivan, McCaffrey, Mitchell or some other king of the art of rib punching and face smashing.

And who is the better for all this rough and rascally "sport?" Sullivan, Ryan or McCaffrey may pocket their thousands, while honest and industrious people starve. Muscle, in this age, is only useful in laboring pursuits, as far as the general interests of mankind are con-

cerned. Fortunately for those who do not possess any biceps to speak of, the inventions of modern civilization have equalized the chances of the weak with the strong in mortal combat. A regiment of men five feet high, and weighing one hundred pounds each, would be quite as effective in battle as a regiment made up of giants like John L. Sullivan or Paddy Ryan. There is nothing so democratic as a bullet properly propelled from a good rifle. It makes all men equal, and the nation that commands most rifles, with men sufficiently strong to carry them, whether small or large, is master of the situation throughout the world to-day.

Wherefore, then, should the universal vice of "buffing" be tolerated in a country that claims to be so advanced in civilization as America? Practice in buffing does not elevate young men or make them braver than other men who do not buff. It became notorious in the army during the Civil War that bar-room bullies made poor soldiers. They could not understand the solid and pitiless argument of lead, which has no respect for muscle, and which tears a hole in a giant with even greater gusto than in a dwarf, because it has more territory in which to exert its power. Buffers, as a general thing, become loafers of the worst kind. They emerge from the honest foundry, rolling mill or blacksmith shop, as stalwart boys, who drink and swagger, and finally discover that they are men of muscle in some tipsy encounter with a friend or two. Then the local bully, who has reigned and terrorized for a brief period, comes along, and is worsted in some informal sparring match. Then the young "champion" abandons his honest calling as a puddler, or a roller, or a blacksmith, and starts a "saloon" in about the roughest locality he can find, where he rapidly becomes a "terror," and begins to be heard of in the "sporting" papers. Then he goes into training, and has "a mill" with some noted character. If he should be beaten, he goes to work raising a fresh crop of muscle and tries his luck again. If he should win, he proclaims himself "champion of the United States,"or of "the world," and gathers great crowds, fighting with some other highly muscled human animal, until he becomes passing rich, and retires to swell saloon-keeping, at which intellectual business he manages to drink himself to death at a comparatively early age.

Early death seems to be the fate of nine prize-fighters out of ten; and, indeed, this is true of all athletes, rowers, base-ball men, runners, walkers, skaters, wrestlers and so on. Even comparatively "respectable" prize-fighters — if, indeed, any man who fights for money can be called respectable in any sense — like the late John Morrissey and John C. Heenan, are not able to escape the common fate of all who outrage nature by straining their muscular systems beyond endurance. What difference does it make in this age whether a man can lift two hundred, four hundred, six hundred or eight hundred pounds? Machinery does all that. What does it matter whether he can run five hundred yards quicker than some other man? If a man needs quick locomotion he can get behind a fast team, use a bicycle or take the steam cars. What does it matter whether Sullivan can "knock out" Paddy Ryan or *vice versa?* Any California broncho, or government mule,

can get away with either of them, if only allowed fair play with his heels. Prize fighting, and nearly all other features of athleticism with which we are cursed in America, tend to increase the number of non-productive, cormorant classes, and to make "hard times" harder. The chief desire of such gentry appears to be to shirk honest work, and to live by "trick o' the loop" methods. Athleticism is fast degenerating, because of the blood-money connected with it, into salaried loaferism. If the muscle applied in the open air and "rink" show business were devoted to industrial pursuits, there would not be such need to groan over "hard times" in America. Every prize-fighter in the Republic ought to be arrested as a vagrant, and put in jail until his bicepal superabundance is reduced to manageable and honestly productive proportions.

The Citizen, Chicago, Ill.

The Ourang-Outang.

Rev. Samual Haughton, LL. D., delivered at the Zoological Gardens, Phœnix Park, Dublin, an interesting and humorous account of the ourang-outang recently acquired by the Gardens. The lecture was delivered in the open air. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present. Dr. Haughton said he wished to say a few words about the new arrival which they were fortunate enough to possess in the gardens, the ourang-outang, from Borneo and Sumatra. He did not mean to say this animal came from both places, for that would be difficult (laughter). He meant that the animal which they had acquired belonged to a larger species of ourang-outang, which was to be found in Borneo and Sumatra, some time ago Dr. M'Carthy, of the Royal, having sent home one of the smaller ones from Borneo. The ourang-outang and other apes were sometimes called man-like apes, because they were supposed to approach more nearly to man than any other apes. But this was not really what was intended to be conveyed by the term man-like ape. There was a more profound difference between the lowest bushman or nigger and the highest form of ape than there was between the highest ape and the lowest form of protoplasm. And this did not depend merely on religious considerations. Any one who talked about man and his immortal soul would peremptorily deny the right of any other creature to be like man in that sense. Going back as far as Cicero, they found that he put a gulf between man and all other sorts of animals which had not articulate speech. He (Dr. Haughton) had managed to converse with the ourang-outang, but he need not say it was not by articulate speech. The result of the conversation was that he asked the animal how he liked this country and the people; and the ourang-outang said very well, especially Guinness's stout and sugar-stick (laughter). The ourang-outang had been placed in a cage next to a cage containing the lowest form of monkey —namely, the lemur. The lemur was so called because it was sup-

posed to be like a ghost. He never saw a ghost, but those who had seen them in the trees at night said the lemur was like one (laughter). The gorilla, the chimpanzee, and the ourang-outang were called man-like apes, and the first two came from Western and Central Africa. The ourang-outang came from the tropical islands of the Eastern Archipelago. The gorilla and ourang-outang were exceedingly gentle when young, but became fierce as they grew older. The chimpanzee, on the contrary, retained its gentle disposition and character during its whole life. They differed from men in being, as Cuvier called them, four-handed animals. They also differed profoundly from men in nose and mouth. He proposed to name the new arrival "Sindbad," for, if he did not give him a nice name, the keepers of the gardens would be calling him Dick or Bill or Pat, or some name quite unsuited to an animal of his distinction. During his conversation with the ourang-outang the animal expressed his anxiety to become a life-member of the Zoological Society (laughter), but, as he had not the requisite £10, there was some difficulty in carrying out his wish. They proposed to have Sindbad photographed, and the photos sold at a low rate. Perhaps this would realize the £10. The Rev. gentleman having thanked his audience for their attention, the meeting separated.

The interesting animal is about two feet high, covered with reddish brown hair, and has a head of striking resemblance to that of a man, with soft brown eyes and a gentle, intelligent expression. He is allocated a double cage in the inner house where the African python and the alligator have a habitation, and he spends most of his time wrapped up in his blanket, being apparently tired after his voyage. He was bought with the proceeds of the sale of some of the lion cubs, four of which are still retained in the gardens, and shared the attention of the visitors to the ourang-outang.

Agricultural Statistics of Ireland.

THE Registrar-General has issued the Agricultural Statistics of Ireland for the current year, from which it appears that the total extent under crops (including meadow and clover) in 1885 is 4,954,028 acres, being an increase on the extent in 1884 of 81,284 acres, or 1.7 per cent. The increase in Leinster was 23,705 acres or 1.08 per cent; in Munster, 22,091 acres, or 1.8 per cent; in Ulster, 25,840 acres, or 1.6 per cent; and in Connaught, 9,648 acres, or 1.4 per cent. The extent of land under tillage in 1884 was 2,910,257 acres, in 1885 it is 2,921,-167 acres, being an increase of 10,910 acres. In Ulster the increase amounted to 11,863 acres, and in Connaught to 327 acres; while there was a decrease in Leinster of 798 acres, and in Munster of 482 acres. Compared with 1884 there appears an increase of 2,984 acres in the acreage under wheat, of 12,373 acres in barley, and of 1,232 acres in bere and rye, while there is a decrease of 20,462 acres under oats, and

of 1,589 acres under beans and peas; showing a total decrease of 5,462 acres in the extent under cereal crops. The acreage under potatoes has decreased by 1,849 acres, and turnips by 7,129 acres. The extent under cabbage increased by 2,698 acres, mangel wurzel by 2,600 acres; carrots, parsnips, and other green crops by 167 acres, and vetches and rape by 961 acres; leaving a net decrease of 2,552 acres in the extent under green crops. The acreage under flax in 1884 was 89,225 acres, and in 1885 the extent returned under this crop is 108,-149 acres, being an increase of 18,924 acres. In 1884 there were 1,962,487 acres returned under meadow and clover, in 1885 the extent returned under this crop is 2,032,861 acres, being an increase of 70,374 acres.

The Land Question in Scotland.

THE landlords in the Highlands of Scotland are evidently going to have a warm time of it, says the *Dublin Freeman.* Last week Portree was the scene of a demonstration similar to those which were held in Ireland during the days of the Land League. Thousands of sturdy crofters marched in procession to the rendevous, expressing in no uncertain tones their condemnation of landlordism, and bearing banners with mottoes declaring in diversified but emphatic phraseology that the people should possess the soil. Indeed, if there was any difference between yesterday's assemblage and those Irish gatherings to which beyond all doubt the present land agitation in Scotland owes its being, it consisted in the fact that the language used at the former was if anything stronger than that employed by those who spoke at its prototypes. One gentleman announced that a civil war had been begun against the landlords. This statement was vigorously applauded, and cries of "Down with them!" resounded on all sides. The same orator also said that the ballot paper was the cartridge with which they were to load the rifle of the ballot-box to shoot down landlords — a rather bellicose metaphor; while another speaker quoted an old Gaelic verse which mysteriously, but significantly, hinted at "combing his hair in the morning." As if still more to add to the resemblance to the Irish demonstrations, clergymen stood on the Portree platform and added their quota to the general opprobrium cast on the Land system. Another point of similitude was the asseveration that the law was partially and oppressively administered, and that the forces of the Crown were brought into requisition to enforce the landlord claims. Strong resolutions were enthusiastically adopted, and altogether it looks as if the Scotch agrarian flame — which we repeat again has been kindled by the example of this country — will develop into a vast conflagration. *Crescit eundo.*

Take Your Hands out of Your Pockets.

To begin with, it does not look well, when a young man crooks his arms and thrusts his hands into his pockets, making a figure eight of himself, and then stands up against the sunny side of the house, like a rooster in midwinter.

How would the girls look all turned into eights, and leaning against the wall? How would your mother look in that posture? You don't find her hands in her pockets. Your mother's hands while you are loafing, they are the hands that sew and bake, and darn and nurse; but she does not sink them in her pockets and then loll against the building.

Are your hands cold? Warm them up at the end of the hoe-handle and the scythe. Swing the hammer, drive the plane, flourish the axe. There is untold caloric about a spade, a trowel, a wrench.

Besides, pocket-heat is not profitable. Have you money there? Are your pockets the safes in which you have hidden treasures, and your hands the bolts that secure the safe door? Money may be there to-day, but it won't be a guest over to-morrow night. An idler's money is apt to leap out of his pocket. It is likely to go for a pipe, a cigar, a tobacco plug, a mug of ale. There is no money in pocket-warming.

Take your hands out of your pockets, young man. You are losing time. Time is valuable. People feel it at the other end of the line, when death is near and eternity is pressing them into such small quarters; for the work of this life craves hours, days, weeks, years. If those at the end of the line, if youth with its abundance of resources, would only feel that the time was precious. Time is a quarry. Every hour may be a nugget of gold. It is time in whose invaluable moments we build our bridges, spike the iron rails to the sleepers, plant our crops, rear our cattle, run our ox-wagons. You might have dug twenty hills of potatoes while I have been talking to you, young man. Take your hands out of your pockets. The world wants those hands. The world is not dead, asleep under the pyramids, a mummy by the Nile. The world is alive, wide awake, pushing, struggling, going ahead. The world wants those hands. Take your hands out of your pockets.

And what a laudable thing it is to meet the wants of society and do your best! When you are an old man what an honorable thing your hand will be! Did you ever think of the dignity investing the wrinkled hand of an old worker? It has been so useful, lifted so many burdens, and wrought in such honorable service.

Who wants a hand without a character when old age comes on — a soft, flabby, do-nothing hand?

You are willing to work, you say, but can't find anything to do!

Nothing to do? Do the first thing that comes along. Saw wood, fetch water, go on errands. In short, do anything honest with your hands, but don't let them loaf in your pockets.

Bogs.

THE word "bog" is of Irish origin, and signifies a bobbing or quaking motion. In Ireland the bogs are, as a rule, so saturated with moisture that in places whole tracts may be said to float. The spongy nature of the soil would account for the yielding that is experienced when any heavy body passes over the surface; but the lodgment of rain is sometimes so enormous as to create a perfect lake from twenty to forty feet below. During the winter of 1879 an area of several acres in Westmeath actually moved away to a distance of three miles, invading the bed of a stream, and causing a destructive flood. The wet weather which ensured a failure of crops rendered the bogs exceptionally dangerous. There is reported a shifting on the midland route, which had the curious effect of turning a house half round, so as to give the front door a completely new direction. It is a pity that hitherto some way has not been found to drain these tracts, which not only lie in comparative waste, but preserve vast reservoirs which in summer have the effect of saturating the air with moisture, and thus constantly interfering with the growth and ripening of the surrounding crops. The Bog of Allen alone comprises 238,500 acres. Some strips of arable land intersect it, and are made use of; but in the bulk there is a dead loss to the nation. The morass begins about seventeen miles west of Dublin and stretches almost to the Shannon. The fact that the Grand Canal passes through it is not of much consequence, for a canal does not accomplish much in the way of draining such a congeries of swamps as Allen. In the future development of the agricultural resources of Ireland, account will have to be taken of the bog surface, which at present is not only unprolific in itself, but a cause of unfruitfulness in other soils. When the food question is of such vital importance to all of us, every road that might be cultivated ought to be reclaimed from neglect and waste.

A civil engineer of Limerick writes to the *Dublin Freeman's Journal:* In the first place the low lying bogs can be readily drained by the formation of arterial canals large enough for the navigation of craft suitable for the carriage of peat. This is done elsewhere and can be done here. Canals can be cut and utilized as waterways for the traffic incidental to such a trade as might be developed in the pressing, etc., of peat for fuel. Land in the vicinity of the bogs can be purchased or leased for a trifle, suitable buildings can be erected, and, with a main canal running through, the means of carriage from the bog to the market is already provided. If there is neither canal nor rail within easy distance there is always the local demand, and the possibility of making tram lines at a trifling cost in a country like this, where the roads are generally metalled with limestone and, therefore, solid, and where labor is, alas, very cheap.

Suppose, then, a factory started, and a portion of bog worked off, nothing then remains but to deepen the natural water-courses, or form deep draining-ditches, if necessary (which is seldom the case), and, at

a nominal outlay, you have this portion ready for the husbandman to commence his labors, and where before was swamp, green fields will soon greet the eye.

I am not a visionary. I only speak of what *has* been done, and what *can* be done again.

It is not necessary to enter into details here, but I tell you and your readers that there is no difficulty in making such a speculation pay — the machinery is in the market, and the example of Holland, and of the American peat factories is before us. You will, perhaps, say—"All this may be true, but look at all the futile attempts heretofore made." But I answer you, that many more will be made, and fail; and through the same cause — want of *capital* and ENERGY. But let these two vital elements be forthcoming, and the means and the ways will be very soon found, and success will follow. I only wish I had the means at my disposal, and I would very soon undertake to make my own fortune, and do more good for the country than a regiment of Gladstones or Forsters.

Irish Catholic Benevolent Union.

THE annual meeting was held in Brooklyn, N. Y., this year. There were one hundred and twenty delegates from nearly every State in the union. Three hundred and three societies, with an aggregate membership of about thirty thousand were represented. A letter of Mr. A. M. Keiley, the rejected Minister to Italy and to Austria, in which that gentleman resigned the Presidency of the Benevolent Union, which position he has held for twelve years. During the afternoon, the Hon. A. M. Keiley, President of the Union, entered the room and was received with enthusiasm. Mr. Keiley told the Convention how much pleasure he felt in again meeting the members of the Union. "However convinced a man might be of the good-will and firm affection of a body of men," Mr. Keiley said, "he must be cold-blooded indeed who could be insensible to the acclamations which greeted me as I crossed the threshold of this room. But the memory of petty spites at home, and the bitter malignity with which I have been assailed abroad during the past four months, have vanished before such an enthusiastic welcome as this. It would be an affectation on my part to believe all this enthusiasm was caused by me personally, however delightful it might be for me to think so." Turning to the chairman, Mr. Keiley said that since the last time he had looked into his eyes and grasped his hand, he had suffered for the cause and principles which were dear to the heart of every man present. But of this cause he would say nothing now, as the papers of the two continents had presented them. He supposed the reason of his rejection was that his Republican principles were too high to be acceptable to Italy and

Austria. Notwithstanding the resignation of Mr. Keiley, that gentleman was re-elected. The following officers were then elected for the ensuing year: — President, A. M. Keiley, of Virginia; First Vice-President, Mannis F. Willhere, of Manyurk, Pa.; Second Vice-President, J. J. Murphy, of Toronto, Can.; Secretary, Martin J. J. Griffen, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Treasurer, Rev. James Henry, of St. Louis, Mo.; Trustees, Messrs. Dennis Dwyer, of Dayton O., John Murphy, of Richmond, Va., and John Breen, of Lawrence, Mass.

It was decided to hold the next Convention at Lancaster, Pa.

Decisions of Roman Congregations.

An indulgence of one hundred days — to be gained once in the day — has been granted by the Holy See each time the following praises in honor of our Lord and His Blessed Mother are recited by the faithful:

Praised be Jesus, Son of God.
Praised be Jesus, True God and True Man.
Praised be Jesus, Author of Life.
Praised be Jesus, Eternal Wisdom.
Praised be Jesus, Infinite Goodness.
Praised be Jesus, God of Peace.
Praised be Jesus, The Good Shepherd.
Praised be Jesus, Most Loving Father.
Praised be Jesus, Our Saviour.
Praised be Jesus, Our Wisdom.
Praised be Jesus, Our Love.
Praised be Jesus, Our Life.
Praised be Jesus, Our Beginning.
Praised be Jesus, Our End.

Praised be Mary, Daughter of the Eternal Father.
Praised be Mary, Mother of the Incarnate Word.
Praised be Mary, Spouse of the Divine Spirit.
Praised be Mary, Co-operator in the Redemption of the World.
Praised be Mary, Immaculate Queen.
Praised be Mary, Full of Grace.
Praised be Mary, Refuge of Sinners.
Praised be Mary, Mother most Clement.
Praised be Mary, Comforter of the Afflicted.
Praised be Mary, Shield of the Distressed.
Praised be Mary, Guiding Star in Peril.
Praised be Mary, Safe Haven of the Wanderer.
Praised be Mary, Our Comfort in Life.
Praised be Mary, Our Hope in Death.

Dangers Everywhere.

THERE is nothing which exercises a more baneful effect on society than a participation in anything which has a tendency directly or indirectly to undermine morality. Morality is the life and soul of society. In its absence society becomes the school of Satan. Society is made up of mankind. Man, indeed, is a noble being — the noblest on earth; but his greatness consists in the soul within him which was given by God, and impressed with God's image. So long as the soul remains pure, and through its purity reflects clearly the image of its Maker, so long is man united to God, and is thereby in possession of the greatest dignity. Take away this purity from man and his greatness ceases, because he has destroyed that in which his greatest treasure lay. Well may he be compared to a whitened sepulchre — fair without, but within full of death and rottenness. From these principles which no Christian man can deny, it follows with what great care we are obliged to shun all those occasions and vain amusements that tend to lessen the esteem and value which we should have for morality. If we consider those things which at the present day appear, and really do tend to give us a society without morality, we will find two taking a prominent place. The first is the reading of bad books, in which America abounds; the second is those assemblies, or meetings, generally termed balls, and which, perhaps, might more accurately be designated "Dance Meetings." As to the first we say nothing now; with regard to the second a few remarks may not be out of place.

Dancing is not sinful in itself, but only in its abuse, and in going beyond the limit of decorum. There are many dances which have in them no harm, and which might, perhaps, be reckoned as indifferent; but unfortunately the dances in vogue in this enlightened age, such as the *waltz*, the *polka*, the *schottische*, etc., have a direct tendency to pave the way to immorality. In the ball-room is assumed the familiarity which has led to the ruin of thousands. Many a young gentleman, many a young lady are now suffering in the abode of torments, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth, and their ruin may be traced to the indulging in those dances which are so productive of ever-lasting death-misery.

It often happens that parents, otherwise very careful of their daughters and their sons, never even think of preventing them from being at balls and assisting at dance meetings. It is, indeed, a sad mistake for young ladies and young gentlemen, especially Catholics, to allow themselves to be so far blinded by the pleasures of their amusements as to see in them no harm. It is a mistake still greater for parents to be so insensible to the great duty which devolves on them of guarding as a most precious treasure the virtue of their children. St. Francis of Sales used to say, when speaking of dances, that the best of them were good for nothing, and that those who suffered them to be held in their houses loaded themselves with a terrible responsibility before God; that they were answerable for all the evil done — for the bad thoughts, the slanders, the jealousies, the hatred, and the revenge.

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby
  Against the cottage wall;
A lily grew at the threshold
  And the boy was just as tall —
A Royal Tiger-lily,
  With spots of purple and gold,
And the heart of a jewell'd chalice
  The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blue-birds whistled,
  High up in the old roof-trees;
And to and fro at the window
  The red rose rocked her bees.
And the wee, pink fists of the baby
  Were never a moment still,
Snatching at shine and shadow
  That danced at the lattice-sill.

His eyes were as wide as blue-bells,
  His mouth like a flower unblown —
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
  Peeped out from his snowy gown:
And we thought with a thrill of rapture,
  That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses
  We'll measure the boy again.

Ah me! in a darkened chamber,
  With the sunshine shut away,
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,
  We measured that boy to-day:
And the little bare feet that were dimpled
  And sweet as a budding rose
Lay side by side together,
  In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,
  White as the risen dawn,
The fair little face lay smiling
  With the light of Heaven thereon;

And the dear little hands, like rose leaves
  Dropped from a rose, lay still,
Never to catch at the sunshine
  That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby,
  With ribbons as white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
  That waited him below;
And out of the darkened chamber
  We went with a childless moan; —
To the height of the sinless angels
  Our little one had grown.

THE HAUNTED ROOM.

A SCHOOL TALE.

THE boys of Langdon Manor School were supposed to be in bed by eight o'clock, but on this particular night some of them were not. Those of Dormitory 2 were telling tales to each other. They had got their respective blankets, and, wrapping themselves up in them, sat down in the alley between two beds.

"It's your turn, Ben," said one of them.

"Ah!" responded Ben, "what shall I tell you about?"

"Ghosts," whispered one youngster.

Ben thought a few moments, and then said, "Do any of you know the legend of this school, about a fellow that was starved to death here?"

"No," responded all of them eagerly, "tell us it."

They drew nearer to each other, and Ben began,—

"In the time of Charles the II., this school was taught by a Puritan schoolmaster. He was one of the biggest brutes in the county. Well, one day he had become such a monster that the boys resolved to run away from the school. The leader of this was a young chap named Hugh Redvar. They got everything ready to run for it, but just as they were on the eve of going, the master called them all up, and demanded to know who was the ringleader of 'this revolt.' The boys were quite surprised at first at his knowing it, and then they thought of one of the Puritan scholars who might have got an inkling of it, and had told the master. This surmise was right, but they resolved not to split on Hugh. The master, when he saw they would not tell, was so enraged that he kept them in all day, and said they shouldn't have anything to eat until they told him. Well, they were kept in for some hours, until Hugh, not liking to see them all punished for his fault, resolved to give himself up. They tried to dissuade him, but he was resolved, and told the master it was he who was the ringleader.

The master didn't say anything, but first thrashed Hugh until he fainted, and then locked him up in a room at the top of this school. The boys didn't see him again after that, for the master, through his ill-treatment, caused his death. The poor chap was kept there in the bitter weather, for it was winter, and chained to the wall, on bread and water for a week. Every now and then the master would go up and thrash him, until one evening, on going up to give him his food, he found him dead. And every year, on the same night — I believe it was in November — they say his ghost walks in the room, with the chain round his body."

The youngsters sat spellbound for a few moments after he had finished, then, one by one, they crawled into bed shivering, and starting at every sound.

Winter was rather early, and one of the boys proposed to go on an adjacent pond and skate. Now this pond was prohibited to them; but, like all youngsters, they believed that "stolen fruit was sweetest," and therefore made up their minds to go on the next Wednesday afternoon, if the ice was strong enough. Before they were let out, when the afternoon came, the master called them up, and told them not to go on or near this pond at all, and, if they did, he would punish them.

Now, after this, some of the boys felt a repugnance to disobey the master's orders, but Ted Norris, one of the eldest boys, and a few of his chums, not to their credit, jeered them for "ninnies," and no boy liking to be jeered at, they all went on the pond. For about an hour all went on well, and every one was enjoying himself, when the dreaded voice of the master rang out,—

"All boys on the pond come off, and form into line here!"

The boys came off, and did as he told them.

"Now, who is the leader of this," he said.

No answer.

"I know who it is," he continued. "Norris, come here; it was you that persuaded them."

Norris couldn't say a word.

"Follow me up to the school, all of you."

Like beaten dogs the boys walked after their dreaded pedagogue — dreaded as well for his injustice as his cruelty. When they were all standing in the class-room, the master called Norris to follow him. He went to the top of the building, and, opening a door, ushered the boy into a bleak, empty room. It had all occurred so quickly that it took him a few moments to collect his thoughts, and then glanced round. It was a long room, low, but not very wide; with wainscoted sides, and no furniture whatever. The boy sank down in despair. What did this mean? How long was he to stop here? He got up and walked to the window at one end, and looked out. Nothing but the dreary frost-bound common, with the snow lying thick.

An hour passed, and then some one came to the door. It was the servant with a piece of bread and some cold tea.

"Oh! sir, master says you've got to stop here all night. Don't say I gave you this," she said, as she threw down a piece of blanket;

"say you found it here; its very cold," added the kind-hearted girl, as she withdrew, and left the boy to himself and the deepening gloom. He ate the bread and drank the tea, but it gave him little comfort. Then of a sudden his desolate position burst upon him, and he sat down and cried bitterly. He thought of the dear old home far away; of the warmth and light that was there now, and of the kind, sweet face of his mother. "Oh, mother, dear mother," he moaned. For a few moments he sat like this, and then seeing that it was getting dark, knelt down and said his prayers. He prayed to be forgiven for his disobedience, and that this should be a lesson.

He drew the blanket around him and sat down in a corner and shivered with the biting cold. Then he thought. All at once he started up, pale and frightened. An awful thought had crossed his mind. What if this was the haunted room? This is November, and it might be the night on which the —— He got up and looked along the wall. He thought there might be a remnant of the chain left. He wished to either clear his mind of the terror or else to know the bitter truth. He could not see through the deepening gloom to the other end of the room, but sweeping his hand wildly along the wall he touched something that moved and clanked faintly. *It was the chain!* With starting eyes the poor boy crawled back to his corner again. Only one hope now remained. It might not be the night on which it appears. After a time, however, his fears decrease. Why should he be afraid? "There are not any ghosts," he argued. "It has always been found to be natural causes, and then, perhaps, Ben might have been wrong. There might not have been such a legend. Ben might have made it up; he always was a larkish fellow." Thus the poor lad reasoned with himself and tried to banish his fears. He looked up to the stars, and his mind became softened as he looked into their clear, soft light. But yet the terror of the room would keep coming to him until he was willing to believe anything it conjured up. What was that? He thought he had heard something move in the room. There it was again! It was the chain! Every nerve was drawn to its utmost tension, and his heart was beating wildly as he listened and looked with straining eyes towards the dark end of the room. It was quiet again. After all he must have —— He listened, for he thought it had sounded again. His weary head was throbbing wildly, and he sank at last into a sort of stupor; it was not sleep.

It was long past midnight when he awoke, and looked wildly around. Then his position came on his dazed mind, and he shuddered. He felt cramped in his limbs, and tried to get up. He had just risen to his feet when the clank of the chain sounded clear on his quivering brain, and the very life in him was stayed. Cold, clammy sweat broke over him, as, through the darkness, he fancied he heard soft footsteps walking to and fro, and keeping in time with them was the moving of the chain! A faint sigh broke the stillness of the room. He could now see a shadowy form in the gloom, walking up and down. He could not move hand or foot. The figure came out bolder, and he saw with terrified eyes the form coming up to him! With one piercing

cry that rang through the house and out to the common beyond, the poor lad fell, and the life-blood came from his mouth.

* * * * * * * * * *

Figures are around his bed as he awakes, and he looks with starting eyes at them. He is not in *that* room now. No. There is his mother, his sister, and his father. A voice, sounding to him like an angel's whisper, says, "Hush, dearest boy, sleep now, it is all right," and he turns over on his side and sleeps.

Langdon Manor School does not stand now; but yet, round about the place where it stood, hangs the story of poor Ted Norris, and his fearful night in the Haunted Room.

PETER AND PAUL.

"HERE is Peter, and where is Paul?" said Aunt Jane.

"Aye, where is Paul?" echoed Mrs. Silverton, as she came in from the garden, just in time to meet the missing boy, advancing slowly, book in hand, from the shrubbery behind the cottage.

"Come, Paul dear, and sit with your brother, the day is too showery for him to venture out," invited Aunt Jane, and all three repaired to the drawing-room, where, with little Rita and her doll for company, Peter lay stretched on the sofa, looking weary and fatigued.

He had but recovered from a severe gastric attack, which had prevented the brothers from making their first communion on the feast of Corpus Christi, as had been intended, and both boys were sadly disappointed, Paul especially, who had seen his school companions admitted to the Holy Table, and who had felt his own isolation most keenly.

Being twin brothers, their parents wished them to perform this great action of their lives in unison, and accordingly Paul had tried to submit with patience to the decision of his superiors.

"Peter an' Paul, b'essed saints all," sang little Rita, as Paul seated himself by his brother, and Aunt Jane took a seat by the window.

All laughed at Rita's short song, and the little girl herself looked up in surprise at the merriment she had evoked.

"Funny names, aren't they, Auntie?" remarked Peter; "everybody seems to think they should go together, and while I was ill, nurse hardly ever heard one of our names mentioned that she didn't repeat Rita's rhyme. Why is this, I wonder, and why did we get such curious names?"

"Because, my dear, you, as the people say, brought your names with you," replied Aunt Jane; you were born on the 29th of June, the feast of SS. Peter and Paul. It was a beautiful day for the advent of two little brothers."

"Were they — the saints I mean — twin brothers?" inquired Paul.

"No, my dear, they were brothers only in the love and service of God," Aunt Jane informed him; "and they suffered martyrdom together, about the year 69, in the reign of Nero. The Church sings of them: 'In life they loved each other; in death they are not divided.'"

"Tell us about them, Aunt Jane, please," Peter requested.

"St. Peter, the prince of the apostles," said Aunt Jane, "was a native of Bethsaida, and, as tradition says, was about ten years older than our Lord. He received at his circumcision the name of Simon, meaning in Hebrew "Jehovah hath heard;" but this name was afterwards changed by our Lord to *Cephas*, from the Syriac — a *rock*.

"Upon being called to the Apostleship, St. Peter bade adieu to home and family. The feast of his daughter, St. Petronilla, is kept on May 31.

"He was poor and unlearned, but full of faith, eager and loving. In his heart, first of all, grew the conviction and from his lips came the confession, 'Thou art the Christ, the son of the Living God,' and so he was chosen to be the Head of the Church on earth.

"Ten years after the Ascension he went to Rome. There he established his Chair, and for twenty-five years labored with St. Paul in building up the great Roman Church.

"He was crucified by order of the Emperor Nero on the Vatican Hill, head downwards, at his own request, out of respect to the death of his Lord and Master. St. Peter is represented in painting and sculpture with a pair of keys, symbolic of his power in heaven and on earth."

"Now for me, Auntie," shouted Paul, when Aunt Jane paused; she at once continued:

"St. Paul was a native of Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, in Asia Minor, and had, as a boy, studied in Jerusalem, and held the clothes of those who stoned St. Stephen, the first martyr.

"Having got an order from the Pharisees to put to death all who believed in the name of Christ, he proceeded to Damascus, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of Christ.

"But near Damascus a light from heaven struck him to the ground, and a voice said: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?'

"He saw the form of our Lord, who so lately had been crucified for his sins, and then for three days he saw nothing more.

"He awoke from his trance perfectly converted — another man.

"He became the Apostle of the Gentiles, whom he had been taught to hate. No trial could damp his courage, no persecution could lessen his extraordinary zeal for souls.

"He became associated with St. Peter in the See of Rome, and with St. Peter he consecrated the holy city by his martyrdom, and poured into the Church all his doctrine with all his blood. He changed his name *Saul* to that of Paul, from the Latin *paulus*, 'little,' because, as he says in his wonderful humility, *he was the least of the Apostles.*"

"Peter an' Paul b'essed saints all," sang little Rita, who had departed in the midst of Auntie's "talk," and who now came running in,

and prefacing her glad announcement with her favorite rhyme, informed her audience that Father Joseph had called to say that he had arranged a First Communion class, to be prepared against the twenty-ninth, and that her brothers' names headed the list.

LITTLE MILLIE.

"MAMMA! won't you make my dress this week?"

"Don't tease me so about that dress, Millie, and put it right back in the bureau."

"But it is so pretty, and I want it so bad to wear to Sunday-school, mamma."

"The boys need their shirts more than you do that, and I don't want to touch dress-making till the muslin sewing is all done. It is plenty warm enough for your white dresses yet awhile. Now put it away before you soil and wrinkle it."

The child slowly obeyed, but her eyes were full of tears, and the little hand trembled as she smoothed the soft folds.

"I wish I could help you, mamma, so you could get that done quick," Millie said, standing again by her mother's chair. "I wish Aunt Alice would come and help."

"And I wish you would run away and not bother me all the time. You might help me a deal that way."

Poor child! The tears fell outright now, but she turned away and began hunting for her pet cat, into whose ear she always poured the whole history of her joys and sorrows.

Poor mother, too! She was so tired. It had been a hard day. So many household cares, so little time for sewing, scarcely any for reading and rest. Half of the ill-temper and harsh words in the world are direct results of overwork of the body or brain.

A few days later Millie was taken sick with a bad cold, then sore throat. The doctor looked and made frequent visits. "Bad case of diphtheria," he said finally.

"Mamma, won't you get my pretty dress and lay it beside me?" Millie asked, in her thick, choked voice.

"That dress!" The mother's heart smote her as she saw the little feverish hand pat it so lovingly.

"Mamma'll make it for you right away."

"I am too sick now, mamma."

"But you'll soon be well again, my pet, and then it will be all ready. Auntie is coming to-day, you know, and we'll soon get it done. Shall I cut the skirt out now, right there, where you can watch me?"

"No, mamma, please rock me. I'm so sick."

Draping the dainty folds over a chair-back where the child could see it, she wrapped her in a shawl and rocked her tenderly.

After a long silence Millie asked, "Do little children that go to heaven always have to wear white dresses like the angels?"

"I don't know, my darling."

"But can't they ever, if they're good, have lovely pink and blue dresses, 'spose?"

"I can't tell, dear, but they are always happy."

"Two days later Millie lay in her coffin, dressed in white, wreathed in smilax and flowers, wept and bewailed with passionate love and longing.

How my Millie's question came rushing up!

"Do little children in heaven always have to wear white like the angels?"

We cannot tell. We only know that the child is "satisfied" whatever the color of her angel-robes may be.

Years have passed as we count them, but in mother's drawer still lies the pretty cashmere; its dainty beauty is marred with the stains of unavailing tears.

PATRON SAINTS.

As George Benton sat in his mother's room, he drew his chair nearer to her side, and said:

"Mother, not long ago you were telling me about patron Saints."

"Yes, my dear, and I am glad you did not forget what I said."

"No, mother, I did not, and I have been thinking a good deal about it. I am very sorry you did not name me Joseph. I wish you would let me change my name—do not people ever make such changes?"

"Not very often, my son. But explain yourself, and if I find your reason is a good one, I think I can suggest a plan to you."

"Well, mother, you said that the way to profit by our having patron Saints was to have a great love for them, and not only to invoke their aid, but to try and model our lives on theirs. Now, I do not know anything about St. George, and I do not feel any love for him. I have a picture of him, mounted on horseback, and killing a dragon; but there are no dragons now."

"That picture has a meaning that I will tell you of presently said his mother.

"I shall be glad to hear it," said George. "I have a picture of St. Joseph, also; one that you gave me a long time ago. He holds a branch of white lilies in one hand, and carries on his arm the dear little Child Jesus, who seems to love him so much. I would like very much to have St. Joseph for my patron."

"So you can my dear child," said Mrs. Benton. "It is not necessary to bear his name. He is the patron of all who love him, and especially of boyhood, for St. Joseph had the care of the Boy Jesus, and for his sake loves all boys dearly. But, as I said, I can suggest a plan by which you may, as you wish, bear his name. You will soon be Confirmed, and it is the custom, when that Sacrament is received, to take a new name; then you may be called Joseph."

"I am glad of that," he replied; "but please tell me about St. George, mother."

"He was a soldier, and at the same time a saint, and his killing the dragon means that he never gave way to sin, but always fought against it. Ah! my boy, there are many dragons now —"

"What, mother! dragons?"

"Yes, George, ill-temper is a dragon to fight; pride is a dragon to some persons; anger, lying, envy, and indeed, there are hundreds of dragons! Or, rather, there is only one dragon with a hundred heads, and each head has to be killed. This dragon is named Selfishness, my son, and if you resolve to fight it bravely all your life long, you will find that the courage and zeal of St. George are very needful virtues."

A CONTENTED CHILD.

ONCE upon a time there was a king of Sweden called Gustavus III. One day he was out riding some distance from Stockholm when he felt very thirsty. By-and-by he saw a peasant girl drawing water from a well, so he rode up to her and asked her to give him a draught. The child lifted her pitcher and held it to his lips. The king then saw she was very pretty and gentle-looking, and he thought she was fit for nicer work than drawing water, so he said, after thanking her, "If you will go with me to Stockholm, I will try to find a pleasanter place for you." The girl smiled and thanked him for his kind offer. "But if you please, sir, I do not wish to leave the work which God has given me to do. Besides, I have a mother who is bedridden, and how would she get on without me?"—"Take me to your mother," said the king. Then the child led him to a wretched hut, where the poor woman lay on a bedstead covered with straw. Gustavus began to pity her for her great poverty and sickness, but she replied, "Ah, sir! what you say is right enough; but you forget what a daughter I have. She is a jewel worth any price." Gustavus then turned to the child, and begged her to go on caring for her mother; he left a purse of money with her to get some new furniture, and afterwards settled a certain sum on the woman, which should go to her daughter after her death.

SENT FOR THE DOCTOR.—"Oh, Doctor," exclaimed a lady, rushing into a physician's office, "come to my house quick! My little Freddie has swallowed a mouse."—"Oh, well, that's nothing. You can go back, and let him swallow a cat."

"DON'T waste your time clipping off the branches," said the woodman to his son, "but lay your axe at the root of the tree." And the young man went out and laid his axe at the root of the tree like a good and dutiful boy—and then went fishing.

Useful Knowledge.

THE best application for insect and mosquito bites generally, is ammonia. Apply it persistently until the pain and swelling is relieved. The poison of insects is formic acid. Ammonia is an alkali and directly neutralizes it.

TO mend china or broken earthenware, take a very thick solution of gum arabic in water and stir into it plaster of paris until the mixture becomes of the consistency of cream. Apply with a brush to the broken edges of the ware and join together.

AN excellent and simple disinfectant for sinks and waste pipes is made by mixing one large tablespoonful of copperas with one quart of boiling water. This solution is odorless and deodorizes instantly. The copperas may be bought at any druggist's for ten cents a pound.

IF medicine is mixed with very cold water and a few swallows of the water be taken as a preparatory dose, the nerves of the organ of taste become sufficiently benumbed to make the medicine nearly tasteless. The method will not disguise bitter tastes, but acts well in oils and salines.

THE London *Lancet* mentions the arrangement of a person who makes himself deaf to all noises by the simple expedient of taking a small piece of spermaceti ointment, not too soft, about the size of a pea, and wrapping it in a tiny square of thin, limp cotton cloth, tying the corners together with thread to make a plug. One of these pressed gently into each ear shuts out all sound.

THE LEMON CURE.— The newest remedy for malaria is advertised in the drug-stores as the Roman cure. It is described as the discovery of a physician in the miasmatic old city of the Cæsars and the Pontiffs, where malaria is included with every lodgings without extra charge in the bill. It consists simply of lemons cut up, peel and all, and boiled, the juice being taken cold and on an empty stomach. The pharmacists claim that it has cured cases so stubborn that quinine had no more effect on them than sugar or salt. The method of preparation is so simple that any one can make an experiment who chooses. The lemon must be cut up in small pieces, rind and pulp, each good-sized lemon being allowed a pint of water. When the water has boiled down to half a pint the medicine is done. It must then be strained through a cloth and put by to cool. It is sour enough to give a marble bust a wry face. The dose is from a teaspoonful, according to the staying powers of the patient's stomach, taken an hour before meals. Like the hot water cure, wonderful stories are commencing to float around about the lemon cure, and it bids fair to become very popular. The new remedy does all the work quinine certainly does.

COCAINE IN HAY FEVER.— The therapeutical uses of cocaine are so numerous that the value of this wonderful remedy seems only beginning to be appreciated. Almost daily we hear of some disease or combination of symptoms in which it has been tried for the first time, and has answered beyond expectation. It appears strange that so intractable a complaint as hay fever should be amendable to its influence, and yet such is the case. The account given by Mr. Watson, of the Westminster Hospital, of his sufferings and subsequent cure by tabloids of cocaine, is too circumstantial to admit of doubt, even had we not received confirmatory evidence from many sources. It has been objected on theoretical grounds that cocaine must of necessity be inoperative, or, at all events, of comparatively little use, in those cases in which symptoms of an asthmatic type prevail. Curiously enough, however, it has been shown that cocaine, when applied to the mucous membrane of the nostrils, has the power of allaying even this spasm. The observation, too, is not new; for many months ago Dr. Bosworth, professor of laryngology at Bellevue Hospital Medical College, published a detailed account of a case of spasmodic asthma completely cured by cocaine. He pointed out at the time that many inveterate cases of asthma are dependent on, or at all events associated with, nasal disorders, the relief of which is promptly followed by an abatement of all the distressing symptoms. If this principle of associated treatment should be on its integrity, it will be difficult to assign the limits of its sphere of action.

The Humorist.

A CAMEL sometimes lives to the age of one hundred years. No wonder he has a hump upon his back.

THE world is full of change. A good many people wish they could say the same of their pockets.

A BABBLER once told a secret that had been trusted to him to a friend. "Of course you will not repeat it," he added, earnestly. "Don't fidget," was the ready reply, "I shall be quite as careful of it as you have been."

MANY amusing anecdotes are told of Dr. Abernethy. Once he was disputing with a gentleman, and some high words passed between them. The gentleman, angry at something Abernethy had said, cried:—"How, sir, do you say so? you will be made to swallow your words."—"Ah," said Abernethy, with one of his knowing looks, "there would be no use in that; they would be sure to come up again."

"WHAT is it that keeps you so busy writing so late in the study every night?" asked Mrs. Yerger of her husband. "I am writing the history of my life."—"I suppose you mention me in it?"—"Oh, yes; I call you the sunshine of my existence."—"Do I really throw so much sunshine into your daily life?"—"I refer to you as the sunshine of my existence, because you make it hot for me."

AT an examination of the College of Surgeons, a candidate was asked by Abernethy: "What would you do if a man was blown up by powder?"—"Wait till he came down," he coolly replied. "True," replied Abertheny; "and suppose I should kick you for such an impertinent reply, what muscle would I put in motion?"—"The flexors and extensors of my arm, for I should knock you down immediately." The candidate received his diploma.

A SAUSAGE-MAKER came one day to an attorney, and asked him: "Sir, if a dog enters my shop and steals some of my sausages, have I any redress against the dog's master?"—"Certainly; he must pay you the value of the stolen sausages."—"In that case, sir, I must ask you for six shillings—the value of the sausages stolen by your dog." The attorney paid down cheerfully the sum demanded. The sausage-maker pocketed it and went away glad at heart. Short-lived was his joy. That afternoon a lawyer's clerk came to him with a request for six shillings and eight pence—the fee due to the attorney for the consultation the sausage-maker had held with him that morning. The man of laws thus won the day.

I HAD occasion, a few months since, to travel in the south of Ireland, and I hired the usual "jaunting car," the driver of which was about "as knowing as they make 'em," and gave me good reason to suppose he had been liquoring pretty freely. After terrifying the life out of me by specimens of the most reckless driving, he landed about two miles from my destination, and refused to go further, on the plea that "his horse's mother-in-law lived in that parish; and shure," he added, "there'd be such fitin' and scratchin' as your honor would never dhrame ov if I tuk the creature there." I said: "Is there any family feud between you?"—"Family food is it?" he asked, evidently misunderstanding me. "The devil a happorth of food did we ever get from the family; the most we ever got from them was the measles."—"But," I said, "what am I to do?"—"It's not for the like of me to advise a jintleman like your honor, but I know what I'd do. I'd jump on the car and go back, if it was only to warm the horse and give poor Pat a dhrain."—"But," I added, "I've business there."—"Shure," I'd send for it then; for the devil a start do I make." I found he had a "pal" who kept a "shebeen" just handy, and he made up his mind to desert me. Under these circumstances, as I had paid him well for the hire, I felt justified in tipping him a three-penny piece. Before taking it he went carefully to the horse's head, and taking out a ragged bandanna, he bound the animal's eyes. I naturally asked him what he was about. "Shure, your honor, I wouldn't like the horse to see how mane you were, and I'd never be able to drive him agin if he knew I'd taken a dhirty three-penny. Saying this, the Jehu jumped on his car and joined his "pal," leaving me ten miles from a town and two miles from the place I wanted to go to.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

The King's American Regiment and Other Loyalists of the Revolution.

"The King's American Regiment" was one of the many bodies of troops composed of native-Americans, organized during the Revolution to support the crown and crush out the spirit of liberty. Thus it was that while Irish battalions, regiments and corps under Hand, Moylan, Wayne, Sullivan and other able generals were gloriously contributing to the valor and heroism of the Continental Army, thousands upon thousands "to the manor born" promptly enrolled themselves under the British flag, to wipe out in blood their countrymen engaged in the patriotic struggle for Independence. "The King's Regiment" was raised in New York, in 1777, and was commanded by Colonel Edmund Fanning, a native of that State. New York, indeed, was one of the great strongholds of the loyalists, and sent several regiments into the field to oppose the patriots. Galloway, a prominent loyalist of Pennsylvania, stated that the loyalists of his locality were ready to enter the service of the crown in large numbers, and that on one occasion fifty prominent gentlemen, who described the leaders of the Revolution as "nobodies," went to the camp of Sir William Howe to offer their services in disarming "rebels." In the Carolinas a similar condition of things existed, while in Georgia the loyalists offered the British general to preserve that province to the crown, if he would leave them a single regiment of foot and the "Georgia Rangers," a loyal body, to assist them. In an address presented to the King in London, in 1779, by loyalist Americans, they stated that the number of their countrymen in His Majesty's Service exceeded in number the troops enlisted by Congress to oppose them."

A corps that particularly distinguished itself in behalf of the British was called "the loyal New Englanders," and this organization did much toward retarding the final triumph of the patriot arms. It is also an historical fact that when Cornwallis surrendered, a large portion of his army consisted of native Americans, who had taken up arms against their countrymen. It is well to remember these things, and also to recall the fact that the descendants of many of these loyslists are in this country to-day, and to them may be traced much of the animosity which occasionally comes to the service regarding the brilliant progress which Irish-Americans are making. The following is a list of loyalist American organizations that fought for the maintenance of British tyranny. The length of the list and the number of organizations involved will, no doubt, be a source of surprise to many:—

The King's American Regiment; the King's American Dragoons; the Royal Fensible Americans; the Loyal American Regiment; the Second American Regiment; the King's Rangers; the Queen's Rangers; the New York Volunteers; the Maryland Loyalists; De Lancey's three Battalions; the New Jersey Volunteers; the Loyal New Englanders; the Pennsylvania Loyalists; the North Carolina Volunteers; the Georgia Loyalists; the Prince of Wales' American Volunteers; the Loyal Foresters; the Guides and Pioneers; the British Legion; the King's Ranger's, Carolina; the South Carolina Volunteers; the North Carolina Highland Regiment; the Orange Rangers; the Associated Loyalists; Wentworth's Volunteers; the West Chester Volunteers; the South Carolina Royalists; the American Legion, and Hamilton's seventeen companies of Loyalists. At the close of the war, which resulted in

the disastrous defeat of the British, Parliament, on motion of Lord North, voted half pay "to the officers of certain American corps, raised to serve in America during the late war."

CHURCH DEBTS.—It reads strangely that one of our churches in Brooklyn, N. Y., forty-nine years built, has been all that time in debt, and was only lately released from that state by the munificence of a lady. The only safe rule is one—now being adopted—not to progress faster in such work than there are assured means of making payment for. The bishop of Providence, R. I., is building his grand cathedral in this way. Pay as you go, is a good motto.

CATHOLICISM.—It is frequently discussed, whether the term "Catholicism" is the correct one to be applied to the teaching of our Church. Those holding the negative, maintain that Catholicity is the correct word, because the word "ism" is of Protestant origin, and ought not to be at all attached to the word "Catholic."

THE Dublin Corporation has by an unanimous vote, decided that the new street from Cork Hill to Christ Church Place should be called "Lord Edward Street," in honor of the great Geraldine, whose bones rest in the vaults of St. Werburgh's.

RIEL.—The friends of Riel have gained a point in getting the Dominion government to consent to the case being appealed to the Imperial Privy Council on the question of the constitutionality of the court which sentenced him to death. This was agreed upon at a meeting of the cabinet held here yesterday. While this will delay the execution for a time, it is impossible to say what the result of the appeal will be, the impression being, however, that it will end in his being either granted a new trial, or that his sentence will be commuted to imprisonment for life. Further than granting the right of appeal, the government here takes no action, as formal respite is not necessary. The sheriff of the northwest will now have to wait for the governor-general's warrant, according to the Northwest Territories act, before he can carry out the execution, and as an understanding has been arrived at between Riel's counsel and the government, that time will be allowed for the appeal, nothing further will be done in the matter for three months at least.

CHINESE CREMATION.—A horrible discovery was made in Chinatown, San Francisco, on the 15th. Information was given the city coroner that a frightful stench was being emitted from a cellar on Pacific Street. He went to the cellar, forced his way in and found the floor covered with human skulls and partially covered with flesh in the last stage of decomposition. In an inner room the coroner found a number of Chinese engaged in boiling down the remains of other bodies, while several others were engaged in scraping the boiled bones, and packing them in boxes for shipment to China. It is estimated that the cellar contained over three hundred dead bodies which have been taken secretly from various cemeteries throughout the State. As an instance of Chinese ingenuity, it is stated that those in charge of these operations, fearing that the stench from the boiling pots would be so great as to attract attention outside, had procured two living skunks, so that the odor of the latter might overcome the odor of the former. The coroner has taken charge of all remains.

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—In his reply to the address of the municipal authorities, Archbishop Walsh said: "that he had a deep and settled conviction that the *only remedy for the grievances* which Ireland had long labored, with partial success, to remove, was *the restoration of the rights* of which she had been deprived a century ago *by means as shameful as any* that the records of national infamy could disclose. He rejoiced that *the flag which fell from the hands of the dying O'Connell had again been boldly uplifted*, and he prayed that it might never be refurled until the Irish Parliament was restored."

BY the direction of the general of the Jesuits at Rome, the College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Woodstock, Md., has been declared the "Colleegium Maximum," the principal institution under the charge of the Society of Jesus in this country.

FOREIGNERS IN EACH STATE AND TERRITORY IN THE UNITED STATES.—The following gives the total foreign-born population of each State and territory in the order of relative numbers: New York, 1,211,379; Pennsylvania, 587,829; Illinois, 583,576; Massachusetts, 443,491; Michigan, 388,508; California, 292,874; Minnesota, 267,678; Iowa, 261,650; New Jersey, 221,700; Missouri, 211,578; Indiana, 144,178; Connecticut, 129,992; Texas, 114,616; Kansas, 110,086; Nebraska, 97,414; Maryland, 82,806; Rhode Island, 67,993; Kentucky, 59,517; Maine, 58,883; Louisiana, 54,146; Dakota, 51,795; New Hampshire, 46,294; Utah, 43,994; Vermont, 40,959; Colorado, 39,790; Oregon, 30,503; Nevada, 25,653; West Virginia, 18,265; District of Columbia, 17,122; Tennessee, 16,702; Arizona, 16,049; Washington, 15,803; Virginia, 14,696; Montana, 11,521; Georgia, 10,564; Arkansas, 10,350; Idaho, 9,974; Florida, 9,909; Alabama, 9,734; Delaware, 9,468; Mississippi, 9,209; New Mexico, 8,051; South Carolina, 7,686; Wyoming, 5,850; North Carolina, 3,742. Total, 6,679,943.

ANCESTRY OF THE LATE GENERAL GRANT.—Since the death of General Grant, most of the newspapers have given sketches, in which they have been very anxious to inform the public that his father's family were Scotch; but concealed the fact that his mother, Hannah Simpson was Irish. Matthew Simpson, a respectable farmer of Golan, parish of Ardstraw, county Tyrone, Ireland, emigrated with his young family to America, settled on a farm in Bucks County, Pa. His daughter Hannah was the mother of General Grant, and one of the sons was the father of the late Methodist Bishop Simpson, of Philadelphia. It was from his Irish mother that General Grant inherited his military talent, and he was remarkably like the Simpsons in the formation of his head, thick hair, and the form of his shoulders. No family could be prouder of their Irish origin than the Simpsons. Bishop Simpson frequently visited Ireland. Some years ago he and Dr. John McClintock, whose parents were from Tyrone, visited the homes of their forefathers, and spent a considerable time in the very ancient burial-ground of Scarvahern, where many of the Simpsons are buried. This part of Tyrone has given to the world people of rare talent; Gen. Robert Patterson, Gen. James Shields, Gen. Stewart, hero of the Soudan, Lord Chancellor O'Hagan, McClure, the Arctic Explorer, Farquharson, the celebrated dramatic writer, William Carleton, the novelist, the parents of President Buchanan, Madam Bonaparte Patterson, President John McClintock, of Dickerson College, the mother of General Grant, and the father of Bishop Simpson.

DEATH OF A MISER.—A remarkable figure has passed away from Dublin, in the person of Mr. Hugh Blayney, an aged spirit merchant, who, having in some degree lived the life of a miser, has, at his death, left great wealth, and bequeathed considerable legacies to charities, including many hospitals, orphanages, and asylums. He lived in a respectable house, but denied himself common comforts, boasting that he had worn the same coat for sixty years. The appearance of his place of business was an illustration of his theory that "cobwebs are a better indication of a good trade than elaborate decorations." His bequests are left in the form of annuities, his reason for which was that he did not wish the money to be expended in building, which might be the case if he left the capital sum to the managers of the institutions he wished to benefit.

VERY often the patient wife and mother, who, day by day, with a stout heart, though a weak arm, toils unknown and uncared for to support her sickly husband and little children, deserves a more honorable niche in the temple of fame than the most illustrious warrior.

THE COMMISSIONERS OF EMIGRATION of the State of New York have reported to the Secretary of the Treasury that during the year 1884 there arrived at the port of New York 330,030 immigrants, all of whom were examined by the Board, and, at such examinations, 1,114 persons were found to be either convicts, lunatics, idiots, or persons unable to take care of themselves, without becoming public charges, and were returned to the countries whence they came.

THE German Catholic Central Union, which held its annual convention in Brooklyn, N. Y., early in September, represented 374 societies, with 32,775 members scattered through twenty-three

States, formed the Union. The reserve fund is $559,602.58. Among 4,224 sick members there was distributed last year $110,137.56. To the widows of 504 deceased members there was given $75,339.38. What an incalculable amount of good these figures represent, observes the *Catholic Review*.

VICE-PRESIDENT HENDRICK'S SPEECH. — We give this very important speech. It is gall and worm-wood to the English, but has delighted Ireland. The *Freeman's Journal* in commenting on the speech considers it impossible to exaggerate the importance of Mr. Hendrick's utterances.

THE MUNSTER BANK.— Great efforts continue to be made in Cork to establish a new Bank in the place of the deceased Munster Bank. At a late meeting it was announced that 37,000 shares had been already subscribed. Delay has been occasioned by the hesitation of those men in whose integrity and capacity the people must have confidence, to place themselves on the directorate, until they are fully assured that the necessary capital will be subscribed. The capital of the proposed company will be £1,000,000, in 200,000 shares of £5 each, of which £2 will be called up. The committee have invited intending shareholders to communicate with them, that they may estimate the support which can be counted upon. The Archbishop of Cashel has shown his confidence in the success of the new bank to take the place of the Munster Bank, by taking one hundred shares.

SUMMA PHILOSOPHICA. — On another page we copy a review of this book from the *London Tablet*. The author is one of the learned professors of Boston College.

ADULTERATION OF BEER.— The *New York Times* publishes a letter on the adulteration of beer from a man of "long and intimate knowledge of the business." He says that, as a rule, the beer of the period is not at all what it ought to be; and this is particularly true of the beer sold in New York. The greed of the brewers is so great that many of them no doubt regret that they cannot use sawdust to advantage. Although the best malt sells for ninety cents a bushel and hops are as low as twelve cents a pound — prices which ought to enable the brewers to make enormous profits while furnishing a strictly honest article — they use as much as thirty per cent of raw corn in the manufacture, and other deleterious ingredients in proportion. The writer says that the frauds practised by the brewers merit the earnest attention of the public health authorities.

CAPTAIN JOHN READ has been elected chairman of the executive committee of the New England Undertakers' Association. Captain Reade has been a member of the State Legislature for years, and he is highly respected by all who know him.

ARCHBISHOP RYAN, of Philadelphia, has received, up to date, as trustee of the Catholic institutions of the diocese $740,000, under the will of the late Francis A. Drexel, the banker, who directed that, after the payment of certain small specific legacies, one-tenth of his estate should go to a number of Catholic charities, which he named. The executors by the will were given a year in which to settle the estate's affairs. It is stated by those in a position to know that Mr. Drexel's estate will amount to $10,000,000.

A POPE ANTICIPATES DE LESSEPS.— Manuscripts have lately been found in the Vatican archives of Sixtus the Fifth's time, showing that the Pope had the idea of cutting a canal across the Suez Isthmus. It is a fact that Father Eschinardi, a Jesuit of that day, the author of a learned treatise on architecture, gave a lecture on the possibility of cutting the isthmus, and foresaw that the difficulty would arise not from the waters, but from the accumulation of the sands. This was, in fact, the only difficulty foreseen and experienced by De Lesseps. Father Eschinardi's works may been known to De Lesseps.

CHINA. — Mgr. Fenouil, Vicar-Apostolic of Yuennan, China, speaking of the massacres of Christians which took place in November last, says that he has received news of twenty-nine martyrdoms. The Christians died like the martyrs of old. One word would have saved their lives, their families, their property. They refused to say the word, and lost all for Christ.

REV. A. J. RYAN, "the poet-priest," states that the author of "Home, Sweet Home," John Howard Payne, has found a home of loving pathetic memory in countless hearts. How many know that his sad heart has found a home in the Catholic Church? When the corpse of the homeless exile was brought to this country a few years ago — how is it that a minister of the Episcopal Church officiated at his obsequies? In 1852 Payne died in the sixty-second year of his age. The Catholic Bishop of Tunis was on terms of closest intimacy with the poet, and the priest who prayed at his grave spoke often of him in terms of highest praise. During his sickness the Sisters of Charity, Rosalie, Josephine, Marie, and Celeste nursed him; and they, with his Moorish domestics and his Mussulman servant, Mohammed, saw his spirit pass away and closed his eyes in death. This information will be news to many, and will gladden many a Catholic heart.

GLADSTONE—NAPOLEON.—*Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph:* — Fifteen to twenty years ago, Mr. Gladstone, as a statesman and scholar, stood very high. On the death of D'Israeli, he was called to assume the ministerial direction of the destinies of England. Is there not something like retribution in the extraordinary decline of his popularity? His Egyptian policy was a disastrous failure; so of other measures. At the height of his fame, he raised his talented pen against the successor of St. Peter, in his "Vaticanism." So, the first Napoleon, after making a prisoner of Pope Pius VI, finally raised his hand and struck him a blow. He atoned for it by ignominiously closing his career a prisoner of the Allied Powers, in the Isle of St. Helena.

THE *London Universe* well says: "The Irish of Great Britain are its genuine Salvation Army."

DIOCESE OF MANCHESTER, N. H.— The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of St. Mary's Church, Rochester, N. H., by Bishop Bradley was witnessed by over five thousand people. The bishop was assisted by Fathers Doherty of Salmon Falls, Lamy of Rochester, Demas of Great Falls, Cannon of Exeter, Ryan of Newmarket, Duddy of Great Falls, Murphy of Dover, Barry of Concord, O'Callaghan of Portsmouth, and McDonald of Rochester. The latter is the oldest priest in the diocese, and of him in his address Bishop Bradley said, "that although an old man almost ready to lay down his staff, he is a pattern to the young men of the present day in building churches, etc." The Father will be the pastor at Rochester. The edifice will be of wood and will cost $20,000, including the lot, which is a very handsome one. The usual ceremonies attended the laying of the stone, and coins, etc., were placed in it. An elegant silver trowel, with ivory handle, was used by Bishop Bradley, who laid the stone. Parochial schools will be started in Rochester soon.

THREE CONTINENTS.— Three distant continents were represented around the Lord Mayor's board in Dublin, on the night of the 1st of September: By Dr. O'Doherty, who is a member of the Queensland Legislature; Monsenor Dillon, of Buenos Ayres, who is a member of the Senate of that South American State, and is the pastor of thousands of lusty Irish Nationalists; and a number of clergymen from the United States, through whom Irishmen in millions were participants in the scene. The roar of cheers that greeted Mr. Parnell's answer to the English "impossible!" resounded literally all the world around, says *United Ireland.*

THE French Government lately asked Mlle. Valentine de Lamartine, the niece of Lamartine, to allow his remains to be transferred to the Pantheon, and placed by the side of Victor Hugo. Of course, Mlle. Lamartine, who is a practical Catholic, firmly declined this doubtful honor, saying that, as the body of her uncle was lying in consecrated ground, it would ill become her to place it in a building which had been wilfully desecrated.

LEARNING IRISH.— It is stated that Lady Carnarvon, wife of the new Lord Lieutenant, is learning to speak, read, and write Irish. On September 1st, the Lord Lieutenant received a deputation from the "Gaelic Union," and assured them of his conviction of the importance of the study of Irish, not only from a philological point of view, but because of the mental superiority conferred by lingual power. The Countess of Carnarvon, who was present, delighted the deputation by addressing them in a few sentences of pure Irish.

Church of the Precious Blood Dedicated.

THE new Church of the Precious Blood, Hyde Park, adjoining Boston, Rev. R. J. Barry, pastor, was dedicated Sunday, September 13, by Archbishop Williams. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid July 4, 1880. The church is built upon Mount Neponset, and is the most striking landmark to be seen for miles around. It is cruciform in shape on the plan, and is in the English Gothic style. The basement is of Quincy granite, and the superstructure of Eastern brick, with Nova Scotia freestone trimmings, and is surmounted by a graceful spire and minaret. The length of the church is 137 feet and the width 68 feet. The belfry contains a chime of nine bells. The church cost about $86,000. There are at present 1,800 parishoners. The seating capacity is 1,000 souls. The main body of the church is lighted by 23 stained glass windows. The north transept window is 12x26 feet, and contains stained glass representations of St. Patrick and Mary Magdalen. This window is the gift of Daniel Sheedy. The south transept window, of the same size, represents St. John the Baptist and St. Margaret, and is the gift of John S. Bleakie. The Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Archbishop Williams, assisted by Vicar-General Byrne, arch-priest; Father O'Donnell of East Cambridge, deacon; Father Burke of Winchester, sub-deacon; Father O'Toole, master of ceremonies. The sermon was preached by Bishop Watterson of Columbus, O. These clergymen also assisted in the ceremonies: Rev. Fathers Harkins of St. James, Fitzpatrick of Milton, Magennis of Jamaica Plain, Smyth of Roxbury, Conaty of Worcester, McGrath of Somerville, O'Brien of Cambridge, Strain and Harrington of Lynn, Conaty of Spencer, Rossi of Brighton, Moran of St. Stephen's, Morris of Brookline, Corcoran of South Boston, Flatley of Canton, Flatley of Malden, Healy of Gloucester, Donnelly of Medford, Boylan of Medway. A vesper service was held at four o'clock, the sermon being preached by Rev. P. A. McKenna of Hudson. The musical selections were finely rendered by a quartette and a choir of twenty-five voices. Rev. R. J. Barry, pastor of the church, was heartily congratulated upon his success in erecting such a beautiful structure. He has worked constantly to secure the funds necessary for its construction, and sails for Europe to get the rest which he so much needs. He will be absent about six months. The church surpasses that of any building in the town.

Hyde Park is a rising town. It has just put in a supply of pure water at an expense of $100,000.

The church was crowded. Hundreds who wished to be present at the services could not find admittance. We heard a clergyman, who ought to know, say that Bishop Watterson's sermon was the best dedication discourse he ever heard.

Was Grant a Freemason?

THE obsequies of General Grant were remarkable for the absence of one particular feature which would have marred and disturbed their harmony had there been any cause for its introduction; need we say that we refer to Freemasonry? Grant belonged to the sect of Methodists, and these people are not in favor of secret societies. There appears to be some halting in raising subscriptions for the national monument, and some of our contemporaries would like to make it appear that this hesitation arises from the nature of the formation of the National Committee. The *Sunday Chronicle* traces the lack of enthusiasm to another and a widely different cause — the fact that General Grant was not a Freemason. If we are right, as we believe we are, in this surmise, it will not do to trace the backwardness of the subscriptions to the national monument to the constitution of the committee, but to the real cause that Grant was not a Freemason. Let this matter be tested and probed as it deserves. It will go far to explain many things that would otherwise appear inexplicable.

The Parliamentary Fund.

THE popular $1 subscription, proposed by the Municipal Council of the League of Boston, in furtherance of the suggestion of Mr. Thomas F. Doherty, is meeting with universal favor; and, as such, a word of information in reference to the method of its collection will be opportune at this time. Suitable blank receipts have been provided in book form, and will be furnished to the presidents of branches, who will in turn authorize by voucher, contained in cover, responsible collectors to solicit contributions. Each donor is to receive a receipt from this book for the amount contributed, a stub duplicate of which will be retained and duly returned to the president of the society. By this means a correct account of every dollar

subscribed will be kept upon the records of each branch, and be ready, if required, for publication at any time. It is hoped that any branches which have not as yet taken up this important matter will do so without further delay, and thus by united effort the people of Boston and vicinity will be able to transmit an amount in aid of the Parliamentary Fund worthy of their reputation for generosity and patriotism.

T. B. FITZ,
President Municipal Council.

An Interesting Coincidence.

"IT is rather an interesting coincidence that the most popular and dashing members of both Gen. Grant's class and Gen. Lee's at West Point should have left the service to become priests of the Catholic Church," observed a retired army officer upon hearing of Rev. James Clark's death at Georgetown College, Washington, the other day. "There was Deshon, of the class of 1845, at the Military Academy. He was a universal favorite; and when, after graduation, as is the custom at West Point, he went to the mess hall, and, calling the battalion to attention, said: 'Good-by, boys,' every cadet present rose and cheered him to the echo. This is a test of esteem in which the corps holds a cadet, and very few indeed receive the cheers of the entire corps. Why, I remember when an officer of engineers, who was often heard of during the war as a division, and for a time a corps, commander, graduated and came to say good-by, not more than one-third of the battalion cheered him. He was a good soldier, but irascible, and made himself very disagreeable by annoying the cadets about small and unimportant things, and so they let him see it when they got a chance." Father Deshon is a member of the Paulist Congregation, New York City; Father Clark was a Jesuit, and was located at Georgetown College.

Total Abstinence Lecturer.

To the officers and members of Total Abstinence Societies and all friends of temperance: Thanks to the kindness of Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, and the munificent generosity of a well-known Catholic gentleman of Chicago, the board of Government of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America is enabled to announce the glad tidings to the country, that the services of a lecturer, who will constantly champion our cause, have been secured. All friends of our movement will also rejoice to learn that Rev. J. B. Cotter, well known for his zeal in the Total Abstinence cause, a former honored President of the Union, has consented to assume the onerous duties of Union Lecturer. The purse of the generous Chicago gentleman has been opened to defray his travelling expenses, so that societies or congregations that may secure his services will be obliged to incur no expense, except their local expenses for hall, etc. Invitations for lectures may be directed at once to Rev. J. B. Cotter, Winona, Minn.

JAS. M. CLEARY,
President, C. T. A. U. of America.
KENOSHA, WIS., Sept. 1, 1885.

BISHOP BECKER, of Washington, D. C., in a letter to Editor Greeves, of *The Catholic Knight* of Cleveland, O., says: "It makes very little difference to me; but the truth requires me to say that I am not a German, for I was born in Pittsburg, Pa., and my parents knew no German whatever, and were not from Germany. I visited Ireland several times. Although I speak Irish fairly, read and understand it grammatically, I never made any presentation in Celtic to Pius IX., but took part in the Academy of Languages in Propaganda and made an address in Irish. I know German, because it was needed and I acquired it.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for October is an admirable production, and contains articles, stories, and selections absolutely too numerous to mention. The magazine deserves the solid support of Irish-Americans.—*Chicago Citizen.*

TWO recent appointments as teachers in the public school of Rockville, Mass., are those of the Misses Rosella and Mary J. Burke, sisters, and daughters of Mr. Henry Burke, a respectable Irish Catholic of that village. The local paper says:—"These young ladies are graduates of the Rockville High School, and are the first of their religion or nationality appointed to such a position in this place.

SUBSCRIBERS to the works of Dr. Brownson will rejoice to hear that the editor proposes to issue one more volume, containing a general index.

RT. REV. DR. O'SULLIVAN was consecrated bishop of Mobile, Ala., at Washington, D. C., on the 20th of September, in St. Peter's Church, Capitol Hill, of which church Dr. O'Sullivan has been pastor. Most Rev. Archbishop James Gibbons, of Baltimore, was the consecrator and celebrant of the Mass, with Rt. Rev. J. G. Keane, Bishop of Richmond, Va., and Rt. Rev. H. P. Northrup, Bishop of Charleston, S. C., as assisting bishops. Other clerical assistants were as follows: Deacons of honor, Rev. P. Ryan and Rev. George Devine; deacon and sub-deacon of the Mass, Rev. F. Duggan, of Baltimore, and Rev. D. Dewulf, of Pikesville, Md.; masters of ceremonies, Rev. James F. Donohue, of St. Peter's; Rev. James McCallan, S. S., of Baltimore, and Rev. C. E. Thomas, of St. Patrick's; Episcopal cross-bearer, Rev. James Mackin, of Baltimore; notary, Rev. William E. Starr, of Baltimore; chanters, Revs. Ferine, Schmitt, Showds, Starr, and Boland. The Rt. Rev. Bishop Keene, of Richmond, preached the sermon appropriate to the solemnity.

ENGLISH OPINION.—"It is the Irish Party," says the *London Daily Telegraph*—no friendly critic—"of patience, industry, and finally of triumph. This meed of just praise must be accorded them; as a party, they have not wavered in allegiance to their chief, and they have displayed the quality of sticking together, which a number of Irishmen of different ranks, of different religions, and of varying degrees of culture were not heretofore assumed to possess."

THE *New York Sun* says, in its gossipy way, that the short stature of Gen. Sheridan is caused by his legs. A friend says that the gallant Phil is not sensitive on the subject. A girl came for his and Gen. Sherman's autographs in her album, and they wrote their names. She was not content, for she had set her heart on a verse of "Sheridan's Ride," in his own handwriting. This he declined to grant. Then she began to question him about that famous piece of equestrianism. "Now, Gen. Sherman," she at length asked, turning in pretty desperation to him, "what do you imagine Gen. Sheridan said on mounting his steed?"—"Well, I really don't know," was the response, with a quizzical glance down at the legs of his fellow officer, "but maybe he said to his orderly, 'shorten these stirrup straps.'"

A WRITER in the *British Medical Journal* says the deaths from patent medicines are about 150,000 annually.

THE ORANGE BANK.—During the past week a heavy run has been continuously kept up on the Bank of Ireland, and it now amounts to almost a panic. The Irish Tory papers are now filled with bitter and vindictive articles concerning the affair, and they intimate that the entire run was engineered in revenge for the Hibernian's refusal to make advances to the Munster Bank during its recent troubles. The Bank of Ireland and the National Bank are two different institutions. The latter is the bank Mr. Donahoe draws on, and is one of the safest and best managed banks in the British Empire.

A CATHOLIC COLLEGE is in course of erection in Salt Lake City, the home of the Mormons. Rev. W. F. Scanlan is the builder.

THE IRISH STRUGGLE.—The ground has been cleared for the final struggle—for the crowning victory. Mr. Parnell does not fear for the result. "I feel assured," he says, "that the next Irish Party that will be assembled shall be the last in the English and the first in the restored Irish Parliament." One thing alone is needed to ensure that consummation of eighty-five years of hopes and efforts, and fortunately there need be no apprehension that the required condition of success will be wanting. It is that the people will do their duty at the general election, not alone by returning men pledged to vote and act with the National Party, but by judiciously choosing them. Upon the men sent to parliament in November next will largely depend the future of Ireland.

A MAN WITH FOUR EARS.—John Henry Grimes, a man possessed of four ears, is a natural curiosity in San Francisco. He is a native of Nova Scotia. The peculiarity about him that attracts attention makes him the best developed person in the world, so far as hearing is concerned. The front ears which are placed in their natural position, are per-

fect and well-formed. The extra pair are partly covered by those in front, yet they appear like ordinary ears. Tests have been made which demonstrate that Mr. Grimes can hear equally well with either pair of ears.

"A SPRIG OF SHILLALAH AND SHAMROCKS SO GREEN."—In a private parlor at Parker's hotel, Boston, a small party assembled, composed of Hon. P. A. Collins, Hon. P. J. Riley, of Malden, John Boyle O'Reilly, Esq., Hon. H. B. Lovering, and Messrs. Thomas Flatley, M. P. Curran, Thomas F. Doherty, Dennis P. Cashman, and M. H. Keenan. After an elaborate banquet had been disposed of, several speeches were made. During Mr. Collins' recent visit to Ireland, Mr. Parnell's secretary presented the former gentleman with a handsome blackthorn cane, with the understanding that Mr. Collins should in turn present it to the sincerest and most enthusiastic Irish patriot in Massachusetts. Mr. Collins promised to do as required, and last evening, with an appropriate speech, he made Hon. P. J. Riley of Malden the proud possessor of the stick. Mr. Riley responded in his happiest vein, thanking all persons concerned, and assuring Mr. Collins of his high appreciation of the honor conferred. Speeches were made by other gentlemen present, and the occasion was in every respect a representative and highly enjoyable one.

"VICE," says his Eminence, Cardinal Manning, "is like the air we breathe, tainting the moral atmosphere, and children growing up therein too often drink in the fever and temptations of the world."

"THE *role* of a Christian woman," says a charming writer, "resembles that of the guardian angels. They can direct the world, but only remaining invisible like them."

A GENEROUS EMPLOYER.— Through the munificence of Mr. J. Putnam Bradlee, the proprietor of the large woollen mill at Ballardvale, St. Joseph's Catholic Church in that town has this summer been entirely repainted, carpeted, and upholstered. A new altar has been put in and handsome gas fixtures added. The congregation is composed mainly of the employees of Mr. Bradlee's mills, and in addition to the above he has given the people of Ballardvale the free use of Bradlee Hall, which includes a fine library, reading-room, and a hall for entertainments.

THE REV. J. J. HEALY, Catholic pastor of Gloucester, Mass., has made a record in that city which has never been surpassed by any priest. Fourteen years ago, when he was appointed to Gloucester, the church property consisted of a poor little wooden church, without even a residence for the pastor. His people were poor and not numerous — nearly all the heads of families being fishermen. To-day, the Catholics of Gloucester, judged from their church and its surroundings, lead all other denominations in the city. The magnificent granite church, finished to the lofty and beautiful steeple, with rich marble altars, superb frescoes, stained windows, is the centre of a group of the most remarkable buildings in Gloucester — the pastor's residence, the convent, and the schools, constructed out of the old church building. Men of all creeds and classes in Gloucester honor and respect Father Healy for his devoted and extraordinary labor and success. In a few months, when the buildings now going up are complete, he may rest from a task which shall bless this and future generations.

THE REV. P. P. SHAHAN, of St. Patrick's Church, in Norwich, Conn., is known as a most determined enemy of liquor drinking. After the steamer *City of Lawrence*, with excursionists from St. Patrick's and St. Mary's parishes on board, had got well on her way toward Rocky Point, on July 25, Father Shahan discovered that liquor was being furnished from some private source. He soon fixed upon one or two state-rooms as the probable source of the supply, and he made a raid on them. He seized the liquors and cast them into the sea, setting the owners at defiance. The dealers will take no action, but are highly indignant.

ARCHBISHOP LYNCH, of Toronto, hit the nail squarely on the head when, on a recent occasion, in alluding to renegade Irishmen, he said: "It is true that some descendants of the Irish, when too highly favored by Providence in worldly goods, have become ashamed of the land of their fathers, because, indeed, it is

under the hand of an oppressor. They will even change or disfigure their names, forgetting that the Irish race is the oldest, most respectable, and least contaminated in all Europe. But there will always be national abortions, and, as I said, tares will grow up amongst the good wheat."

SHERMAN "MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA."— General William Tecumseh Sherman let drop a bit of information about the origin of the tune "Marching through Georgia," the other night at the Grand Pacific Hotel, which is well worth publicity. The old warrior had on an overcoat and a straw hat. Some one suggested that the two things were not apropos. "Well," said the general, "I never thought of that, and if I am to keep up my reputation for kissing pretty girls I have got to have more style about me, for they will think I am getting careless in my old age." "Don't go away to-night," remarked a bystander; "stay and we will have a serenade and the band will play "Marching through Georgia." "Good heavens!" said Tecumseh, with a startled look, "I am glad I am going away if that's the case. Let them go to Georgia and play it all they please. I have heard it before. I heard it in Ireland. A man told me over there that the tune was 'old as the hills'— an old Irish tune; and he proceeded to sing a ballad in the Irish tongue to the tune of 'Marching through Georgia,' which he said his grandfather had taught him many years back."

THE GRAVES OF OUR PRESIDENTS.— All the presidents of the United States who have passed away before Grant, sleep their last sleep at their respective homes, and there is general, and there will be lasting, regret, that General Grant has been made an exception to the rule. Washington sleeps at his home at Mt. Vernon; the Adamses sleep at their Quincy home; Jefferson rests at Monticello; Madison at Montpelier; Monroe and Tyler at Richmond; Jackson at the Hermitage; Van Buren at Kinderhook; Harrison at North Bend; Polk at Nashville; Taylor at Baton Rouge, although buried first at Washington; Filmore at Buffalo; Pierce at Concord; Buchanan at Lancaster; Lincoln at Springfield; Johnson at Greenville, and Garfield at Cleveland. The same hitherto unbroken rule would make Galena, in Illinois, the resting-place of Grant.

1880 AND 1885.— The *Dublin Freeman's Journal* reviews the facts concerning Ireland from 1880 to the close of the parliament recently prorogued. The article concludes: "The contrast between Ireland as it was found by the Irish Party in 1880 and as they leave it in 1885 may be summed up in a few words. In 1880 eviction, rackrenting, the heritage of arrears left the vast majority of the farmers at the mercy of the landlords; eviction, except for nonpayment of rent, is now dead; rackrenting can only be continued with the consent and by the connivance of a court of law; the arrears have been to a large extent wiped off; the rents on an average have been reduced 25 per cent; the omnipotent landlord has joined in the appeal to the State for his dismissal, and the first step has been taken towards enabling the tenant of every farm in Ireland to become on easy terms its absolute owner. The laborers are given the opportunity of exchanging their hideous hovels for sanitary and comfortable dwellings; coercion has ceased to be a possibility, alike for Tory and Liberal Ministries, and its last era closes with the party and the Parliament. Finally, by the reduction of the franchise, the liberties and destinies of Ireland are transferred from the uncertainties of petty constituencies, the small interests and prejudices of cliques, and the corrupt possibilities of individuals, and rest, lofty, strong, and secure, on the true hearts and sound judgments of the masses of the people.

TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND PEOPLE.— A grand manifestation of faith has lately taken place in Antwerp, on the occasion of the third centenary of the restoration of the Catholic worship in that city. On the 20th of August, 1566, a band of iconoclasts invaded the Cathedral of Antwerp, demolished its altars, burned its paintings, made a target of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and sacked the other religious edifices of the city. Fifteen years later, a band of Calvanists renewed these excesses and turned the cathedral into a Protestant meeting-house. But the profanation of the holy place lasted only four years, and the Catholic people, having recovered their once beautiful cathedral, restored it to its former grandeur and magnificence. Every year the anniversary of this happy event is celebrated by a grand procession; and this year, being the third centenary

of the restoration, the procession assumed unusual proportions. The Belgian papers estimate the number of strangers who took part in the ceremonies at two hundred and fifty thousand. Mgr. Mermillod, the eloquent Bishop of Geneva, delivered a grand sermon, in the course of which he proved that the conflict which at the present time divides the world, is the battle of faith against the materialistic doctrines which leave man without peace of heart and elevation of soul. Faith will come out victorious of the present conflict as she has always done through the greater trials of the last eighteen hundred years.

THE "RUNNER BIRD" of Arizona, which is a special enemy of snakes, destroys them in a peculiar manner. It selects as the moment for operation the time when the snakes are asleep in the hot sun and begins cutting off twigs of the most thorny species of cactus, which grows everywhere in profusion. When enough are obtained they are dropped in a circle about the reptile. This is continued until the fence is strong enough to serve the purpose, and such is the dread of the serpent for the sharp prickers on the cactus that it is said to prefer death from starvation rather than attempt to escape through the circle of thorns, which bristle at it from every direction. Although the snake is frequently known to die in these enclosures from heat and famine, it more frequently falls a prey to hawks and eagles, who take advantage of its helplessness and carry it off. The bird is nearly twice as large as a pigeon.

EX-MINISTER LOWELL.—*London Universe:*—Mr. Lowell, the late American Minister, has gone home after having been made mighty much of; but the Americans do not appear over-delighted at the way he was cuddled and caressed. They say that stress was laid on the circumstance that he was so gentlemanly, as if the article "gentleman" were a phenomenal production at the other side of the Atlantic. All this palaver will not do, hints Brother Jonathan. When England is in difficulties she looks lovingly to her "Anglo-Saxon kinsman" across the ocean, and softly murmurs, "Blood is thicker than water." When she is festive and self-satisfied, requiring no help, she alters her tune and mutters, "The Yankees are a low type of humanity any way."

DUBLIN.— The corporation of Dublin is advancing with steady strides on the path of manliness it has taken up, says the *London Universe.* At last it is proving that it has a will of its own, and that will is not the toadying, tuft-hunting one of yore. A soul has come into it. It is no longer a clique of weak-kneed Whigs and ranting Orangemen, but a council of honest, staunch patriots, who will neither be derided from the exercise of duty nor dictated to by any castle-influenced puppet. They have named Sackville Street, O'Connell Parade; and that it will continue to be in spite of fifty vice-chancellors' injunctions; they have elected the poet Sullivan as the next Lord Mayor; they have refused to abase themselves to a foreign nobleman, and now they have put Kevin Izod O'Doherty on the roll of freemen beside Gladstone and Grant. The prison is not always the gate to unhonored oblivion.

A TOUCHING STORY is told of the Venerable Bede's completion of his translation of the Gospel of St. John into Saxon in the monastery of Jarrow-on-the-Tyne. When the last chapter was reached, the scribe, seeing that his master's strength was failing, said: "It seems difficult for you to speak." "Nay, it is easy," replied Bede; "take your pen, dip it in ink, and write as fast as you can."—"Now, master," said the scribe, "only one sentence is wanting." Bede repeated it. "It is finished," said the scribe. "It is finished," replied the dying servant of God; "lift up my head; let me sit in my cell, in the place where I have been accustomed to pray; and now, 'Glory be to the Father and the Son, and the Holy Ghost.'" With these words Bede's spirit went up to God.

A PURE PROLIFIC RACE.— The Irish numbered 800,000 in Queen Elizabeth's time. So low had they been reduced by sword, famine, and pestilence, that their conquerors outnumbered them two to one; yet, by a merciful providence of God, they soon outnumbered their conquerors three to one. Chaste living, healthy, early marriages, and a detestation of the crime of injury to women, were amongst the Irish the fruitful causes of their increase. The Catholics, as said above, were barely 800,000, while the Protestants — English, Scotch, and a few Irish apostates — were 2,000,000, with the whole island, its riches,

emoluments, and offices in their hands. Catholics were banned and hunted down, yet God preserved them; and by their unalterable faith they conquered, and their children have inherited their spirit."

INDIAN CHIEF POUNDMAKER, who made such a good fight during the half-breed outbreak, has been sentenced to serve three years in the penitentiary at Regina for alleged treason. Poundmaker said he would prefer the gallows to the jail, and then added: "I was good all summer. People told lies. I saved a lot of bloodshed. I can't understand how it is that after saving so many lives I am brought here. I could have been on the prairies still if I would." Then waving his hand majestically he said, with a smile: "I am a man; do as you like. I am in your power. I gave myself up. You did not catch me."

MARRIAGE WITH FREEMASONS.—The Masonic oath, whereby a person binds himself blindly to the Society of the Freemasons, seemed in the minds of some Catholics to create an impediment to matrimony, and was thought to be a greater obstacle to marriage than even heresy. The teaching of the craft, it was said, was not only heretical, but essentially anti-Christian; its ultimate aim being to uproot the foundations of faith and to destroy religion. To these Catholics, therefore, it appeared to be unjust to judge heretics who still believed in Jesus Christ and the Blessed Trinity more severely, and to debar them from marriage with Catholics more strictly than men who are banded together for the destruction of Christianity and whose secret plots are revolutionizing every country in Europe.

But the *Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office*, when appealed to for guidance in the matter, answered that as long as the Holy See had not published a general decree on the subject, parish priests must act in the marriage of Freemasons with great discretion and prudence. Rather than lay down a hard and fast rule, they must take such measures as will best serve the honor and glory of God and the good of souls. But the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, unless circumstances direct otherwise, should be omitted.

HEROISM OF SISTERS OF MERCY.—The cable dispatches record another noble deed of Christian heroism performed by some Sisters of Mercy in the cholera afflicted districts of Spain. In the town of Aranjuez, visited by the dreaded pestilence, nearly all the chemists—druggists, as we call them—followed the flight of the other shopkeepers of the place; the drug-stores were closed; and, consequently, the sufferers were without medicinal aid, until some Sisters of Mercy from Madrid volunteered to go down to the infected town, and re-opened the drug-stores, after the prefect had vainly offered exorbitant sums to regular chemists to do the work. What a sublime example of Christian charity? But similar acts are performed almost daily by Catholic priests and sisters the world over.

THE LATE REBELLION.—The number of lives lost in the Union Army, in the Civil War, has been tabulated with official accuracy. It appears that 353,496 men were killed outright, in action, or died of wounds or diseases in the Federal service. New York State stands first on this roll of honor, with a total of 46,534. Ohio comes next, with 35,475. Illinois follows, with 34,834, and Pennsylvania is fourth with 33,183.. When to the Union losses are added those on the Confederate side, and the deaths in the Navy, on both sides, the cost of the war, in men alone, will perhaps hardly be represented by 756,000 lives.

OUR HOLY FATHER, Leo XIII., has recently issued a decree ordering the Rosary and Litany of the Blessed Virgin to be said every day from the first of October until the second of November, in every church and public chapel throughout the Catholic world.

GRANT.—Mr. C. L. Dana, one of the editors of the *Medical Record*, says:—"General Grant's doctors did all for him that could be done. They understood that was it a case of epithelioma, and that all that could be done would be to make his road to death as easy and painless as possible. In this they succeeded. It is a wrong impression that the General's sufferings have been severe. In a few instances only was this the case. Whenever he was in pain, he was given cocaine which had been discovered about that time. This relieved him. The average life of a man with a cancer is never more than a

year. The General's constitution was considerably impaired. His leg that was injured last December weakened him also. I believe that the cancer in this case was brought on by excessive smoking. If Gen. Grant had never smoked he would not have had a cancer."

IN BEER-DRINKING, Belgium takes a long lead, consuming 160 litres per head per year, or about 36 gallons. A barrel a year per head of the population, children, women, and teetotalers included, is not at all bad. Great Britain comes next with 140 litres, North Germany with 88.5, and France with 23. Of wine France consumes 74 litres per head, Switzerland 100, and Great Britain 2.5. It thus appears that the British people are second in beer drinking, third in wine drinking, and eighth in spirit drinking, which, as an all-around average, is exceedingly good.

IT is not unworthy of remark, that of all the grim array of Dublin Castle officials, who, eighteen months ago, stood facing the Irish Nationalists, with jaws hungry for their destruction,—Viceroy, Chief-Secretary, Inspector-General, Detective-Director, Secretary, General Post-Office; double-barrelled Crown Solicitor; and all —not a single man survives in official harness to tell the tale.

LETTERS from China represent that France lost 15,000 men in the Tonquin campaign, and that her loss in money including the cost of building forts, hospitals and frontier defences was $215,000,000, while China's losses were 100,000 men and $190,000,000.

CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DES VICTOIRES.—The French Catholic residents of Boston and vicinity have for some years contemplated the erection of a church on the Back Bay. For five years past they have, under the title of Notre Dame des Victoires, held services in a building on Freeman Place off Beacon Street, and the congregation numbers some 1,500 persons. A piece of land comprising 12,942 feet and costing $22,282, has been bought on Isabella Street, and now vigorous action is being taken to raise funds for the erection of a church. Mr. Charles R. Ebann, Box 3,276 Boston Post-office, has been authorized to solicit contributions, which will be duly acknowledged in the Boston papers.

THE NUN OF KENMARE.—So well has Mother Mary Francis Clare succeeded in her work of establishing a home for friendless immigrant girls, that she has had to enlarge her quarters once already, and is now negotiating for the purchase of two additional houses. St. Joseph's Home, as the institution is called, is situated at 235 Grove Street, Jersey City. In it she has received since the opening, last March, 230 girls who have been maintained for periods varying from three days to three weeks. Mother Clare intends to devote several rooms in the new home to the care of young children whose parents may be too busily employed either at home or elsewhere to devote sufficient time to them. The little ones will be taught and cared for by competent Sisters. An orphanage is also among the possibilities of the future. The property will cost about $25,000, for the raising of which she depends upon public subscriptions.

WHEN did you last request a priest to say a Mass for you?

BOSTON COLLEGE.—The number of students now in the College is three hundred. An increase of nearly one hundred this year. The College will probably be enlarged in order to accomodate the number applying for admission.

THE ORPHAN'S FRIEND.—This very interesting publication for October is now ready. It is embellished with a full-page portrait of the late Most Rev. Archbishop Bourget, second bishop of Montreal, with a biographical sketch of his eventful life. The price of this paper, which is issued quarterly, is only twenty-five cents a year. Address "House of the Angel Guardian," 85 Vernon St., Boston Highlands.

MONEY never made a man happy yet, nor will it; there is nothing in its nature to produce happiness; the more a man has, the more he wants; instead of its filling a vacuum it makes one; if it satisfies one want, it doubles and trebles that want another way.—*Franklin.*

Personal.

ANTHONY M. KEILY has resigned the mission to Austria.

AMONG those recently ordained to the priesthood was Rev. Francis X. Sadlier, S. J., son of one of the original owners of the *New York Tablet*, and whose mother, the great writer, is still living at Montreal.

MR. HUGH J. MOLLOY, of Randolph, Mass., has been appointed principal of a school in Hingham, Mass. Mr. Molloy is a graduate of Boston College, and has already achieved considerable distinction as a competent and suecessful teacher.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has appointed Mrs. M. A. Mulligan to be Pension Agent at Chicago, vice Miss Ada C. Sweet, resigned. In our next issue we will give an account of the exploits of her gallant husband, Col. James A. Mulligan.

MR. FRANCIS BARNUM, S. J., a nephew of P. T. Barnum, received minor orders at the College of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Woodstock, Md., recently. Mr. Barnum relinquished a bequest from his father of $80,000, because the stipulation was that he should never enter a Catholic religious order.

THE CARDINAL ARCHBISHOP of Sydney, Australia, sailed from England, taking with him some forty companions — Father Collins, his secretary, and a group of priests whom he had gathered together in Ireland; also some fifteen nuns who would aid him greatly; and, besides these, some lay people, most of whom had friends already in the Colony, and were about to join them. In a little while, his Eminence added, he hoped to be more independent of home for his supply of clergy. He had already laid the foundation-stone of his own seminary, and had signed a contract for £60,000, so it would be a building worthy of Australia and worthy of its purpose.

THE appointment of Hon. John McWilliams to the Collectorship of Providence, R. I., has given great satisfaction. Mr. McWilliams is about forty-two years of age. He was born in Ireland, and was brought to this country when a baby of two years. He learned the machinist's trade, and, by untiring perseverence and skill, was soon able to lay the foundation of the present McWilliams' Manufacturing Company, of which he is the President.

OUR Most Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has been graciously pleased to impart his Apostolic Benediction, for the second time, to Mr. James J. Treacy, author of "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity," and to signify his high appreciation of "Tributes" and of "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens." His Holiness has also deigned to honor Mr. Treacy with the present of an exquisitely executed cameo, representing St. Joseph and the Infant Saviour, the work of a distinguished Roman artist.

INTERESTING OCCASION.—Rev. J. H. Richards, S. J., who was recently ordained at Woodstock, Md., paid a visit to his parents at Winchester, Mass. Among the interesting incidents of the visit, were the serving of the Mass of the son by his father, H. L. Richards, formerly an Episcopal minister, and the receiving of the sacrament of holy communion by the whole Richards family at the hands of the newly ordained clergyman.

ON September 3, the Rev. C. W. K. Morrill, rector of the St. James Church, of Woonsocket, R. I., tendered his resignation to the Right Rev. Thomas M. Clark, Episcopal Bishop of Rhode Island, and, on September 4, was received into the Roman Catholic Church, in the Cathedral, at Richmond, Va. He had been rector of the St. James Church for two years.

MRS. MARGARET F. SULLIVAN has resigned her position as editorial writer on the *Chicago Herald*—her health, impaired through overwork, obliging her to a long vacation.

MR. GEORGE R. BRINE, for several years manager of the Old South and Marlboro clothing houses in this city, has associated himself with the firm of J. B. Barnaby & Co. Mr. Brine, who is very popular among Bostonians, and is possessed of rare business experience and ability, is sure of liberal patronage in his new position at the hands of thousands of his friends.

Notices of Recent Publications.

California Publishing Company.

THE CROSS OF MONTEREY, AND OTHER POEMS. By Richard Edward White.

This tastefully gotten-up book is published in San Francisco, by the California Publishing Company. There are twenty-eight pieces, many of them very good. We give as a sample:

BY THE CROSS OF MONTEREY.

GOOD Junipero the Padre,
When 'twas dying of the day,
Sat beneath the dark, tall pine-trees
By the Cross of Monterey.
Listening as the simple Redmen
Of their joys and sorrows told,
And their stories of the missions,
And their legends quaint and old.

And they told him when Portala
Rested by the crescent bay,
Little dreaming he was gazing
On the wished-for Monterey,
That this cross on shore he planted
And the ground about it blessed,
And then he and his companions
Journeyed northward on their quest.

And the Indians told the Padre
That Portala's cross at night,
Gleaming with a wondrous splendor,
Than the noon-sun was more bright!
And its mighty arms extended
East and westward, O so far!
And its topmost point seemed resting
Northward on the polar star.

And they told, when fear had vanished,
How they gathered all around,
And their spears and arrows buried
In the consecrated ground;
And they brought most fragrant blossoms,
And rare ocean shells in strings,
And they hung upon the cross-arms
All their choicest offerings.

And the Padre told the Indians:
"Ah, if rightly understood,
What you tell me of the cross here
Has a meaning deep and good,
For that light is emblematic
That the time is near at hand,
When the faith of Christ the Saviour
Will illumine all the land.

"To the Cross cling, O my children!
In the storm and in the night,
When you wander, lost and weary,
It will be a guiding light;
Cling to it, and cares and sorrows
Very soon will all have passed,
And the palm and crown of glory
Will be given you at last."

Good Junipero the Padre
Thus unto the Redmen told
Of the emblem of salvation
And its story sweet and old,
Sitting by the crescent bay-side,
When 'twas dying of the day,
At the foot of dark, tall pine-trees,
By the Cross of Monterey.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

ALETHEIA; OR, THE OUT-SPOKEN TRUTH ON THE ALL-IMPORTANT QUESTION OF DIVINE AUTHORITATIVE TEACHING. An exposition of the Catholic Rule of Faith, contrasted with the various theories of private and fallible interpretation of the Scriptures. With a full explanation of the whole question of infallibility and application of the principles to the development of Catholic doctrine, according to the needs of the times. By the Rt. Rev. J. D. Richards, D. D., bishop of Retimo, and Vicar-Apostolic of the Eastern Vicarate of the Cape Colony. Price 80 cts., net. Postage, 10 cts.

This book, which is dedicated to His Eminence Cardinal Manning, is the second from the pen of the Rt. Rev. author — its predecessor, "*Catholic Christianity and Modern Unbelief*," being now in its *fifth thousand* and still selling rapidly. This is the best testimonial such a book possibly could receive, and we anticipate even a larger sale for "Aletheia." The present work covers a deal of ground not touched upon by "Catholic Christianity," etc., and especially that ever-vexed question, the "Infallibility" of the Pope. We are sure this book merits more than ordinary review, and we trust it will receive the commendation it so richly deserves.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONSABRE'S short discourses or meditations on the Holy Rosary have gone through twelve editions in France within a very few years. They are admirably adapted to the devout and recollected recitation of this great prayer of the Catholic family wherever its members are found. They are brief, practical, and instructive. Father Stephen Byrne, O. P., is publishing them in English, in New York, and will have them ready by the first of October. They will be in the hands of all our Catholic booksellers.

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

ARCHBISHOP.

THE archbishop of Aix, department of Bouches du Rhone, seventeen miles north of Marseilles, France, has died from cholera. He contracted the disease while visiting a cholera hospital.

CLERGYMEN.

FATHERS HOGAN and Lynch, of the Amboellas mission, have died of malignant fever. In the same country, we have just heard of the martyrdom of Father Delpech, Brother Roothan and Brother Gerald (an Irishman).

WE deeply regret to record the death of the Rev. Father Bird, S. J., of the Church of the Sacred Heart, Edinburgh, Scotland, which took place on August 29th. Father Bird, whose father was an officer in the army, was born in the year 1816, and had thus attained the age of seventy. He was educated at Stonyhurst, and having become a member of the Society of Jesus in 1833, he had been a religious for more than fifty years.

A DISTINGUISHED Jesuit, the Rev. Father James Clark, died at the Georgetown (D. C.) College on September 9, of paralysis, aged seventy-six years. Father Clark was a Pennsylvanian by birth, and was at one time President of the College of the Holy Cross, at Worcester, Mass., and subsequently held the same office at Gonzaga College, in Washington. He was a graduate of West Point, a classmate of Gen. Robert E. Lee, and served for some time in the United States Army.

SISTERS.

MOTHER DE CHANTAL (in the world Mary Jane Donnelly), aged sixty years, died on September 11, at St. Mary's Convent, at Wilkesbarre, Pa., of organic heart disease. She was born in Butler County, Pa., and entered religion in 1835, at St. Xavier's Convent of Mercy, in Westmoreland County, Pa. In October, 1877, she went to Wilkesbarre to be Mother Superior of her Order, a position she held ever since.

A USEFUL life and an eventful history came to an end June 9th, when, at the Convent of Our Lady of Mercy, the Rev. Mother Mary Ursula Frayne, foundress of the Order of Mercy in Australia passed away. This venerable religious was born in Dublin in 1816, and, at the age of eighteen entered the Convent of Mercy, Bagot Street. There she made her final vows in the usual course of time, and at her death was in the forty-ninth year of her religious profession.

BROTHER.

ON August 30th, Brother Patient, Vicar-General in Rome of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, breathed his last after a short attack of fever. His sudden death is a serious loss to the Society of which he was so efficient a member.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for September sustains the reputation it has won as a readable family magazine, admitting only the choicest current literature. Whatever is worth preserving in Catholic writers of the day, is found in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—*Milwaukee Catholic Citizen.*

THE LONDON TIMES AND PARNELL.—"The demand for national independence," says the *Times*, commenting on Mr. Parnell's declaration, "can only be answered by the word 'impossible.'" Mr. Parnell, in reply: "If it be sought to make it impossible for our country to obtain the right of administering its own affairs, we will make all other things impossible for those who said so." Bravo!

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE—From the first of January, 1885, to the 19th of September, the number of counted pilgrims that visited this noted Sanctuary was 64,-101. The miracles wrought at this shrine were many, and very great. Some of them were bestowed on suppliants from the United States.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XIV. BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1885. No. 6.

"THE future of the Irish race in this country, will depend largely upon their capability of assuming an independent attitude in American politics." — RIGHT REV. DOCTOR IRELAND, *St. Paul, Minn.*

The Irish Apostle of Carinthia.

ON a cold and gusty day, in the year 741, three lonely strangers knocked at the gates of the Quercy Palace, where dwelt Pepin, the powerful Mayor of France. They were wet and wearied, and the kindly porters lost no time in ushering them into the guest-hall, where a huge fire crackling in the chimney-place welcomed them with its warm glow. Throwing back the dripping folds of their black, woollen cowls — which had at once proclaimed them monks — they disclosed the cheery but penance-worn faces of the well-known countrymen of St. Columbanus, who, ever since the day when Friddin first landed on her shores, had never ceased to swarm over France to the more difficult and distant parts of Christ's vineyard.

Having exchanged their soddened garments and partaken of the hearty fare offered them, they drew their seats within the circling sheen of the fire, and in conversation with the nobles of Pepin's household wiled away the evening. Some of the latter had been themselves in the schools of Ireland — some had friends or acquaintances there — but all had heard and were anxious to hear more now of that land, which alone, when Western Europe labored in the throes of barbarian invasion, trimmed the lamp of faith and learning. Story followed story, till the crumbling, half-ashy logs warned the stranger-monks, that it was time to retire to their evening prayers.

Introduced on the morrow into the presence of Pepin, they explained, in answer to his inquiries, their name, their country and their mission. The nobler-looking of the three, said that he came from Scotia, where, for many years, he had taught theology and mathematics in one of its celebrated universities. His name was Feargil, but the Latin speakers of the continent preferred to call him Virgilius. He was a priest, and his only object in leaving his own dear land was to spread God's love among men. He had heard from some of his young pupils, who hailed from the brighter streaks of that land, of the miserable plight of those Germanic States, over which the dark pall of paganism yet hung, and he longed to go amongst them and win some poor souls to Jesus. His companions, both bent on the same mission as himself, were Dowda and Sedna. The latter was a priest — the

former, who had come when a youth from the sunny shores of Greece,* and ever since remained in Ireland, had for many years acted as chorepiscopus, or assistant-bishop, in Ireland. The heavenly harvest was indeed rich in Ireland; but it was easy to cut, and the laborers were many, while charity loudly called them to another sphere. Would Pepin give them leave to labor in his German dominions?

Pepin was only too glad to see such men in the land of the Franks. A king in all but name, he had the real interests of his country at heart, and longed to see her not only powerful and respected, but also learned, religious and pious. It was the constant aim of his life, as it was afterwards that of his son Charlemagne, to gather round his throne from every land, the choicest flowers of learning, and his discriminating intelligence soon discovered the great abilities of Virgilius, over which a still greater humility could not draw a veil. He attached him to his person as chaplain, and for the next two years the zeal of Virgilius, assisted by Dowda and Sedna, found a wide field in the reformation of the court and camp. Then (743) duty called him to the assistance of Duke Odilo of Bavaria, who was in vain trying to stem the tide of immorality and corruption that bade fair to engulf his country. But when Virgilius came it began to recede, and ere long Odilo was able to reëstablish the old bishoprics of the Roman time. They were united under a metropolitan, styled Archbishop of Bavaria, but all the joint eloquence of Pepin and Odilo could not induce the humble Irish priest to assume this mitre, which was then given to his companion Sedna, or as the Latinists called him Sidonius.

While in Bavaria, Virgilius came into collision with St. Boniface, the great apostle of Germany, in whose veins the illustrious Archbishop of Sydney would have Irish blood flow. As we run down the pages of German history, we may pause for a moment with Tacitus to admire his elegant sentences, or ramble in fancy among those rude tribes over whose manners and wars he has thrown such a halo. Leaving him we become confused in the dusty clouds and wild barbaric shouts that accompanied the onward march of Goth and Hun, Vandal and Lombard to prey on the fair, distracted bosom of Italy. Then a ray of light breaks in on the surrounding darkness. The sun of faith rises slowly, and in the first gray dawn we behold numerous missionaries, most, if not all of them, our own countrymen. As yet, their work is scattered; but as the eighth century gradually discloses itself to our view, we see St. Boniface come from the feet of Peter to gather Christ's scattered soldiers into one compact army, and impose upon that country which had scorned the yoke of imperial Rome, the sweet and pleasing yoke of Catholic Rome; an end which he attained ere his blood purpled the soil of Thuringia on that 17th of June, 755. But Boniface, great saint and great scholar as he was, had not studied in the schools of Ireland, then the "University of the West," and we should not then be surprised to find him worsted in that intellectual struggle which he provoked with Virgilius.

Priests in the northern countries were not then as well skilled in

* Lanigan denies this. Vol. III., p. 180.

the use of the Latin tongue as they are now. The ignorance of the people from whom they had to be chosen, and the difficulties of imparting to them a suitable education, combined in lowering, or rather in dispensing with, in particular cases, that high standard of learning which the church has at all times required in her clergy. This was more particularly the case in German countries than elsewhere. For there the church was struggling for her very existence, and had, with that wisdom, which ever marks her actions, admitted to the ministry of her altars, native priests, whose piety she fondly hoped, might compensate for their relative want of learning. One of these used, in pronouncing the form of baptism, to so mangle the endings of the words that he made them sound as if written, "*In nomine Patria et Filia et Spiritua Sancta.*" Archbishop Sidonius referred the question of the validity of his baptisms to Virgilius, who, while condemning the carelessness of the priest, pronounced the *form* valid. When the news of this decision had been carried to Boniface, who, as Regionarius, had received jurisdiction over all the infant churches of Germany, he ordered Virgilius to reverse his decision, and have all rebaptized who had been baptized under that form. Virgilius refused. He had in the schools of his native land learned to distinguish in the sacraments the essential and the accidental; that the absence of the latter, though it may render unlawful, cannot invalidate the sacrament — a knowledge that stood him in good stead on this occasion. Boniface then appealed to Rome, but Pope Zachary confirmed, with the seal of papal infallibility, the teachings of the Irish theologian.

But it was not alone in the schools of theology that Virgilius excelled. For not long after the same Pope was again called on to settle another dispute between the same two eminent ecclesiastics. This time it was a question of philosophy that had long baffled the giants of the old schools; the sphericity of the earth. Macaulay's schoolboy might lift his head in wonder that any one could doubt a fact so plain. It is the old story of Columbus and the egg over again. We can easily understand it now that so many successive ages have flowed past after piling up on the strand of time proofs innumerable in its favor; but it was not so easy to grasp it then. The Rome of Augustus had passed away with Augustulus, and with it went all the hived learning of past ages. Few in Western Europe might understand, still fewer teach this now so simple doctrine. But in Ireland learning had been encouraged, and had attained a high degree of perfection, of which we need no other proof than this incident affords, for Virgilius taught nothing that he had not learned in his native land and there among other new and correct teachings it was taught that the earth was a sphere. But when Virgilius, whose love for such studies had gained him from the old annalists the name of Feargil the Geometer, broached the same doctrine in the palace of Odilo, he might regret his Irish scholars, so stupid did his noble hearers seem. Even St. Boniface could not understand it, and he complained to the Pope that Virgilius was teaching heretical doctrines, viz., that there were antipodes in which dwelt a race of men not descended from Adam, and for whom, consequently, Christ did not die. It is unnecessary

to say that Virgilius taught nothing of the kind. He held, of course, that the earth was a sphere, and that consequently we had antipodes; but the rest of the teachings that Boniface ascribed to him were mere deductions from the false notions that he had picked up of Virgilius' theory. The Pope replied with great caution and prudence, that if it were true that Virgilius taught that there existed a race of men for whom Christ did not die, he was a heretic and as such, to be excommunicated. But as Virgilius hadn't the slightest intention of teaching such a doctrine, it is needless to say that he wasn't excommunicated.

Virgilius did not remain long in Bavaria after this, for we find him about 750 entering the Benedictine Abbey of SS. Peter and Paul in Salzburg, of which, after the lapse of a few years he became abbot. Nothing occurred to disturb the even tenor of his monastic life till 766, when the death of the bishop gave the clergy an opportunity of bestowing the mitre on the humble and learned abbot of St. Peter's. He was elected; Rome gave her consent: but for two years his humility would not allow him to assume the proffered dignity. In the meantime, his old companion Dowda, who had accompanied him in all his wanderings, discharged the duties of the See. It was only in 768 that he consented to be consecrated. Then commenced that life of wonderful activity, which has earned for him the titles of Patron of Salzburg and Apostle of Carinthia. He rebuilt his old monastery of St. Peter's "in a magnificent manner." Under his loving hand the Basilic of St. Stephen rose side by side with the restored monastery of St. Maximilian, while a Count Gunther was inspired by his example to found the monastery of Ottinga. But his crowning work was the erection and consecration of the great Basilic of St. Rupert, which, on the removal of that Celtic saint's relics to it, became the Cathedral of Salzburg. It is told in the old Salzburg Breviary, that when the saint was building this Cathedral, he paid his workmen from a money bag from which each could only take what he was justly entitled to. How many a church-builder of the present day would not wish to have that old bag?

The zeal of Virgilius was not confined to the erection of churches, but embraced in its wide scope the conversion of the entire country north of the Danube. We find him to-day preaching in one of his own grand Salzburg churches — to-morrow, in the lowly hut of the savage, telling him of the one true God. Now administering the sacrament of baptism, with all the solemn ceremonies that marked its reception in the early church — now baptizing the descendants of Attila's warriors in the running streams by the wayside, like the deacon Philip of old; in a word, wherever duty or charity called him there was he to be found.

While abbot of St. Peter's, the Duke of Carinthia, according to the custom of the time, sent hostages to Salzburg. These — the pagan hostages of a pagan people — were his son Karastus and his nephew Chetimar. Virgilius met, converted and baptized them, and had them for their education to his own monastery. Years passed away and bore in their course from the monastery, Virgilius to his See, Karastus to a throne and a brief reign of three years, and Chetimar to the same throne, and a long and happy reign. Established on his

throne, Chetimar set himself to the conversion of his people, and having only a few priests, and these but poorly educated, he sought the aid of Virgilius, who sent him the bishop Modestus, with some priests. Unable to go himself, "he still," says Lanigan, "kept a fixed eye on Carinthia, and during the administration both of Chetimar and his successor Watune supplied it with priests. Thus the Carinthian church was established, and St. Virgilius has justly been called the Apostle of that province."

Toward the close of his busy life he set out on a missionary journey through his vast diocese, and had already reached through Carinthia, the boundaries of the Huns. When feeling his end approaching, his German biographer of the 12th century tells us, "he quickly returned, and when he came in view of his beloved Salzburg and its encircling hills, he began to weep copious tears, and he cried out in the words of the Psalmist, '*Hic habitabo quoniam elegi eam,*' and having celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass he died without pain on the 27th of November, 781. His body was interred in the southern wing of the monastery that he had himself erected. There he was honorably buried, as became a great High Priest, and his soul went up to enjoy the fellowship of heavenly citizens for endless ages."

Four centuries rolled past, and the same writer, now a contemporary, tells us, that the monastery of St. Peter having been burned, was being rebuilt, "when on the 14th day before the kalends of March, it came to pass that the body of Virgilius which had been hidden from all persons for many centuries was wonderfully brought to light. It happened on a certain day that some stones having fallen from the wall gave an opportunity to the passers-by to look into the opening in which they noticed signs of a hollow space, and the outlines of an ancient picture were observed drawn in gold. Thereupon the canons of the church made an investigation, and upon further opening the wall, the tomb and image of Virgilius, eighth bishop of Salzburg after St. Rupert, was discovered, with the following inscription: — '*Virgilius templum contruxit, schemate pulchro,*' and, moreover, the day of his death was marked 27th Nov. 781."

Such was the life of Virgilius. Superior to the age in which he lived, anticipating by five centuries the teachings of Copernicus, he stands out in bold relief in the troubled annals of the continent, and yet he was only one of the many Irish monks who equalled, if they did not surpass, him in knowledge. They are all forgotten, their very names are unknown. He, too, perhaps, would have been forgotten, had he remained in Ireland, for hardly a trace of him can be discovered in our Irish annals. That he was Feargil the Geometer, and that he taught in the school of Achadhbhs, is all that they tell us. Where Achadhbhs* was we know not. Unnoticed among the brilliant cluster of schools that were the honor and glory of Ireland, and under heaven the great means of planting and preserving the faith in Western Europe, it did its work and then faded away, leaving not a trace save its name, to catch the glory that is, and must always be, reflected from the name of Virgilius.

J. M. H.

* Not to be confounded with the school of the same name in county Kilkenny.

Night Scene in Killarney.

THE sky was clear, the evening mild,
The sun was sinking down the west,
And nature, like a rosy child,
That sinks upon its mother's breast,
Lay hushed in rich, reposing rest;
The lake, the leaf, the fruit, the flower,
The wind, the wave, the wood confessed
The mildness of the sovereign power,
That gave to heaven and earth that sacred, solemn hour.

Along the mountains died away
The beauty of their breathing blue;
Whilst ere he passed the Lord of day
Around their soaring summits threw
The floating fulness of an hue,
That left the Coan loveliness unknown —
And mocked the Murex to imbue
The Tyrian maid's embroidered zone
With purple of more pride than crowned the mountain throne.

No murmur woke along the hill
To break the mute approach of night,
Save the green Cicad chirping shrill
Its farewell to the parting light
In three sweet tones of clear delight;
And where the wildly warbling stream
With mirth and music warm and bright,
Reflected back the sun's last beam —
Such sounds alone disturbed the rapture of that dream.

Above — the heavens were eloquent;
The stars in their divinest glow
Inlaid with light the firmament,
And looked with love on all below;
The maiden moon still lingered low
Beneath the far-off eastern steep,
Nor yet her silver shafts did throw;
But when the freshening dews began to weep,
She wove her radiant web of beauty o'er the deep.

Away, she sailed the silent heaven;
What eye beheld her and could mourn
The distant dimness of the glowing seven;
Whose orbs obscure in glory burn,
Scattering from her argent urn,
Rich incense melting into mildest rays;

Whilst many a star did seem to turn
Their loving eyes to meet her gaze,
And for one trembling look to fade in her great blaze.

A sea of splendor floods the mountains;
The shadow of a light-linked chain
Trembles along the falling fountains
That shine and break in silver stars again;
And like a shower of lucid rain,
The moonbeams fall upon the whispering woods,
Where darkness leaves no sullen stain;
The gorgeous net-work binds the sleeping buds,
The sky, the seas, the streams, the flowers, the field and flood.

T—— TRIN. COLL., DUB.

Ireland of the Penobscot and St. Croix.

IT is an exquisite morsel of history, with which, unfortunately, but few people of the present generation are acquainted, that a carefully planned movement was inaugurated at one time to divide the present State of Maine, and to give the name "New Ireland" to the large area situated between the Penobscot and St. Croix rivers. The project was conceived one hundred and five years ago, while the Revolutionary War was in progress, and the prime mover in the enterprise was William Knox, said to be an Irish Presbyterian, who had been appointed by the British government as Under-Secretary of State in the American Department. Knox had been agent of the colony of Georgia, as well as of Florida, and was a man of great influence. In 1780 he took the initiative in the proposed establishment of New Ireland, and the plan met with warm support from the King and his ministers. The territory, which it was thus proposed to set apart, possesses over one hundred miles of desirable seacoast, and includes many excellent harbors. It extended from the sea far to the North, and in it are located the present municipalities of Bangor, Sullivan, Milford, Eastport, Machias, Ellsworth, Bucksport, Calais and other well-known places. The Penobscot River, which was to have formed the western boundary of New Ireland, is the largest river in Maine, and is navigable for fifty-five miles from its mouth. Altogether, the proposed province was very advantageously situated. Once New Ireland had been established, the projectors contemplated holding out extraordinary inducements to immigrants from Great Britain and Ireland to settle within its boundaries. The form of government was to comprise a governor, a lieutenant-governor, a chief-justice and a council, similar to that existing in the Massachusetts colony. The matter had progressed so far that Thomas Oliver had been selected for governor of the new province, and Daniel Leonard for chief-justice. Oliver was born at Dorchester, Mass., but subsequently

lived in Cambridge, and graduated from Harvard College in 1753. He was the last Royal lieutenant-governor and president of the council in Massachusetts. Having been appointed councillor by the King's writ of mandamus instead of by election as provided in the charter, he was intensely unpopular, and at the evacuation of Boston, he sailed with the British troops for Halifax. He died at Bristol, Eng., in 1815. Daniel Leonard who had been selected for the position of chief-justice of New Ireland, was a native of Taunton, Mass., and graduated from Harvard in 1760. He also left Boston with the British in 1776, and was included in the Banishment Act of 1778 and the Conspiracy Act of 1779. He died at London in 1829 after having been chief-justice of the Bermudas.

Wedderburne, attorney-general, was the first to oppose the establishment of New Ireland. He claimed that the proposed division of Maine could not be made, because the whole of the province was included in the charter of Massachusetts. An exciting controversy ensued. A commission was appointed to look into the matter; but finally Wedderburne's opinion prevailed, and the project was abandoned. Knox was last heard of at London in 1788.

Although the province of New Ireland never became an accomplished fact, nevertheless, there then existed in Maine, as there exists to-day, a "New Ireland" of brains, energy and progress. Thousands of sturdy Irish families settled there before the Revolution, and tens of thousands have made their homes within its boundaries since. The great State has prospered. The brilliant chapters in her history enacted at an earlier day by the O'Briens, Sullivans and others of her gallant sons, have been more than supplemented by the valiant deeds of her Irish children of a later period. From the picturesque St. Croix to the majestic Penobscot, and from the great manufacturing and maritime centres in the South to the distant frontier in the North, the beloved "Pine-Tree" State bears unmistakable evidence of Irish industry, Irish patriotism and Irish vigor.

None can be so poor as not to have some reason for rejoicing on Christmas Day, and even the richest should feel his heart touched by lessons which the day teaches. Poor and rich may give each other occasion for happiness. Many a rich man, to whom the year has been dull and gloomy, to whom the pleasures which money is supposed to afford have grown wearisome, may be cheered by a "A Merry Christmas" from an honest poor man.

By the white vestments of her priests during Christmastide, the Church expresses the gladness to which the angels invited the world, the beauty of the divine Child, and the spotless purity of His Mother.

Shan Pallas Castle: or, the Sleeping Warrior.

I'll sail along the Shannon
Down as far as Garryowen,
And I'll seek among the relics
For Limerick's Treaty Stone.
I'll look upon the faces
Of the maidens passing by,
To see if still the traces
Of the past are in the eye.

WELL, if our tourist, who intends to explore the picturesque scenery of the Shannon, will turn to the Limerick shore, when he has gazed on the Clare Mountains that proudly rise above Cratloe woods, he will behold the beautiful groves of Mellon, over whose majestic trees can be seen the gray head of Shan Pallas Castle, the scene of our little tale. There it stands, or what now remains of that once magnificent monument of Erin's martial glory, like a giant, old and hoary, who has withstood the storms of ages. But no war-cry now reverberates through its gloomy halls, nor mailed and grim castellan appears upon its battered battlements.

That stronghold grim has fallen low,
Where soldiers trod, now hollies grow;
And ivy creeps along the wall
Where tapestry was wont to fall.

Its present inhabitants are the owls and jackdaws, with a few goats, who seem to partake of the spirit of its departed occupants, for they attack with admirable valor all intruders, such as dogs, cats, ducks, geese and even boys, who might venture within the castle yard.

Ah, those bright years of boyhood! how oft we go back in dreamy fancy, "sentimentalizing like Rousseau" over their faded glories. Well I remember now, how I once attempted to ride upon one of those unruly goats; not, indeed, with the intention of prying into the secrets or mysteries of masonry, but to perform a deed as daring as Margrave Gondibert's, when he rode upon his trained steed around the parapet of Lady Eleanor Von Alleyne's castle by the Main.

We will now leave the castle to the goats and daws, and hie westward to the rock-bound village of Kilmacat, situated on a stony tract of land not far from Shan Pallas. Here, at the time the incident in our story transpired, lived many of the brawny and rightful sons of the soil, who were driven from the more fertile vales adjacent, by alien lords, to make room for their extensive demesnes and hunting grounds. The villagers, however, lived there comparatively happy on their limited acres and scanty earnings, until the "bad times" came, so they are now scattered over the face of the earth.

Prominent among the droll characters of Kilmacat, was Jimmy Burke, the mason, a man full of wit and humor, who could draw upon his fertile imagination at any time, for an original story. His house was the "rendezvous" of the talent of the neighborhood, and when

Jimmy's visitors had nothing new to relate, he would search the archives of his story lore to entertain them for an evening. One evening as Jim was busily engaged making *suganes* (hay-ropes), who should walk in but his old friend, Mickey Ordhoge, the bard of Kilmacat. "God bless your work, Jim," said Mick, "and 'tis late you're working."—"Be-dad, then it is," replied Jimmy, "but I'm glad to see you any way, Mick; take a smoke of the pipe and twist a few ropes for me. O! but have you heard of the Sleeping Warrior of Shan Pallas Castle?"

Mickey Ordhoge, as he was called, was the Homer of the village, as well as of the surrounding neighborhoods, and in truth, he resembled the father of bards in many respects; like him, he sang his war epics, as he wandered from one place to another, against the black-hearted Saxons and the "Soupers of Askeaton." He believed in mythology, too, at least in Irish mythology — the "good people," ghosts, and fairies. Unlike Homer, however, his epics, which were in Irish, have found no translator, so that we fear they will remain buried among the cobwebs of the past, never to be resurrected from the oblivion that surrounds them. Mickey, being ever a lover of the mysterious, this news about the Sleeping Warrior of the castle, excited his curiosity to the highest pitch; for a moment he doubted the truth of the story; but on being assured, that he, Jimmy, was not joking, and that on the following night he would conduct him and a few others to the castle, where he could see the warrior himself, Mickey worked constantly the remainder of the evening twisting the *suganes*.

"Now, Mick," said Burke, "as you're about going, you know nobody knows the inside of Shan Pallas Castle better than myself, and no one yet, but me, has ever found the chamber in which is the Sleeping Warrior; therefore, I don't want to let the neighbors know any thing about it, until we see for ourselves to-morrow night. Come early with a few of the boys that will be courageous enough to go with us to the castle; then you'll believe Jimmy Burke forevermore."

Next day, Ordhoge had a new theme for his muse, and the story of the Sleeping Warrior of Shan Pallas Castle was related in Irish to the old people, who listened in wonderment to its narration. That evening he gathered around him the brave boys wanted by Jimmy. We will take the liberty of giving their names and the places whence they came, that they may be appreciated by my readers as well as to be handed down to an admiring posterity. They were Jack Connery, of Mounderalough, Jack Shay of Tubberferigheea, Bouhil Downes of Ghouldavoher, Matt Corea of Carriganee, and Tobias Dobe of ancient Gurtsenacrookara, who had a nose like the Duke of Wellington's—that Englishman born in Ireland, not even was he a half-breed, but was in blood, religion and sympathies a thorough Englishman. As they entered Jimmy's habitation, they found him hard at work making "scollops." "Boys," said he, when they all were seated, "I'm very busy to-night, for, as ye see, I'm preparing to thatch my house that it may be able to withstand the blasts of the coming winter; so if ye will give me a hand with those 'scollops' for an hour or two, we can then proceed to the castle at the proper time, as 'tis only at a certain hour that the door of the mysterious chamber can be opened; then,

boys,"—looking up with a terrified air—"as sure as my name is Burke, ye will behold the Sleeping Warrior. Now, men," said Jim, when he had set a few of them to work, "may be one of ye could relate some little adventure of your past lives, which would serve to while away an hour or so."

Looking at Jack Connery, he said: "John, my boy, didn't you come near killing Wattle Kennedy once?"—"'Pon my soukins I did," replied John, "and I never again want to be so near killing a person. This is how it happened: one day as I was coming along on top of Westropp's big, double ditch, not thinking of much, what should I see near a big whitethorn bush, but a fine hare; faith, says I, that hare would make a good dinner; so I looked around for a stone but couldn't find any but a very large one which I was obliged to raise with my two hands. I then advanced cautiously so as not to frighten the hare, with the stone raised above my head, and just as I was about to kill the hare—for I have a good aim—who should walk off from the bush but Kennedy, wearing a hareskin cap. I fell almost paralyzed on my knees, and thanked God for his merciful intervention in saving Wattle's life."

They laughed at John's adventure in taking Wattle for a hare, "for sure," said Jimmy, "'twas a *hare* breadth escape."

"Talking about ditches," said Mickey Buckley of Schaahaunagrough, "did ye ever hear how I nearly drowned Tom Sooney? Well, he was a great man for playing jokes, so one night as we were drinking at Carroll's in Kildimo, he asked me to see him home. Of course, I couldn't well refuse, after he standing all the treats; so off we started for Ballygasey, some miles away. Well, boys, when we came near his house, he pretended not to know me at all, and said I wanted to rob him; so he called his big dogs and set them at me. I tell ye 'twas a joke I didn't relish; but I made for a friendly tree near by, and escaped with only the tail of my coat torn off. But I repaid Sooney some time after for that night. He thought I forgot all about it, I suppose, when some months afterwards he asked me again to take him home. This time he wasn't so *hearty* as he pretended, and as we were coming near his house, I took him along a big ditch with a dike on one side. When he saw his house, he stopped and said, 'Where am I now, O! where am I now?'—'You're at the brink of h—l' says I, as I pushed him headlong into the dike. I then made off for dear life, for the next minute when he got out of the dike, he called his dogs to 'catch the murdering thief.'"

"Well, Jack Shay," said Burke, looking towards the corner where Jack sat taking a quiet smoke, "'tis a long time ago since the Lancer tried to catch you in the big fight at Stonehall fair."—"Faith, then, it is, Jim," replied Jack, "and a great fight, sure enough it was. All the peelers from around the country were there, and they couldn't stop the fight; no, nor even Father Foley, who tried in vain, to make friendship between them. 'Twas indeed, a terrible fight, and all the day it raged furiously, until the lancers came from Limerick. The order they received was to catch every man who had his coat off, or who was seen with a stick or a stone in his hand. I was about twenty-five years

old then, and not many could beat me either in running or jumping."—"True for you, Mr. Shay," put in Jimmy, "for never a man gave that leap at the White Forge Chapel, since you did."—"Well, as I was going to say," continued Jack, "a lancer made for me, and I saw by his fierce look that he meant to hook me. I ran toward the hayricks, at the end of the field, the lancer after me, chasing me like the wind around the hayricks. At last I ran towards the big wall and cleared it at a bound. I looked back, and there stood the lancer on his charger looking over the wall in the greatest amazement. They made prisoners of all who could'nt run as fast as I, and among them was poor Tim Houlihan, or Haybags the piper, as he was called."—"'Twas a good job to catch Tim Haybags," said Ordhoge, "for he was the worst piper that ever handled a chanter, and besides, he was the ugliest man in all Ireland."—"He was a bad player," said Jack; "but you know he thought he was the best that ever played, and he had a knack of saying droll things that made people laugh. One night he came to my house to play for the boys. He was seated in the corner near a big turf fire; and when Mrs. Shay handed him a smoking tumbler of punch he said, 'Ah, then, Mrs. Shay, but you're the bother to me.' When he was going the same night after the dance, he said to myself; 'Ah, Mr. Shay, may the Lord send you a *warm corner* after your death.'" "Shure, Mr. Shay," said Ordhoge, "he didn't want you to go to the *cowld* place."—"But," resumed Jack, "those times of faction fighting are gone by, thank God; and I never took a stick or stone in my hand at a fair since. In those times 'twas barony against barony, and parish against parish, but no good ever came of such work. Before I stop, however, I must tell ye how Pat Farrell beat the fencing master. Pat, ye know, was a very strong man. He could lift any thing from an anvil to a cannon, and he could break upon his arm the strongest walking stick that ever grew. One day he went to Limerick with a load of wheat for his landlord, Mr. Westropp, and a good landlord he was, for he'd let up on his tenants when they were in a pinch for the rent. Well, he knew Pat was an awful strong man, so he bet a hundred pounds, with a gentleman he met in the barracks, that he had a boy on his estate who could raise the big cannon which they were looking at in the barrack yard. The gentleman bet him the amount, that no man ever born, let alone Pat, could lift it. Mr. Westropp sent sent for Pat then, who, to the astonishment of all present, lifted the cannon to shoulder, when he said, 'Master, where will I take it to?'

"The same day there was a great fencing and boxing master in Limerick, who was teaching the soldiers; so they made a match between Pat and the fencing master—a Frenchman. Now Pat didn't know anything about boxing or fencing at all; but as I said before, he could break any stick with three cracks across his arm; and every stick that was brought to him he made two of it. Then, boys, the Frenchman got afraid of Pat, and said he'd rather fight the Irishman with the gloves. They then agreed to put on the gloves; but when the fencing master asked Pat by what rules he'd fight, Pat replied, that he'd kick, tear, and throw him on his arms. Well, by gor, the Frenchman didn't like his method of fighting at all, and wouldn't face

Pat for any money. Mr. Westropp then treated all around, and gave Pat Farrell his little farm of land free as long as he lived."

They all enjoyed Jack's reminiscences greatly; but Jimmy, who thought they paid more attention to them than to the making of his "scollops," wished to prolong the time. He looked around and saw Bouhil Downes clearing his pipe with a *traneen.* "Oh, Bouhil," said Jim, "I heard you were going to America soon."—"Yes," said Bouhil, "I sent a letter to-day by Johnny O'Shea, the postman, and, by gor, a witty fellow he is, too, for when I said to him: 'John, what a little bit of thing' (meaning the stamp) 'a man has to pay a shilling for.' 'Yes, Bouhil,' says he, 'but I'd like to see the *gorsoon* that would carry the letter to America for a shilling for you.' But one day Paddy Hannon cornered him; Paddy ye see, used to break stones on the new line, and he had always something witty to say to Johnny, as he came along with the mail. One day he says to Johnny, 'What a watch is it, John?'—'Why don't you ask me what o'clock is it,' returned the postman. 'Because,' says Paddy, 'I never see you carrying your clock, but always your watch.' Another day he asked the postman, 'Whose son do you like better than your own?' The postman stopped a moment, and says he, 'Paddy that's a good one, but I rather my father's son' (himself) 'to any one's.'"

Among the visitors attracted to Jimmy's dwelling to see the warrior, was Mandis O'Callahan, who had lately returned from America. He at first believed they were to be the victims of some practical joke — but then he thought there is no charge of one dollar admission, as had alway been the case in America when he attended a *seance* — to see the spirits of the mighty heroes of the past come forth in their war paint and martial grandeur at the call of the medium. Why not Jimmy be able to do as much with the dead heroes of Pallas Castle?

Was he a medium and able to give a *seance?*

When Jimmy learned that O'Callahan had just returned from the "land of the free," he shook his hand warmly, and expressed great pleasure in having him here on this occasion; adding that as he, O'Callahan, had spent many of his years abroad, he certainly could relate something of American life to entertain the boys.

"I could relate many interesting anecdotes," replied O'Callahan; "but by way of variety you may prefer a song, so with your permission, I'll sing one of my own, which I composed before I left for old Ireland."

They were all pleased with the change of programme, and listened attentively as he thus began the following, which he sang to the plaintive air of "The Banks of the Suir."

THE COLLEEN OF ADARE.

Oh, years have flown over, full many,
Since first from old Ireland I strayed;
From the land I loved better than any,
And the home where in boyhood I played.
But yet, with an exile's devotion,
Of love I've given a share,
To thee, Emerald isle of the ocean,
And the Colleen that lives in Adare.

How often at eve, in the gloaming,
I've met thee, loved one, in the dale,
And talked of our future, while roaming
Adown by the Maig's flowery vale.
Ah! then, love, our hearts were as light as
The notes of the warblers there;
And our hopes in the future as bright as
Thine eyes, fair Colleen of Adare.

But the joy of our Eden soon vanished,
For a dark cloud rolled over the scene,
And I from old Erin was banished
For loving her banner of green.
Still Fortune has bless'd my endeavor,
Tho' my brow may be wrinkled with care;
And love, too, has lightened my labor
For the Colleen that lives in Adare.

And now that the summer is coming,
I'll take a trip over the main,
To the land where the shamrock is blooming,
To see my loved Mary again.
For she is my first budding blossom,
And whether now faded or fair,
I'll press her once more to this bosom,
The Colleen that lives in Adare.

When the applause which O'Callahan's song brought forth had subsided, Jimmy congratulated him for his musical voice and poetical talent, "for," said he, "I thought we had but one poet among us to-night — our friend Mick." "Didn't you ever hear that I was one too," said Matt Corea? This last remark created great merriment at Matt's expense, for though he possessed some wit, 'twas never before known that he had any poetry in him. It was in this way, however, that Matt's first and last effusion came to light, as related by himself. "Ye all know, as well as myself, Dan Kenney, who kept the shop in Pallas village. Well, Dan had the name of being a very dirty man about his shop; everything in it was kind of mixed up, and if you wanted a pound of sugar, may be Dan would let some salt or candle *grace* fall in it. Nothing would do him however, till he should get a big sign over his door which read:

"'MEAL, FLOUR AND BRAN SOLD HERE.'

"Well and good, but didn't myself get a piece of chalk one night, and wrote under it: 'By Dirty Dan.' So that it read:

"'MEAL, FLOUR AND BRAN SOLD HERE BY DIRTY DAN.'

"From that day to this, he was never known by any other name but Dirty Dan; and his shop, too, was ever since known as 'Dirty Dan's.'"

As Jimmy's "scollops" were now nearly all pointed, he concluded it was about time to lead his guests to the castle; so excusing his absence for a while until he would attend to his "stallion" in the stable, he took his lantern and went to give the beast some food. "I

didn't know until now," said Jack Shay, "that Burke had a stallion." "Neither has he," said Bouhil Downes; "sure 'tis that boar he has that he calls a stallion, and he tells strangers that he ploughs his gardens with him. Now I'll bet a crown 'tis the boar he'll show us to-night for the Sleeping Giant."

"Ah, you budogh!" said Ordhoge, "and he never drew the *pookeen* over your eyes yet, Bouhil."—"Well, I never believed much in Burke's stories," answered Bouhil; "sure one day, he tried to make me believe that 'twas his great grand-father that built Shan Pallas Castle."—"And how do you know," said Ordhoge, "but 'twas he that built it, sure you weren't there?"—"I know full well, Mick, 'twas none of Burke's ancestors built it; for if it was, the castle would have fallen long ago; devil a house Burke ever put up that a part of it didn't fall before a year; and as for me, I wouldn't let him build a pig cabin for fear 'twould fall on the pig."

Jimmy now entered, when all further conversation regarding his architectural ability ceased. "Now, then, boys," said he, "let us prepare to go; for I know you're getting impatient,"—as I fear my readers are too,—"but this is about the time when an entrance to the enchanted chamber can be effected. Let none of ye be afraid that he will hurt or harm us, for he will sleep on until he gets three drops of the water of life." They were all prepared to start now. Jimmy lighted his lantern and Bouhil carried his stout blackthorn: for he still suspected that it would be the boar that Jimmy would show them, and if this should happen — to use his own language — "he'd leather Jim and the boar too." "I'll lead the way," said Jimmy, "as I know it better than any of ye;" and thus guided by him and his lantern, they proceeded to the castle.

Having arrived at the castle, many of them entered with fear and trembling. Just as they had entered the outerwall, Ordhoge started his companions with a terrified shout for help, having been attacked from behind by an unseen foe, or rather foes. Jim, however, comprehended the nature of the attack, and seeing his comrades ready to run on the first onslaught of the enemy, he rallied his little army, and after a desperate struggle, they drove the brown and bearded warriors from the field! The attacking party was made up of a number of goats, who, finding their peace disturbed and their halls invaded, they, like noble patriots, resisted the intruders with all their might. Upon entering the castle another calamity soon befell them, which left them for a while in total darkness, and almost caused a general stampede. This time, the enemy proved to be an owl, who dashed in his headlong flight against Jimmy's lantern, bearing it to the ground extinguished. The party now was about to run for dear life, for the owl's cries awoke the echoes of the castle to such a degree, that Ordhoge exclaimed 'twas no other but the devil himself. Again Jimmy encouraged his warriors to be brave and not to be frightened by an owl; so re-lighting his lantern, they soon reached the secret chamber.

"Be silent, now, boys," said Jim, "and enter with uncovered heads; for we must respect the mighty warrior that lies sleeping here." When all had entered, Jimmy took the candle from the lantern

and drew aside a wooden door. There, sure enough, lay the Sleeping Warrior, enveloped in a huge frieze mantle, with brass buttons, and his head incased in a helmet of by-gone age. His beard, which was white and flowing, rested on his breast; in his right hand was a long, rusty spear; and his appearance altogether, was truly that of a Sleeping Warrior. Near him was a long, earthen jar, in which was inscribed the following legend in Irish:

"I am Darradhoune, the last warrior who defended this castle against foreign invasion. If I get three drops from this jar I shall awake to do battle for Erin."

"Well, boys," said Jimmy, as he looked around upon his awestruck companions; "shall we awaken the Sleeping Warrior by giving him three drops, or will we let him sleep until Ireland is up in arms?" "Let us give him one drop," said Bouhil, "by way of trying the efficacy of the bottle." Acting on Bouhil's suggestion, Jimmy drew the cork and poured some of the elixir of life — as he called it — into the Warrior's mouth, which strangely enough opened to receive it; and when he had swallowed the exhilarating draught, gave a deep groan, which shook his helmet, as if about to awake from his long sleep. "Are ye satisfied now, boys?" said Jimmy, as he turned again towards his almost petrified companions — who now began to rub their eyes, like Aladdin's father-in-law, when he awoke one morning and finding no trace of Aladdin's palace thought his eyes had deceived him. "We'll give him no more," said Jimmy, "for fear he'd get up, and taking us for the Danes or Saxons, flail the whole of us." Burke's council prevailed; so leaving the Sleeping Warrior with his martial cloak around him, to sleep until the dawning of Ireland's day, they retreated from the castle.

They had hardly gone beyond the castle yard, when the Sleeping Warrior doffed his helmet and beard; helped himself to another draught of Burke's water of *Tirnan-oge*, and as he stood erect six feet two, began to sing:

> "This princely dwelling of fame excelling
> The poet's telling, or Apollo's pen,
> Exceeds the grotto of famed Calypso,
> Where Telemachus got strong wine to drink."

"Begor," said he, "I was once christened Shawn O'Fodder, and to-night I'm called Darradhoune, the Sleeping Warrior. 'Pon my soukins, but I've played my part well, for, by Jakus, I didn't do such a fine bit of acting since the day I left the army, when I took the character of a sweep in Limerick. In another day though, with God's help and Jimmy Burke's, I'll be aboard the *Jane Black* bound for sweet America, for a shot I *never* will fire for England; but if ever during my life, any fighting is going on in ould Ireland, Darradhoune will be there."

And now my readers let us hope that Ireland's sons, like Darradhoune, are not dead but "Sleeping Warriors," awaiting the dawn of that glorious morning, when the trumpet blasts of liberty shall arouse them from their lethargy to do battle for old Erin.

EDWARD CRONIN.

Southern Sketches.

XVI.

KEY WEST, A TROPICAL FAIRYLAND.

GLAD cries of "land, land," escaped the groups of passengers, who were gathered on the upper and lower decks. Among those whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of forming were Mr. Scotia Tison of Savannah, Ga., Dr. M. Shaw and his lady, of Memphis, Tenn., Mr. John Dixon of Atlanta, Ga., and Mr. J. Cavanagh of New York. Mr. Tison was a young man of fair hair and complexion, remarkable intelligence, and gentle, generous disposition. His social and agreeable manners made him a general favorite. Dr. Shaw and his lady were very pleasant and entertaining companions. They had already been over the most interesting and important parts of the world, and so were full of anecdote and useful information. The doctor possessed a thorough, upright, democratic nature, and had the happy faculty of winning instantaneous esteem among all who were fortunate enough to form his acquaintance. Messrs. Dixon and Cavanagh were travelling to Key West in the interest of large commercial houses, and were well fortified with all the skill needed to make such missions a success. We were all delighted with the scene of vastness, splendor and peace that spread before us. Innumerable reefs stretched their long arms around the blue waters, and on their sides broke in white foam the softly heaving tropical wavelets. Great numbers of buoys indicated the presence of rocks at various points. The first object that we saw was Fort Taylor, which commanded the entrance to the town. It appeared a formidable structure, with its brick and granite walls, towers and bastions. Glimpses of martello towers were observed, stretching at intervals along the beach. Conspicuous among the prominent buildings of the place, appeared from the water the stately and emerald palm groves, which seemed to welcome us, as their graceful plumes bent with the winds. I shall never forget the first emotions of delight that filled me as our steamer neared the dock. I could scarcely realize that it was February, the whole scene was so sunny and bright. The thermometer was seventy-five degrees in the shade. Before us on the dock was a strange and picturesque crowd, well calculated to amaze an uninitiated New Yorker. Swarthy, black-moustached, dark-eyed Cubans; the deepest-colored negroes that ever I saw; large-eyed, smooth, red-faced Indians, and a few Anglo-Saxon whites stood chatting away in a kind of Spanish patois as our boat drew up. The majority were dressed in white linen suits; a few were naked from the waist up, and the most of the folks wore light, broad, Panama hats. Light, active, half-dressed young whites and blacks jumped from some sponge boats, after just returning from a day's work among distant reefs, and chatted excitedly with their neighbors while they attended to business at the same time. As our

boat was to remain at Key West for some hours, Mr. Tison and myself, who were bound for Havana, decided to embark and see the town. We were besieged by a crowd of interested darkies, who wanted to know if they could do us a favor, expecting, of course, to get well remunerated for their pains. We declined, and elbowed our way through negroes laden with flowers and full of smiles. We passed by several buildings constructed of white calcareous rock. The trees glistened with coral dust, and the prevailing hues of native stone were finely relieved by the rich and luscious foliage of pine-trees, flowering shrubs, and cocoa palms. Except the storehouses, which were for the most part quaint and unornamental, nearly every building was enveloped in flowers. We paused not to inquire about the barracks, the Marine Hospital, and other public buildings, but wandered along through the main street, as if in a dream, towards the priest's house. "Here," said Mr. Tison, "we are now in truth in the tropics. Northern Florida is cold and dreary compared with this place. There the birds are silent now, and the flowers and oranges are dead; but here, trees are full of fruit, and the air of perfume and music. Oh, goodness, how lovely it is!"

To the right and left of us were enchanting towers. At one time we saw a handsome old mansion, separated from the street by a pleasure ground, confined by an iron railing that was splendidly draped with flowering vines. Dozens of cocoa palms, with their long, straight trunks and comb-like leaves, shot up to the height of forty or fifty feet, and we could plainly see the big nuts growing at the base of the plumes.

On inquiring, we found out that the beautiful, strange trees, which adorned these places, were called tamarinds, Indian laurels, almonds, lemons, sapodillas and paw-paws. Most of the people whom we met on our way were young, black-moustached Cubans, dressed in gay style, and male and female darkies, more conspicuous for neatness in appearance than the majority of their brethren further north. The women were attired in white, brightly starched linen or lawn dresses of bright color, and they imparted no small degree of brilliancy to the glittering landscape, as they walked along like queens, smoking big Key West cigars. These people would gaze upon us curiously as we passed, admiring our inquisitive inspection of the floral displays, and muttering some lingo only intelligible to themselves, as they commented upon us. We noticed the wide verandas of cosy mansions furnished with seats, hammocks, and cages containing mocking-birds, canaries and cardinals, that made the neighborhood resound with their sweet warblings. Mr. Tison put his nose over a hedge full of yellow jassamine, ipomocas and bergamot in full bloom. He became so intoxicated with the fragrance, that, to get him off, I had to remind him of the rapid flight of time. Here was a lovely little spot, a real, quaint, old negro cabin, with walls of coral rock, thatched with palm leaves. A genuine old darky, blind of an eye, with a silvery beard, put his head out of a window, and kept nodding with delight, as he watched us in the act of admiring his house and grass plot, that were so adorned with flowering shrubs and vines. Insects were humming

on all sides, oleanders twenty feet high displayed their blossoms of pink, crimson and white, while wax flowers, with red beauties, and the long growing, charming, white-flowering night-blooming cereus ran up a part of a pine tree, and then spread over the roof of Sambo's cottage, crowning it with loveliness and filling it with fragrance. A stately colored lady came through the garden, politely saluted us, plucked us some bouquets, and displayed a considerable amount of courtesy and refinement in her manner and conversation.

Though the greater number of the houses are small and built of wood, still they are very neat and tidy, and received from the tropical splendors around an enchantment which no amount of art could furnish. In the course of a few minutes we reached the Catholic Church and parsonage. The former is a simple but elegant structure, the handsomest in the place, prominently situated on the street, and the latter is a modest and neat establishment literally embowered in tropical flowers. The most soothing and exquisite emotions attended us, as we entered this sacred ground, where flowers, fruits, birds and insects seemed to hold high carnival. The gardens of Versailles, or the pleasure-grounds of Windsor Castle, could present nothing so delicious and sweet as this scene, which possessed a freshness and fragrance born of nature. The mild and the tame in landscape gardening seemed to meet and produce a picture, that nothing of its kind could surpass. Everything was calm and peaceful, and the spirit of prayer seemed to fill the spot. Even the ring of the bell had the charm of a sacred hymn about it; and no sooner did its tones resound through the odorous arbors than Father Ghione, the pastor, presented himself, accompanied by his assistant, Father Spandonari. Mr. Tison and myself were delighted with the priests, who received us kindly. As our time was short, we could have almost wished that the bell had not been answered so soon, so eager were we to inspect the abounding sylvan attractions of the place; but we blessed our stars, as Father Ghione was in every way in harmony with the charms of the tropics, having a sunny manner, a tender heart, and a benign countenance. He and his assistant were very glad to hear from the upper part of the diocese, and after entertaining us with delicious home-made wine, nectar, cocoanut juice, rare fruits, and other nice things, proceeded to show us the church, trees and gardens. The odor of jassamine, lemons and bananas filled us with delight. The church inside is very neat, and through the zeal and devotion of the priests attracts a large congregation on Sundays. The banana here is a very common but beautiful plant. It grows up like the Indian corn, but is much thicker in the stalk and wider in the leaf. Its first leaves wither and die, and the stem supports a few of the latest. It is renewed year after year and often grows to a height of fifteen feet. The roots are permanent though the leaves die. The purple flower bud is tapering in shape downwards above the fruit, and is very handsome, contrasting elegantly with the deep green of the leaves. Here we saw the almond, a tall and splendid-looking tree, with horizontal layers of branches and large, thick autumnal leaves. The tamarinds grow lofty and spread out their branches considerably. Their fruit, confined in pods, has a pleasant

acid taste and makes a delicious drink when squeezed and mixed with sugar and water. We saw the lofty, royal ponciana, with its pretty limbs and red flowers; the glossy Indian laurel; the chapparel, like the weeping willow, with its shining green trunk and branches, yellow blossoms, and spray-like leaves; numerous, low, straggling guavas, whose luscious fruit yields the famous jelly of the West Indies, grew up against fine straight sapodillas, which displayed their delicate, russet, apple-like fruit. We noticed mammee apple-trees, dwarf, soursop and custard-apple-trees; also shaddocks, with their big, pumpkin-like fruit, called after Captain Shaddock, who brought them from Asia to the West Indies, numbers of limes, grand four o'clock flowers that bloom all the year round, the strange candle cactus, with its pure, white flowers, several prickly pears, and last, though not least, the strange, wild fig-tree, which resembles the banyan of the East, and often grows from a seed on another tree which it ultimately kills.

As our time was very limited we were obliged to bid good-by to Father Ghione, while Father Spandonari kindly accompanied me on my way to the mayor of the town to procure a passport to Cuba. Through the courtesy of William B. Curry, Esq., then acting Mayor of Key West, and Signor Risso, the Spanish consul, both friends of the priests, I was enabled to procure the needed document free of charge. This being settled we went, accompanied by Messrs. Cavanagh and Dixon, to see the Catholic convent. On our way we called at a negro school-house, and were entertained by the darky girls, who showed us how the Holy Ghost takes possession of them during their revivals. Their shouting, grinning, jumping, gesticulating, face-making and extraordinary contortions were so fearful and appalling that we all began to fear that terrible fits had taken possession of them. Theirs was the most frantic exhibition of religious emotion that ever I beheld.

As we went along, the shades of evening were gathering round us. We quitted the main street, and came to the outskirts on the west side where the convent was situated. Though we could not see all the attractions of the convent and grounds, as the stars succeeded daylight, yet we observed enough to convince us of the splendor and extent of the place. The front garden was large and beautiful and stocked with coral ornaments. The edifice of Ionic style was built of coral stone and adorned with a handsome cupola. After entering it, we could not help admiring the cool and lofty parlors. The Rev. Mother Felicite, the superioress of the institution, received us very courteously, and in company with Sister Mary of the Cross, conducted us through the house. We ascended long, wide, stone-steps to the class-rooms up stairs. These were fine apartments supplied with handsome desks and other furniture, then decorated with splendid palm leaves, and appropriately adorned with useful and elegant school appendages. We passed into the music room through lofty arches. Here were some fine pianos. The room was elegantly lit and ventilated by several large and handsome windows. Several of the pupils favored us with some creditable performances. The sisters who came from Montreal, and belong to the order of the Holy Name of Jesus and Mary, do all they can to make the academy a delightful home for young ladies.

Here piety, intelligence and virtue can be thoroughly fostered, and a taste for the fine arts can be adequately cultivated. We saw some grand specimens of lace work and floral ornaments designed and executed by the pupils under the tuition of the good sisters, and certainly such fabrics displayed great talent. Their healthy, lovely situation and reasonable terms should not only attract Cuban and Floridian ladies, but also others from the North. We were all delighted with the beauty of the institution and the kindness of the sisters, and regretted to take our leave so soon, as the steamer was about to go. Hardly had Mr. Tison and myself got on board when the bell rang, the whistle blew and off we sped for Cuba.

The walk of the afternoon was a capital tonic for sleep, so I only awoke next morning when the waiter informed me at my state-room door that we were within sight of Havana.

I dressed hastily, took a cup of coffee and hastened on deck to gaze on Cuba, the isle of the blessed, which, with its emerald hills, emerged from the enchanting blue waters before me.

REV. M. W. NEWMAN.

A Methodist's Trust in a Catholic.

The Confidence Reposed by a State of Maine Woman in an Irish Neighbor.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prejudice and antipathy of the Protestant natives of the State of Maine to the poorer Irish people and their creed, the writer can bear testimony — dating as far back as thirty years ago — to their willingness to have them for near reighbors in preference to other poor folks, even "poor yanks," an epithet which he had frequently heard applied from the mouths of well-to-do native Americans. Being himself Irish to the manner born, and having at the time, ample opportunities for inquiry he did not hesitate to find out why these well-to-do State of Maine people preferred the Irishman and his family to that of otherp oor people as near neighbors. He can testify that in more than one instance the reply was substantially : —

"Well, whatever else the poor Irish folks may do, they won't steal from you. They may quarrel and row beyond your garden wall ; but the fire wood in your shed, the fodder in your stable, the fowl and eggs in your henery, the fruit and vegetables in your kitchen garden plot, and the tools in your outhouses are as safe as if under constant guardianship. It is too bad that others don't seem to be governed by the same rule of conscience, with the honest principle grafted in them."

This testimony may suffice as an introductory to a most pleasing episode, which has just culminated in the old pine-tree State. While at the same time, not at all wishing to be understood as making a comparison, yet the matter about to be related in these lines, reminds me of the confidence so generally reposed even in the poorer Irish emigrant's honor and honesty in the days of the earlier tide of immi-

gration to fair Columbia's shores. The episode is as follows: Down near Lewiston, several years ago, there dwelt a Methodist maiden lady, Mercy McCausland. She was possessed of some property which included about $12,000 in hard cash. Miss Mercy was a devout member of this denomination of Protestant worship. She wanted her funds taken care of. But it was discovered by her friends that it was to an Irish-Catholic to whom she would entrust them.

Imagine the chagrin of her spiritual comforters, advisers and associates when this determination of the good Methodist became known. She selected a Mr. Connolly, an estimable Irish-American neighbor, to take charge of her handsome stock of cash. She sent for him, placed the money in his hands, and told him to invest it in the most suitable manner his judgment should suggest, only asking that he would look out for some interest for her in the customary manner. As time wore on everything proved satisfactory to her and the investment was well made.

After a lapse of time she moved away to where some relatives lived, but she paid an annual visit of a couple of weeks to the family of her trusted friend, Mr. Connolly. On the Sundays of these occasions she went to the Methodist Meeting-House as punctually as her host and his family went to the Catholic Church to attend Mass.

Death, however, carried Mr. Connolly to that bourn from whence no traveller returns, and then the hopes of Miss Mercy's relatives were raised to the scope that now they would have a say in the disposition of her funds. They were doomed to disappointment again, for she quickly decided that the charge of her cash should remain with one of the family of her dead friend. She told her relatives that she would place her money in the hands of Mr. Connolly's son, then in college preparing for the Catholic priesthood. "Oh!" they said, "that was preposterous. It was downright madness. He would rob her of it and spend it all in trying to be a 'minister of the Romish Church.'" "Well, now," she replied, "if I hear another word of this sort of talk, I'll will him every cent of it." Well, here is the sequel: —

The other day a young curate, serving with Rev. Hugh P. Smyth, in the pastoral care of St. Joseph's (Tommy's Rock) Church, Boston Highlands, was summoned to Maine to attend the legal formalities consequent upon the death of Mercy ———, who departed this life as she lived it, sad to say, a Methodist. Her confidence in this young Catholic priest, the Rev. C. T. Connolly, as in the case of his father, remained unabated to the last. She bequeathed to him, for his own use, a very handsome sum; but she did more — she made him the executor of her will, an obligation which the reverend gentleman, in addition to his own duties, is now religiously attending to.

CHRIST entered not the palace of the ruler whose son He had been asked to heal, but he often repaired to the cottage of the poor to dispense His heavenly favors. We, on the contrary, find it hard to live among the poor, while we delight to visit the rich, and deem ourselves highly honored when we receive their invitations. Do we thus resemble our Saviour?

Hibernia!

AIR: "Ubi Sunt;" or, "Maryland, my Maryland."

RESPECTULLY DEDICATED TO PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ., BY WENDELL SLACK.

AWAKE! for thou hast slept too long!
Hibernia! Hibernia!
Awake! thy sons to aid thee throng!
Hibernia! Hibernia!
The Saxon's yoke, his cord, his thong,
No more shall do thy beauty wrong,
For Freedom's stroke is swift and strong!
Hibernia! Hibernia!

Unwreathe the shamrock from the rose,
Hibernia! Hibernia!
Its red from your own life-blood flows,
Hibernia! Hibernia!
Its crown of thorns cast from your brows
And wear alone the green that grows
Where'er your martyred sons repose,
Hibernia! Hibernia!

I hear thy wild harp once again,
Hibernia! Hibernia!
The chords shall not be struck in vain,
Hibernia! Hibernia!
The music of thy breaking chain
Blent with the high, heart-stirring strain,
Shall ring across the battle plain,
Hibernia! Hibernia!

NEW BISHOP FOR SCOTLAND. — The *Osservatore Romano*, in a paragraph about the nomination of Monsignor Smith to the See of St. Andrews and Edinburgh, says: "The Archbishop-elect has been for more than two years administrator of the archdiocese. The learned prelate is well known in Italy through his excellent Biblical writings, and we are certain that his elevation to this high dignity will be hailed with enthusiasm in Scotland, where all through his long ministry, and especially during his late administration, he has succeeded in winning the esteem of Protestants as well as Catholics."

Reminiscences of our Ninth Regiment.

INCIDENTS RELATING TO ITS FORMATION IN BOSTON AND ITS HEROISM IN THE FIELD.

ARTICLE II.

"STUDENT, you've done that pretty well," said my veteran friend to day, in alluding to the manner in which I had put together his revelations of the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment for the MAGAZINE. "Now," he continued, "if I were you, I would see some of the Twenty-Eighth Regiment boys and give the readers something good about the heroic work of that other gallant Irish-American organization. Mr. Donahoe, you know, did much to build that up."

"I will agree to do so; but before I come to it, I want to ask you how it was that the casualties of the Ninth Regiment were so slight in the terrific battles of Gettysburg. You were there?"

"Oh, yes. I will tell you. Our good luck followed us there. You know that on the first day the fighting was beyond the town. Lee, in his march northward towards Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, found that the Union Army of the Potomac was close on his heels, turned at bay like a fierce and bloody boar upon his pursuers. A Federal division was scattered like chaff, and Major-General John Reynolds, the able Irish-American chief of the First Army Corps, leading the advance in his native State, was killed.* On the following morning, after very severe forced marching, as we neared the ground that was within a day or two to be so decisive in favor of the Union cause, our division was halted with a view of being put in position for battle. Beyond the circle of hills in our front was the town of Gettysburg, in possession of the Confederates, their columns stretching from the nestling burgh to the right and left for a few miles. Onr general called upon Colonel Prescott of the Thirty-Second Massachusetts Infantry, to go forward, deploying skirmishes, and get possession of the crest of Wolfe Hill, a craggy prominence, on the Federal extreme right, not as high or steep as Round Top on the extreme left of the crescent-shaped line of battle of the Union forces. But Colonel Prescott pleaded with the division general that his men had had little experience as skirmishers, and were armed only with smooth-bore muskets, and argued further how much better 'the Ninth Massachusetts Volunteers could do it.' 'Well, then,' said the division commander, curtly, 'let the Ninth Massachusetts do it. Colonel Guiney, go forward, sir, take and hold that hill,' he commanded, pointing in the direction of what is known as Wolfe Hill. The right and left flanking companies were now ordered in advance of the remaining eight companies to quickly feel the way and press an opening. This advance was deployed with suitable reserves, as immediate supports in the rear

* There is a magnificent full-size bronze statue of General Reynolds on the battle field, within sight of where he gallantly met his death.

of either skirmish wing, and it got near the hill's crest without molestation, the first salutation from the Confederate enemy, being a whizzing bullet that went through the felt hat of its commander (Capt. J. M. Tobin), followed by a lively skirmishing fire, resulting in some casualties without loss of life. The prompt dash did the work. We were ahead of the enemy in that move, and held the pass during the day. Bachelder's topographical map of the second day's order of battle alignment of the troops on both sides, shows that it was some of the infantry of Stonewall Jackson's Corps that were in our immediate front."

"Well, how fared the Thirty-Second for the remainder of that day?" was asked.

"I am going to revert to that presently. We found ourselves, in an hour or so, just in clover. We were half famished. Our forced marching gave us no time to forage or buy grub, and the supply teams, in the hurrying forward of the fighting material for the previous few days, could not catch up. But around the base of this Wolfe Hill were some comfortable farm houses, whose occupants had fled in terror, in view of the expectant bloody conflict that would bring them virtually between the fires of the opposing forces. Our 'boys' entered, found bacon, flour, eggs and other food, and proceeded at once in most respectable order to bake and broil. You may be sure the companies at the crest of the hill and the reserves were not forgotten by the impromptu cooks. Take 'em all in all, our fellows were very considerate when on a forage, and they only took what they wanted, literally. We had scarcely satiated the cravings of hunger, when to our left and rear, at a distance of about three miles, most terrific indications of battle, and many of the boys queried if the command, which begged out of the duty we were then engaged on, were unfortunate enough after all to be plunged into this bloody melee. All day long the fearful omens of the second day's battle came through the gaps and valleys and over the plains of this ensanguined ground. Well, sir, late in the afternoon we received an order that Gregg's brigade of cavalry, then seen dashing towards us, would take our post in guarding the passes of Wolfe Hill, and a moment or two later a horse reeking with blood, foam and dust, ridden by a staff officer, dashed up to our head-quarters with a peremptory order to hurry us with all possible speed to the centre of the conflict. In a few hurried words he told us how terribly our infantry and artillery were smashed, and that the fate of the day against us hung by a slender thread. Our division was fearfully cut up, and even then our bruised and surviving comrades were anxiously awaiting our arrival to give them succor and fresh courage. The Ninth men moved forward after slinging on knapsacks as rapidly as the sultry weather would admit, now made more difficult to bear by the air being heavily charged with sulphurous atoms of exploding powder."

"It was a trying time for one's nerves, after all you had listened to that day."

"It was so," said the veteran; "but we were equal to it, and to abide by any fate that the Ruler of Hosts had in store for us. You see, before we left bivouac that morning, our saintly chaplain, Rev.

Father Egan, said a few words to us as we stood in line. He said it was impossible for us all to be heard in confession then and there, and he assured us that in the mercy of God, if we made a sincere act of contrition, in the name of our Holy Church, he would pronounce our absolution. The boys, every one of them, knelt down as they clasped their rifles, firmly believing in the promise of the holy priest; they said their prayer, he gave the blessing and they arose in the full and firm faith that their Heavenly Father had forgiven them their sins. It was a most impressive sight on the morning of battle, and gave men great heart for the stern duty before them.

"To resume our hurried march to the centre. By the time we were able to reach there, after passing through a murderous cross-fire of artillery, it was almost dusk, and the infantry fighting was about done. Oh, but such evidences of the bloody carnage. Here, there, everywhere around us were the heartsickening tokens. The Thirty-Second Massachusetts had been in the very midst of it. Had been hemmed in by Confederates (oh, irony of fate) on three sides. Imagine then its loss, which was very great. Its Colonel (Prescott) was badly wounded. Its Lieutenant Colonel (Stephenson) had his face badly torn open, but survives, a disfigured man, and is governor of the Soldier's Home at Togus, Maine. The loss in other officers and men was in more than proportionate keeping with that of these field officers. The Ninth, as a fresh regiment, held the line during the night, and towards morning was transferred to the side of Round Top to help guard a tempting pass out of the devil's den, through which the enemy, on the day just passed, came near completely turning the left flank of the Union army. From tall pine trees on this eminence two officers of the Ninth Regiment saw the magnificent charges, said to be the grandest known to military history, which the eighteen thousand Confederate infantry made on the Union centre on this, the third day. On the fourth day two companies were sent as skirmishers after the retiring foe, and it was in this engagement that about a dozen men were wounded. One of our poor fellows, Sergeant Ford of Company K, on the march had to drop behind. He gallantly followed the line of fire, but when he reached the brigade he did not find the Ninth, and went into the fight with the Fourth Michigan Regiment, a battalion of our brigade. He was killed and his place of rest is now marked on Cemetery Hill, on the field where he had so nobly fallen. You see we held important points at Gettysburg, but were saved from being in the actual midst of the worst of the carnage."

"I thank you, dear veteran, for your interesting narrative. By the way, did you read what General Fitz John Porter said of the Ninth in his article in the *Century Magazine* not long since?"

"No; I didn't, Mr. Student. I would like to know what our brave and brilliant corps commander said."

"Here it is:—'At Gaines' Mills, Cass's gallant Ninth Massachusetts Infantry Volunteers obstinately resisted the crossing of the corps of General A. P. Hills at Powhite Brook, and were so successful in delaying his advance, as to compel him to employ large bodies to force the regiment back to the main line. This brought on a contest,

which extended to General Morell's centre, and Martin's front, on his right, and lasted from 12:30 to near 2 o'clock, Cass and his immediate supports falling back south of the swamp. This persistent and prolonged resistance gave to this battle one of its well-known names.'"

"Good. That was great fighting. Does the general give the numbers engaged that day?"

"Yes. The enemy more than doubled you. The figures given, and which have not since been disputed, are at Gaines' Mills battle under Porter: Union army, 50 regiments and 20 batteries; total, 27,000 men. Confederates, 129 regiments and 19 batteries of artillery; total 65,000 men. In a foot note to one of the handsome illustrations of the *Century* in speaking of the fine, five-storied grist-mill of Dr. Gaines, which was burned by Sheridan's cavalry in 1864, he says:— 'The main conflict was a mile further to the south-east; but the ridge shown in the picture was the scene of a most gallant resistance to the confederate advance by the Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, acting as a rear guard to Porter's corps.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Student, for your revival of this. Now you won't forget our gallant Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts Volunteers as promised?"

"Never fear."

STUDENT.

The Crib of Bethlehem.

THE cradle of our Saviour — the identical crib in which the infant Jesus was laid — was for a time preserved in Bethlehem; and it is well known that St. Jerome, St. Paula and others, had always entertained the greatest devotion for this sanctuary. Subsequently the crib and a few pieces of rock from the cave at Bethlehem were brought to Rome. Some one asserted that the transfer was made in the year 352; but the learned Pope Benedict XIV. proved that it was not until the fifth century, at the time the Saracens had taken possession of Jerusalem, in the year 653. St. Jerome, who was buried in Bethlehem, appeared three times to a pious monk there, telling him to carry his remains to Rome, which he accordingly did.

The crib, considered one of the most precious relics in the city of Rome, is now kept in the magnificent basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, also known by the titles of Our Lady of Snow and Our Lady of the Crib. To the right side of the main altar is a very beautiful and spacious chapel built by Pope Sixtus V., in the year 1586, in honor of our Saviour's crib. In the centre, directly underneath the cupola, is a precious altar where the Blessed Sacrament reposes. On both sides of the altar are two stairways of stone, leading to a little chapel called the chapel of the crib. Formerly, the holy crib was taken here, but now only a few pieces of wood taken from it remain on the altar.

The Hero of Lepanto.

In a little village of Castile, not many miles distant from Madrid, there dwelt, about the middle of the sixteenth century, a Fleming who had been a violin player in the service of Charles V. This man enjoyed a small pension for taking care of a boy, of whose parentage he knew nothing, and who was only known to the villagers by the name of Geronimo. After four years of this rustic life, the child, at the age of seven, was taken from his Flemish guardian and placed under the care of Louis Quijada, the faithful major-domo of Charles the Fifth. The latter was then living in retirement in the monastery at Yuste. About a year before his death, he had bidden his major-domo bring his wife and family to dwell in the neighboring village of Cuencas. Thither, too, followed Geronimo who soon became, by his agility and and high-spirits, the leader of the boys of the village, and probably led them on many a raid against the orchards round about Cuencas. On one of these forays, it is said, he was severely beaten and pelted by the owners of the menaced fruit-trees.

It seems uncertain if the youthful Geronimo ever went to visit the Imperial recluse. Anyhow, Charles never betrayed to the lad or to his followers — his major-domo excepted — the interest he felt in the boy. When the Emperor died, however, Geronimo, clad in mourning, assisted at the funeral. This, and his features, in which a strong resemblance to Charles was noticed, gave occasion to many rumors as to the boy's parentage. The trusty Quijada still kept the secret, and would not satisfy the legitimate curiosity of his saintly wife, aroused as it had been by her husband's tender care for the boy. On one occasion a fire had broken out in his house, and he had rescued Geronimo from the flames before he had seen to his wife's safety. The latter, from that hour, suspected the truth as to Geronimo's birth. A high sense of duty to his sovereign could alone have caused this hidalgo to neglect her for a mere stripling. Quijada had, likewise, to evade the more direct inquiries about the youth, put to him by Joanna, the Regent of Spain. He kept his secret, until the return of Philip the Second, in 1559 to Spain.

One day, soon after this return, Quijada and Geronimo rode together to a park in the vicinity of Valladolid. There they met the royal hunt, headed by the King himself. Quijada and his companion dismounted, and the former led Geronimo to the King. Philip regarded the boy fixedly, then dismounting, warmly embraced the bewildered Geronimo, saying: — "Take heart, my child, thou art the son of a most noble man. The Emperor Charles, now living in heaven, was my father and thine." Then the King buckled his sword to his half-brother's side, placed on him the Collar of the Golden Fleece, and presented him to the courtiers around, only too eager to hail the rising sun. The two brothers rode back, side by side, to Valladolid, where the plaudits of the citizens proclaimed the lad as the King's brother and son of the deceased Emperor. In this romantic fashion, the simple

Geronimo became Don John of Austria — the future hero of Lepanto. He was at this time about twelve or fourteen years of age, having been born, probably at Ratisbon, on February 24, 1545, or according to some accounts, two years later. His mother seems to have been of humble birth; his father was the great Emperor Charles the Fifth. Over the early years of Don John, as the historian Prescott remarks, "A veil of mystery hangs which no industry of the historian has been able wholly to remove." Nor need its removal be here attempted in what is a short sketch — drawn from various sources — of one who has been described as "the last of the paladins and the crusaders."

The Emperor Charles had expressed a wish that Don John should be brought up for the Church, but he was to be left free in his choice of life. His desire soon became manifest, both while he continued under Quijada's care, and afterwards, at the university of Alcala, whither he was sent in company of his nephews, the wretched Don Carlos, and the famous Alexander Farnese. The whole bent of his mind was military, and when he heard of the gallant defence of their rocky island made by the knights of Malta against the Turks, he ran away to Barcelona, hoping there to find a ship to take him to Malta, to share in the struggle. His flight was intercepted. Philip was displeased at the escapade, perhaps because its romantic and unceremonious character did not harmonize well with his cold, punctilious nature. He could not, however, longer restrain his brother's passion for war and glory. Don John's activity suited him for a soldier's life. None could master an unruly steed better than he could; none could throw a javelin further, or show more cunning in fence. Philip, therefore, gave the nominal command of a fleet — naval and military services were then one — to his brother who, aided by an experienced commander, brought his first cruise against the Barbary corsairs, to a happy termination. Philip, pleased at his brother's conduct, resolved to send him to the south of Spain, to subdue the Moriscoes who had been goaded into rebellion.

In the eighth century, the fiery and fanatical Arabs had crossed from Africa into Spain and overrun the whole country, save the Asturias. There, in the midst of rugged mountain fastnesses, the last of the Goths had found a refuge. Thence they waged a constant war on the invaders until, in the eleventh century, the Saracens were so hard pressed, that they called to their aid the Moors. These first succored, then subdued the Saracens and founded the Moorish kingdom of Granada. Undauntedly, the Christians of Spain, calling on St. James their Patron, with the cross on their breasts, continued the struggle against the infidels, until in 1492, Granada was conquered by the Great Captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, and the power of the Moors in Spain was at an end forever.

The descendants of those Arabs and Moors who remained in Spain came to be called Moriscoes. They conformed outwardly to the Christian faith, though at heart they were, it is probable, still Mahometans. This appears to have aroused the animosity of the Spaniards — an animosity engendered by a deadly struggle of eight centuries, while the wealth of the Moriscoes excited their cupidity.

From time to time, vexatious measures were taken against the Moriscoes. Charles the Fifth had issued a cruel edict against them. They by heavy bribes to the sovereign and his ministers, prevented its enforcement. This edict, or one even more severe was issued by Philip the Second. The Moriscoes were forbidden to keep arms or negro slaves, to lock the doors of their houses, to wear their national costumes, to dance or sing according to their national ways. Their women were forbidden to cover their faces. Within three years, they were to forget their own and learn the Spanish language, and were not to take warm baths, under pain of six years at the galley! This edict was as absurd as it was cruel. Less politic, more stubborn, than his father, Philip sought to enforce it to the letter. The Moriscoes revolted, chose a king and a leader, and, for a time, one of the most beautiful lands in the world became the scene of atrocities, committed by Spaniards and Moriscoes alike, and which can only be paralleled to those done during the French Revolution or during insurrections in Poland.

Prescott gives an admirable account of the country, in which the rebellion of the Moriscoes arose and where it was put down by Don John of Austria. "By far the larger part," he says,* "of the Moorish population was scattered over the mountain-range of the Alpujarras, south-east of Granada, and among the bold sierras that stretch along the southern shores of Spain. Here, amidst those frosty peaks, rising to the height of near twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, and readily discried, from their great elevation, by the distant voyager on the Mediterranean, was many a green, sequestered valley, on which the Moorish peasant had exhausted that elaborate culture which, in the palmy days of his nation, was unrivalled in any part of Europe. His patient toil had constructed terraces from the rocky soil, and, planting them with vines, had clothed the bald sides of the sierra with a delicious verdure. With the like industry, he had contrived a network of canals along the valleys and lower levels, which, fed by the streams from the mountains, nourished the land with perpetual moisture. The different elevations afforded so many different latitudes for agricultural production; and the fig, the pomegranate, and the orange grew almost side by side with the hemp of the north and the grain of more temperate climates. The low slopes of the sierra afforded extensive pastures for flocks of merino-sheep; and the Mulberry-tree was raised in great abundance for the manufacture of silk, which formed an important article of export from the kingdom of Granada." Such was the region, which, richly endowed by nature and by art, was made desolate by man's struggles with his fellows.

Early in April, 1569, Don John of Austria left Madrid for the south. A few months earlier, Aben-Humeya, the handsome descendant of kings, had been taken from a debtor's prison, to be crowned king of the Moriscoes amid much martial pomp, such as became the part which the "Lord of Andalucia and Granada" was to play. And yet a little earlier, one stormy December night, in 1568, the fierce dyer of

*Prescott's *Philip the Second*, III. 7.

Granada, Aben-Farax failed in his attempt to surprise that city, and had raised the standard of revolt in the Alpujarras, of which the Arabic name signifies "mountains abounding in pastures." They were to abound in carnage and strife. The Moriscoes of those mountains cast away their mask of Christianity and pitilessly massacred, with every refinement of cruelty conceivable, the Christians of every age and condition who were living in their midst. The Spanish authors of those times, are horribly graphic in their details of these massacres. In a week, the same authorities aver, three thousand Christians were slain. Aben-Farax the dyer seems to have instigated the slaughter. More human, the new Moorish king disapproved of them, and Aben-Farax was degraded from his command. "He was," says Prescott, "one of those miscreants who are thrown on the surface by the turmoil of a revolution; and after floating there for a while, disappear from sight, and the wave of history closes over them for ever."

Panic reigned in the city of Granada when tidings of the massacres reached it. The Christians trembled because in the Moorish quarter of the city were so many Moriscoes. The latter dreaded that the panic-stricken Spaniards, the stronger party, would relieve their fears by a retaliatory massacre. The Captain-general, the Marquis of Mondejar, by his careful measures of defence, restored peace, and panic soon gave way, to eager preparations for punishing the Moriscoes in the mountains.

The Captain-general, having gathered his forces together, joined by all the Spanish chivalry of the country, set out in pursuit of the Moorish king amidst the mountains. He undertook many a daring march amid the difficult passes, and fought many a hard fight with the foes. Brutalities continued on both sides, and the Christian prisoners, released by Mondejar, enflamed their fellow Christians by tales of what they had seen and of what they had suffered, until their hearers forgot they were Christians, in their thirst for vengeance. Meanwhile, Mondejar, by his skilful victories, and still more, by his timely clemency, was driving the Moorish king to such great straits, that he was forced to fly alone into the most inaccessible recesses of the sierra. One place — Guajaras — bravely held out, and even repulsed the Spaniards. El Zamar, its defender, and his men, abandoned it by night, and the Spaniards rushing into the town, put all whom they encountered to the sword. El Zamar himself was a little later captured and killed. The "little king," as the Spaniards called the Moorish monarch, was wandering among the mountains. A new Spanish commander, the Marquis of Los Velez appeared on the scene — a stern iron-hearted man. Dissensions arose between the rival commanders, dissensions which found their echo in the cabinet of Madrid, causing doubt and disquietude to reign there. Philip pressed to decide upon some course of action, had sent, as we seen, Don John to take command in Granada.

As Don John approached the scene of his command, the rebellion had broken out afresh. The Moorish king, Aben-Humeya, had again unfurled his blood-red standard, and the Moriscoes had again rallied

around it. This new outbreak had been caused by the massacre, in cold blood, of a number of Moorish prisoners in the prison of the Chancery in Granada. This crime compared by a recent writer to the September massacres of Paris, during the French revolution, had destroyed all hopes of pacification, and when Don John, amid much pageantry, such as the old Moorish capital alone could display, entered into Granada, he found that between Morisco and Spaniard "there was war to the knife." It was a war of extermination, a war from which only a few, comparatively, of the Moriscoes escaped, and those few, and their offspring, were to be brutally expelled by the incapable Philip the Third. Their expulsion was to complete the ruin of Andalusia, to hasten the decline of Spain.

Don John was, at most, only twenty-four years of age when he took command at Granada. He was remarkable for his personal beauty. His forehead was high, his hair, in yellow curls, was thrown off backwards — a style it became the fashion, for all the young gallants of the age, to copy. His eyes were clear, bright, and blue. His features were those of the Hapsburg family, though they were not, in his case, disfigured by the heavy Burgundian lips. In peace, his dress was often somewhat effeminate, and was of "white velvet and cloth of gold which set off his graceful person to advantage. A crimson scarf floated loosely over his breast, and his snow-white plumes drooped from his cap." Such, at least, was his dress at Naples, a little before Lepanto was fought. In war, his aspect was more martial. Then, "the young commander attracted every eye by the splendor of his person and appointments. He was armed *cap-a-pie*, and wore a suit of burnished steel richly inlaid with gold. His casque, overshadowed by brilliant plumes, was ornamented with a medallion displaying the image of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception." Of middle height, his bearing was noble, Strada even says, majestic. He was a good dancer; his horsemanship was perfect, and in the tourney, he was always distinguished. Such is the portrait, all the chroniclers and writers of his times give, of the young hero. And what a background to this romantic figure the Moorish city afforded! The light, airy architecture of the houses; its shady groves and its gardens rich in golden fruits and sweet-scented flowers; the silvery sparkle of many fountains, which tempered the hot atmosphere of this southern city; the movement of its inhabitants, of gay cavaliers, of sun-burnt Spanish veterans, of swarthy Moriscoes, in their silken robes; all formed a fairy-like scene for a fairy-like prince. And yet how little fairy-like is the reality! As we gaze at the scene, the clash of arms is heard, mingled with the wailing of women and children. Then by companies, guarded by armed soldiers, horse and foot, Moorish men, some bent with age and white-headed; others scarcely more than boys; Moorish women of all ages, some with babies in their arms, some stiff with years, some still maidens, are driven past us, bound together with cords, as if they were malefactors, on the road to execution. These are the Moriscoes of the city, driven from their homes by a cruel edict of the King, to dwell — at least such of them as may survive the hardships of the journey — in distant parts of

Andalusia and, even, in far-away New Castile. Of men, three thousand five hundred were thus transported, and a proportionate number of women and children. It was a cruel task this, for the prince who had not the heart of a gaoler, but he had, personally, to see to it, to prevent the unfortunate exiles from being massacred by brutal and unruly soldiers. His heart was in other work, in that fighting which was going on, amid the distant blue mountains.

The prince, nominally commander-in-chief, was not master. A council of war, divided in council by the rivalry of its members, hampered his every action, and the affectionate anxiety of Philip for his brother's safety, would not allow him to take part in the warfare in the mountains. There, the Moriscoes were daily increasing in strength, while the Spaniards had as many checks and reverses as they could reckon successes. Soon the rebels grew so audacious, that they made forays in the rich *vega*, or plain, around the very walls of Granada. It is not needful to relate the vicissitudes of the contest. Suffice it to say, that the Marquis of Los Velez, daily showed his stubbornness and insufficiency; that daily the insurrection grew in magnitude; and with it, the impatience of Don John to take the field in person. Meanwhile, the Moorish king, steeped in luxury, had been strangled out of jealousy. and had been succeeded, on his unstabled throne, by one of his lieutenants, Aben-Aboo, an able and energetic chieftain. In him, Don John would find "a foeman worthy of his steel." Fortunately, too, at that juncture, leave came from Philip for him to take the field. He was, however, to be attended by Requesens, the Grand Commander of St. James, and by his old tutor and faithful friend, Luis Quijada, and, by their advice, Don John was to abide.

His first effort was directed against Galera, a town which derived its name from the rock, on which it was built, resembling a galley, with its keel turned uppermost. The position was a strong one, though its defences were a half-ruined castle, around which the town clustered, and a crumbling wall. Of artillery, the defenders had none. Their strength was their desperate courage, and the recollection that they had, quite lately, repulsed Los Velez, with loss. Don John seemed likely to share the same fate, although his army, consisting of twelve thousand foot, many of them veterans from the wars of Italy and Flanders, and eight hundred horse, of whom many were the bravest knights Spain possessed, was well-disciplined, and well-provided with all required for besieging operations. In vain, batteries opened fire upon the town from different directions. In vain, mines were sprung and repeated assaults made. The Moriscoes, Turks, and adventurers from the coast of Barbary, three thousand in all, would not yield "the galley." Even the women helped in the gallant defence. The assailants suffered much, and the flower of Spanish chivalry and of Spanish soldiery was sorely stricken, before the final assault was made. It was on February 7, 1569, that Don John, encouraging his soldiers by word and example, led them on, to the cry of, *San Fago! Cierra Espana!* It was the last day of the Carnival. It was the last day of the terrible tragedy, the last day of Galera's defence. Every ruin was disputed, every house was stubbornly defended, every garden

was a battleground. The Moriscoes and their allies fought with the desperation of despair. Many rather than fall into the enemy's power, fell on their own swords. Nine hours did the fight last, and when night came, the blaze of burning houses lit up the ruins of Galera, and formed the funeral pile of its inhabitants, for the Spaniards, in their fury, spared none, men, women, or children. What the flames left of the building of Galera, was subsequently levelled to the ground, and salt was strewn over the spot, to make it accursed forever. A straggling, unwalled village, at the base of the galley-like rock, is all that now marks the ground where Don John of Austria won his first victory.

A Learned Priest.

Rev. Patrick Aloysius Treacy, the new pastor of St. Paul's Church, Burlington, N. J., was born at Carrick-on-Suir, Ireland, in 1843. He was educated at a private school (at .the select school of the Christian Brothers), and at the Classical Academy of his native town. He received his theological training in the Ecclesiastical Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and was ordained priest at the age of twenty-three. From 1866 to 1868 he was attached to St. Michael's Church, Philadelphia, where he endeared himself to the people by his attention to the cholera patients, and his zeal for the Christian education of the young. As curate to Vicar-General Walsh, of Philadelphia; to the venerable Father Maher, of Norristown, and to the learned and venerable Father Cauvin, of Hoboken, Father Treacy has had the best opportunities of learning his duties from distinguished pastors, who were trained in their professional functions in the great cities of New York and Philadelphia. Among his Professors in the faculties of theology and philosophy Father Treacy can name Bishops O'Hara, of Scranton, and O'Connor, of Omaha, the celebrated divine, Rev. Dr. Balfe, and Rev. Dr. Keogh, whose magnificent display at the examination in Rome won the admiration of the Pope himself. To indicate how high Father Treacy stood in the Seminary for talent and literary ability, it is only necessary to state that he was selected by Dr. Keogh to write the Theological Essay, and that the whole staff of Professors came specially to hear Father Treacy read it, and that he was called upon to read it over again, when Archbishop Wood was present at the annual examination. Father Treacy is an ardent Irish patriot. He advocates Home Rule for Ireland, and even further, the total separation of Ireland from England. In the words of Henry Grattan, "He will not be satisfied so long as the humble cottager in Ireland has a link of the British chain clanking to him."

Allusion has been made in previous issues to Father Treacy's labors as pastor of Washington, Oxford, and Belvidere, N. J. Oxford has become closely associated with his name in his literary, philosophi-

cal and poetical contributions to DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and other periodicals.

Father P. A. Treacy is the elder brother of Mr. James J. Treacy, who has been lately honored by our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII. with the Apostolic Benediction for the second time, and with the present of a magnificent *cameo* executed by one of the most distinguished Roman artists, in testimony of His Holiness' high and generous appreciation of Mr. Treacy's recent work,— "Tributes of Protestant Writers to the Truth and Beauty of Catholicity," which the most Holy Father graciously deigned to examine with deep interest; and also, of an earlier compilation of Mr. Treacy's "Catholic Flowers from Protestant Gardens."

The third and youngest of this *trio* of literary brothers, Father William P. Treacy, S. J., pastor at Woodstock College, Maryland, was ordained in Louvain, Belgium. He is the author of the celebrated poetic "Lines to Rev. A. J. Ryan," and of a series of most interesting and patriotic, historical articles on "Irish Students in Continental Universities." While staying at Louvain, he availed himself of the opportunity to examine the original documents relating to the illustrious Irish ecclesiastics and soldiers, who, having been driven by British oppression from their native land, had won merited fame in the universities, courts and camps of Continental Europe.

Father W. P. Treacy is now engaged in preparing his "History of the Early Jesuit Missions" for publication. One of his articles on that subject will soon appear in the *Catholic World*, and another in the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*.

Mothers to Blame.

THE plain fact of the case is that the American mother of the poorer classes is more careless of her duty than the mother of any other nation. The daughter of a decent French tradesman or artisan would never be allowed to go to balls unprotected or clandestinely to pick up chance acquaintances on the street. On the other hand it is only within a very few years that the young girl of the gentler class in America has been properly protected from insult and scandal by the constant presence of her mother or some one wiser in the world's ways than herself. No matter how poor a girl is, the moral atmosphere about her may be as pure as if she were reared in a palace provided her mother wills it. She may not be able to give her daughter money, or even education, but she can give her a sense of honor as high as Hecretiats. To do it she will not turn her loose on the street to carry on flirtations with married men, or send her unprotected to balls, while she remains at home satisfied that the "young folks should have their fun." This is plain talk; but mothers who will read it know that it is true, and know, too, how much they are to blame that it is true.

Dead Man's Island.

THE STORY OF AN IRISH COUNTRY TOWN.

T. P. O'Connor, M. P.

CHAPTER XIV.

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO.

The polling day came at last. Both sides put forth their whole strength, and the day was one of wild excitement, of dreadful violence, of constant speech-making.

Among the supporters of Crowe there was a mixture of feeling. The great question, was the money right? had been answered to some extent, and yet not altogether satisfactorily. Most of the voters had got an instalment of the bribe, but there was a considerable sum left outstanding; and then the other side were paying money away lavishly. There could not be the slightest doubt that if there were not some big effort the election would be lost.

Once more on this day Crowe was to be seen at Ballybay Station, in a fever of agitation, awaiting the arrival of his brother. The brother had scarcely got out of the train when the "politeeshens" knew as by instinct that the great question had been answered satisfactorily, and that the money was right. The instinct was sound. Crowe's father-in-law, an eminent ornament of the Bench, had at last come to his rescue, and had sent him down a couple of thousand pounds. Within a few minutes the money was given into the hands of Mr. O'Flynn, the pawnbroker, who acted in this, as in all previous elections, as the chief agent of corruption, and the voters began to come up fast and enthusiastic for Crowe.

These were the days of open voting, and before a man recorded his vote he was compelled to make a declaration on oath that he had not received any bribe. Some of the "politeeshens," who were accustomed to this kind of thing, took the oath like men without a scruple or a gulp. Less hardened criminals attempted all sorts of dodges in order to escape forswearing themselves; many attempting to kiss their thumbs instead of the book. There was one expedient over which Ballybay laughed heartily, and which it still remembers. Jimmy Doolin, the apothecary, was one of the shrewdest men of the town, and stood high in the opinion of the "politeeshens"; but at this election he acted with more than even his ordinary shrewdness. All the agents on both sides had been at him day after day; he had spoken them all fair, but not a definite promise were any of them able to get out of him. At last, on the night before the election, the friends of Captain Ponsonby had secured him, as they thought, by a handsome sum — no less than thirty-five pounds. The friends of Crowe, hearing of this victory, were almost in despair; for Jimmy was one of the most trusted barometers of Ballybay, and every one

instinctively thought that the side he went for was sure to be the side where the money was right. A desperate effort was evidently necessary. Mat Fleming was commissioned by Crowe to go down and see Jimmy. Talleyrand and Metternich could not have conducted a negotiation with greater skill and cunning than these two mighty masters of the science and art of bribery. After a couple of hours' discourse, Mat came away satisfied that he had won the great man; he had offered and had given Jimmy fifty pounds; and Jimmy on his side had agreed to return to the Ponsonby party the thirty-five pounds he had received from them. For once in his life Mat Fleming fell in the estimation of his fellow politeeshens.

"Ah!" said O'Flynn, the pawnbroker, "I thought, Mat, you had some sinse. Jimmy will betray ye at the last moment."

Meantime, Doolin had been paid a second visit by the friends of Ponsonby, who had heard of the desperate game that had been played by the adherents of Crowe, and when the interview was over a new bargain had been struck, Jimmy received £60, and promised to return the £50 he had got from Crowe.

When this news was brought to Crowe he swore a hundred oaths, and declared that whatever were the consequences, he'd have his money back from Jimmy Doolin. He spoke very largely of his legal form of relief, and professed to be quite certain that he could have Jimmy within the walls of a jail within forty-eight hours.

Crowe was known to be as able as he was unscrupulous at his profession, and Jimmy Doolin was a man to have an exaggerated opinion of what feats could be achieved by desperate and audacious trickery, and he took it for granted that Crowe could do all he said unless he made some desperate counter-stroke. The desperate counter-stroke was accordingly resolved upon, and was carried out with a readiness and a skill that were worthy of the man and of the great occasion. Jimmy was contractor for the supply of turf to the barracks, and he had several large piles of turf in a field a short distance outside the town.

On the morning of the election several emissaries of the two sides came frantically asking for Jimmy at his house, but Jimmy was nowhere to be seen.

"Is himself in?" said Mat Fleming to Mrs. Doolin.

"Troth an' he isn't," replied Mrs. Doolin, "an' I haven't caught sight of him since late last night. I thought he was down in the hotel with ye."

And a similar answer was given to everybody who called.

At last, about three o'clock in the day — the poll closed at four — a countryman brought in word that Jimmy was out at his farm; several details were added as to his condition which produced great commotion in both camps.

Mat Fleming went out, and there he saw Jimmy, certainly; but he did not know whether to swear or to laugh at the position in which he discovered that shrewd schemer. Jimmy had got on top of one of the clamps of turf. These clamps it should be explained, are made after the pattern of the roof of a house, terminating in a point. On

the summit of one of the clamps sat Jimmy, his hat off, his hair floating wildly in the air, his mouth slimy, a pair of spurs on his boots. He was mounting up and down as if he were on a horse; and then he would pat the turf as if it were the animal's neck; and he gave it a stroke every now and then with his whip. When he was spoken to he professed neither to hear nor to understand; and assumed all the airs of a man who had lost his reason. Appeals, threats, all were in vain; Jimmy would not get down from his imaginary horse until the polling booths were closed, and there was no longer any opportunity of his making the painful choice between two candidates, for each of whom he had such good reason to feel grateful respect.

Mat was ubiquitous on this day of days. His own father had belonged to the side of Crowe from the very start; for old Mat had been a '48 man, and would have gone out if there had been any call for men in Ballybay, and he was always, in his quiet and undemonstrative way, a strong Nationalist. Mr. Blake, too, with all his griping, grinding poverty, was one of the select few among the people of Ballybay who had refused to take a bribe. Mrs. Blake was highly disgusted by this mealy-mouthed principle on the part of her husband; but omnipotent as she was in almost everything, there were points on which her influence was absolutely impotent over her husband. When he had made up his mind on a matter of principle he was gently but inflexibly firm, and all the world in arms or in entreaty could not get him to stir an inch. It was from his father that Mat had got his own stern principle, though it was from the mother there came the fiery fierceness with which his principles were held and fought for.

In the Flaherty household there was a long and painful struggle. Tom Flaherty had always a leaning towards the landlords. They were his best customers, and they were gentlemen; and Tom used emphatically to say always that he liked to be on the same side as the gentlemen of the country. In his earlier and more prosperous days he used to smack the tight breeches he habitually wore whenever he uttered a sentiment like this: "No, Captain Ponsonby represented the gentlemanly party;" and to the side of Captain Ponsonby, therefore, Thomas was very much inclined to go. But his wife and Mary were fierce on the side of Crowe — mainly through the influence Mat exercised over them; for it was hard to say which loved the boy the better — the mother or the daughter. Numberless were the expedients to which the women resorted to win Tom over to the National side; and when they had won him over, to keep him there; for he was as fickle as his spirits, and his spirits rose and fell after the manner of the inebriate. One night when he was very much under the influence of whiskey, he unsaid all the promises he had made to Crowe; began to attack him fiercely, and to repeat against him some of the charges which were to be found in the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Nation* and the other National organs.

Mat was almost beside himself with rage, and there came that fierce glare into his eyes which told Ballybay that he was his mother's son.

But poor Mrs. Flaherty got up out of bed, crawled quietly down

stairs, and putting her arms around the neck of her terrified husband, asked him to vo e for Crowe.

"Be thrue, Tom, darlint," she said, "to your country and your God. 'Tis perhaps my dyin' prayer."

Mat could scarcely restrain his tears, and at that moment there came over him by a sudden and inexplicable transition of feeling, a cold, dread thought that sent a shiver through his frame and made him shudder visibly.

His mind was for the moment in a condition of preternatural excitement and sharpness, and the words of Mary, "Somebody is passing over your grave, Mat," — though uttered with a playful voice, seemed to go through him, and to be the awful echo to the hideous voices that at the passing moment were ringing in his ears.

Mat was the child of a race imaginative and unfortunate, and he was not free from the touch of imaginative morbidness which lies deep down in the nature of nearly every Irishman. He looked at Mary's playful, tender, and devoted face, and all the world seemed for a moment to be a glad valley that lay under eternal sunshine and in ineffable peace; and then, as in the twinkling of an eye, he was transported to one of the broad, desolate, infinite heaths that lie between Dublin and Ballybay; and he was there in blackest night — shivering and alone. The presentiment was impressed upon his memory after the strange manner of those curious moments that stand out in our lives by the unaccountable spasms of poignant thought, and he remembered the hour as marking an epoch in his life — the point of departure between the age of faith and illusion and hope, and the years of doubt, dread, and then despair.

Could it be that after all, the charges against Crowe were true, that he was the lying traitor that had been painted in the columns of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Nation?* Had he — Mat Blake — with all his honest and pure intentions, taken part in a huge sham and the cheating of a nation? Was the country, having been raised to hope, to be betrayed and sunk — perchance forever — into the slough of death and despair?

He rushed from the house abruptly, and dashed into the canvass more hotly than ever; after the well-known impulse to silence doubt by feverish action.

He met a farmer walking apparently without purpose or guide through the streets. Mat went up to him.

"For whom are you going to vote?" he asked. The man had a strange, dazed, timid look. He did not look at Mat straight in the face for more than a second, then he glanced around with a furtive air, and finally, scratching his head, answered, "You must ask the masther."

At that moment Cosgrave came up, and pulling the man roughly by the shoulder said, "Come along with me and vote for Mr. Crowe."

Mat turned away with a sigh and almost with a curse, and again the horrid doubts came back upon him. Could it be right that he and that creature Cosgrave — whom by this time he had learned to loathe — should be on the same side; the strong Nationalist, and the hard,

grasping, heartless, self-seeking bourgeois — the type of that vast army of mean and servile and low-minded Catholic Whigs that had done more to perpetuate the reign of wrong in Ireland, than all the troops of England, and all the cruelty of the Protestant landlords?

But again Mat forgot his gloomy reflections as a few minutes afterwards he saw the bellman rushing through the town proclaiming the state of the poll:—

CROWE, ... 156.
PONSONBY, ... 96.

Such were the figures that the bellman was calling out. It was on a number so small that the happiness of nearly seven millions of people depended.

Immediately afterwards he saw Crowe passing through the streets amid the wild and enthusiastic cheers of the mob; on his arm leaned the "Seraph of Ballybay," who was thus giving public testimony to his faith in the new champion of the Church, for Crowe had made his canvass distinctly sectarian, and had posed as the most vehement of Catholics.

The long and exciting day was over at last; and Crowe was at the head of the poll.

Mat himself was startled and delighted at the intensity of the feeling with which the victory was received by the people of Ballybay. He had seen so much of its corrupt and selfish and squalid side during the contest, that he had begun to doubt almost every man and woman in the place, and to condemn its inhabitants to a political fate as dark as that of the Cities of the Plain.

But he was to learn that night that there was another Ballybay and another Ireland beside the corrupt bourgeoise and the hired mobs. In the smaller towns in Ireland they have not reached the style of illumination which is employed in large cities, but they have a substitute, which, humble as it is, produces a prettier and a far more touching and spontaneous effect than the most skilful and gigantic devices even of the great illuminating contractors of a metropolis like London. The people get candles, fix them in rows, and place them behind the windows. It is impossible to convey to anybody who has never seen an illumination of this kind the bright, pleasant, and significant look it gives to a town.

Every house in the humbler quarters of Ballybay were illuminated after this fashion on the night of Crowe's return. Then there were tar barrels in the streets, and several torchlight processions.

Crowe was drawn in a large car through the streets, and his bold, striking face stood out in relief, lit up by the blaze of the torches around him.

The enthusiasm was indescribable. It seemed as if there could not proceed from the heavens themselves a din more tumultuous. It was a hurricane of cheering. Men danced, embraced, sobbed; some of them seemed to work in hysteric convulsions in the extremity of their joy and excitement; the arms of Crowe were nearly torn off; hundreds kissed his hands in rapture; old men fell on their knees and

called on God to bless him; and the Widow Cunningham with that vehement nature of hers, threw herself on her knees after the car had gone by, and kissed the dust over which had passed the form of the saviour of his country.

Mat was in the carriage beside him, with all the black and haunting spectres of the day banished by the general enthusiasm. From this place he could see the interiors of all the homes of Ballybay; and the sight was enough to soften and to inspire. The dread extremity of squalor was revealed in these wretched homes. They passed through street after street in which whole families lived in a single room. They were all pretty much the same, with the small and wretched bed in one corner, and the rest of the space sufficing for work and meals. In scarcely any of them was there any furniture but a few chairs and a bare deal table.

And yet these rooms were made to bear symbols of the general joy, that spoke more plainly and more directly to the heart than trophied show. Here a poor old woman was to be seen fixing in the window an image of the Blessed Virgin, the one ornament in her dwelling; there a man displaying a portrait of Dan, which he had preserved from the days when he was a Repeal Warden in the great year of 1848; in yet another place, the Barbara Fritch of Ballybay, without such luxury as an image or portrait, was holding out the little font in which the holy water is placed over the bed as the Christian sinks to the death-in-life of sleep.

There was a suburb of Ballybay which was a little out in the country, and it was agreed that on this night of nights it should be visited. The men and the boys hurried on the car, for no horses would be allowed on such an occasion to bear the triumphant hero of the hour. Along the road crowds were to be seen, consisting of men, women, and children; and though the night was dreadfully cold they had waited there patiently for hours, many of them shivering in bare feet. The sight of Crowe was enough to compensate them for the misery of all those hours; and these poor creatures cheered and wept and danced, as though a living Saviour had once more come to earth.

There was no mistaking the significance of all this. Crowe had appealed to the soul of Ireland, and it had come forth from its tomb; the tomb of wholesale famine and plague, eviction and emigration, and all the dark horrors of despair in which for years it had been buried. And it was there once more, full of life and hope, and of heroic endurance, and of sacrifice and immortal youth.

A peasant rushed from the crowd that surrounded the car of Crowe. There were a couple of young children beside him. He was was very old and wrinkled; there was a wild fire in his eyes; and he was trembling all over. There was no use trying to stop him; he advanced and broke through the crowd with the infuriate strength of despair.

"Crowe, Crowe," he cried, "I voted for ye; and I got a notice to quit, and I'll soon be turned out, and mesel' and my poor grandchildren will have to lave poor ould Ireland. Tell me for God's sake, yer honor — tell me will ye bethray the people?"

"No," cried Crowe, "No, so help me God. I'd rather die."

CHAPTER XV.

SAVIOUR OF HIS COUNTRY.

THE return of Crowe for Ballybay was a turning-point in the history of the country. Everybody felt that the issue had been fairly tried there; and that the country had definitely declared in favor of the new man and the new movement.

Crowe lent additional strength to the movement by the success which he immediately attained in the House of Commons. His energy, his acuteness, his readiness, his popular and taking style of speech, at once produced an effect there; and the Irish people, on the other hand, were enraptured with the boldness of his denunciations of the hated Ministry of Lord Palmerston and the Ministerial measures. Of course, the people of Ballybay, and of Ireland generally, did not know that while the conciliatory and depreciatory speeches of Crowe were listened to attentively, and were usually delivered in a full House, the more violent attacks were always selected for the dinner hour, where they raised no susceptibilities because they found no hearers. Luck would have it that the Ministry was turned out suddenly by an unexpected blow; and that a general election followed about a couple of years after Crowe's first return. By this time he had established himself in universal esteem as the ablest, the boldest and the most active among the small band of Irish members. He was now a good deal more than a single man fighting for his own hand; he boldly proclaimed himself the leader of of a party.

The policy which he proposed to the country was very attractive. The farmers were to have the Three F's; he even went so far as to promise that the "hanging" gale, which remained as the dread and terrible inheritance of the Famine years, should be abolished, and there was something said, too, of the Repeal of the hated Act of Union.

But it was the method Crowe proposed for attaining these ends that principally attracted the people. He described the policy by the name of Independent Opposition. The fundamental doctrine of this new policy was that no Irish Member should take office from any English Cabinet, unless that Cabinet first proclaimed that it would introduce a bill giving the farmers Tenant Right, and staked its existence on the carriage of the measure. The people, since the death of O'Connell, had been cheated and mocked by men proclaiming themselves friends of all popular liberties at the hustings, and then becoming the obedient tools of the Whips, while the evils remained unredressed and the country went daily faster on the road to destruction. They grasped accordingly at the new policy, as offering some guarantee for the success of their hopes and the relief of their intolerable condition.

The election which followed was fought with vehement zeal. The country was united, vigorous, enthusiastic — as hopeful as if O'Connell bad not died of a broken heart, and the Repeal movement had not ended in the death by hunger and plague of more than a million people.

The days of open voting still existed ; and the landlords, feeling that their omnipotence was at stake, fought the elections with the utmost vigor. In those days, as to some extent in these, all the armed forces of England were at the disposal of the evictor and the rack-renter. The voters were brought to the polls in vans ; they were surrounded by large bodies of soldiery. The excuse given was that it was necessary to protect them from the violence of the mob, who might by intimidation prevent these sheep from following their natural inclination to vote for the wolves. The real reason, of course, was to draw a cordon around them so that they might not, by mixing with other tenants, or with the people of the towns, or with the priests, be roused to a sense of their rights and their duties. And the soldiers were useful, besides, as showing that the arm of the landlord, long and strong as it was, was backed up by the still longer and the still stronger arm of that Great Empire, which, to an Irish peasant, had also an irresistible iron heel.

When the voter went into the polling booth, the landlord was sitting there looking at him ; beside the landlord sat the agent, and outside was the bailiff, whispering a last word of warning into the tenant's ear.

But the eloquence of Crowe, backed by the vigorous propaganda of the priests, succeeded in waking up even in the bosom of these hapless slaves the hope of better things and the sacred cause of conscience and country. They went into the booths, voted for Crowe, and soon after went on the ships to America, or in the workhouse, or wandering helpless and homeless through a country as desolate and hungry as themselves ; some lay down and died by the roads ; those were deemed exceptionately fortunate who were allowed to remain in their farms with the rent permanently raised. In several of the contests the people came into collision with the soldiers and the police ; there were fierce fights, and several lives were willingly lost in the sacred names of Crowe and Tenant Right. During the election the name of Crowe was heard everywhere. He seemed to be ubiquitous. He spent a week in fighting his own battle ; then he proposed the Independent Opposition candidate for County Dublin, seconded the Independent Opposition candidate for the city, and was present and delivered speeches on the polling days in the counties Tipperary and Cork. The mere mention of his name evoked frantic cheers ; he was coupled in hundreds of speeches with Grattan and Flood, with O'Connell and Sheil ; mothers held up their infants to shake hands with him ; grey-haired men looked wistfully into his face with tear-bedimmed eyes. In newspapers and in pamphlets, in sermons and speeches, he was hailed as the destined saviour of his country, the Moses that would bring it at last out of the bondage of the centuries. The whole nation surrendered itself to him body and soul, heart and conscience ; it was for his single voice to bid it live or die.

In Ballybay, Crowe, in spite of his general popularity throughout the country, had a contest to face. Mat Blake came over specially from England to take part in it. He was disgusted beyond measure when he heard that Ponsonby was again to stand, and that he found a

considerable amount of support. When he arrived in Ballybay and heard the talk of his fellow-townsmen, his wrath turned to despair. He thought of a little well that he had often seen outside Ballybay. It was quite close to — within a few yards of — the Shannon, that flowed full and proudly beside it; but the little well retained its own petty individuality, smooth when the Shannon flowed fierce, tranquil when it surged feverishly, thin when it had been broadened by the rains; unchanged, self-satisfied, unchangeable. "Such," thought Mat, bitterly, "is Ballybay. The full tide of national life may flow beside in rage and strength and passion; its dull soul and its shallow depths remain ever unstirred." The same scenes were enacted as at Crowe's first election, there were the same drunken mobs, the same wholesale bribery, the same universal lying.

Two incidents are alone worth noting. The supporters of Crowe began for some reason or other to be doubtful of Mat's father, for they heard that he had been offered a heavy bribe on the part of Captain Ponsonby. And it was true. Mat Fleming on this occasion had gone over from the side of Crowe to that of Ponsonby, on the reasonable and sensible ground that he had got so much out of Crowe on the last occasion that he could not hope for any more on this. Fleming had conceived the bold idea of getting old Blake to join the side to which his son was opposed. The friends of Crowe, and Crowe himself, declared that the real reason of the desertion was that Fleming allowed his religious bigotry to gain the upper hand, that the "bad dhrop" of the Protestant had come out, and that he was on the side of Ponsonby because he was a Protestant, and against the side of Crowe because the latter was a good Catholic. But these aspersions did gross injustice to the robust sense and the single-mindedness of Mat Fleming's purpose.

"No, no," said Mat, repeating his favorite formula, "I'm a Protestant, and my father before me was a Protestant, and his father before him was a Protestant; but the man I want to see mimber for Ballybay is the man that laves the money in the town, and Ponsonby is the man that'll make the money right."

This saying of Fleming was repeated to Mat Blake, and it amused and astounded him. He had just been reading a book with the portentous title "Human Progress," and then he thought of the glowing theories of this work, and the stern realities of such individuals as Mat Fleming. In vain, he said to himself, do there lie behind us all these centuries of progress and effort and self-sacrifice, of noble deeds, and noble men, and noble women; all the successive tides have passed over Ballybay, and here is Mat Fleming as innocent of private honor and of a conception of public duty as though he belonged to a race that still roamed in the primeval forest, and had not got beyond the stage of cannibalism.

But a few days afterwards another saying of Mat Fleming was repeated to the young man, and he repented his denunciation, and thought that after all there was the tremulous sense of right even in a heart so corrupt and a mind so dark as Mat Fleming's. Fleming had spent several hours with old Mat Blake, and had brought every

argument to bear on him that was to found in his extensive armory of persuasion. And the arguments of Fleming had been backed up zealously by Mrs. Blake. When Mat held out the ten five-pound notes — crisp, clean — the cold, fine eyes of Mrs. Blake flashed; and she looked involuntarily to the work-box, where there were, in addition to the everlasting heap of pawn-tickets and bank bills, a couple of summonses for debt; and she said to her husband, —

"You ought to take the money, Mr. Blake."

"No, Mary," answered poor old Mat, "there would be ill luck in it — ill-got, ill-gone."

Then came the terrible formula with which she concluded every argument, "Beggars can't be choosers."

But Mat Blake remained firm, and told the tempter to go away.

It was on the night of this failure that Mat Fleming was to be seen standing outside the house of old Mat Blake with a look of contemplativeness very unusual with him. O'Flynn, the pawnbroker, was passing at the moment. He looked curiously at Mat Fleming to see whether he was sober.

"What's the matter with you, Mat?" said O'Flynn. Fleming made no answer for a moment; then he shook his head, looked towards the house of the Blakes, and uttered this memorable and historic *mot:* "Honest Mat Blake."

Many testimonies had been paid to the lofty character of Mat Blake; but this expression for the first and last time in all his life on the part of Mat Fleming of even an infantile and instinctive rather than a conscious sense of the difference between a true and false man, was perhaps the highest.

It was at this election that Mat Blake himself pronounced one of those judgments that are remembered by those who knew him with a strange mixture of amusement and respect. In Ballybay there was a painter named Dolan. He was not a Ballybay man by birth. He was born and had served his time in Dublin. Sent down thence to paint a new mansion outside Ballybay, he had taken a year to finish the job, and at the end of that time he was asked to undertake another which occupied about the same time. When these two jobs were completed, Dolan was a very different man from the young city buck that had left Dublin but two years before. He had married a Ballybay girl, who had already borne him two children, and he had become fond of drink, after the hideous fashion of most people in Ballybay. Of course, he was always intending to return to Dublin — first it was next week, then next month, then next year; until finally he gave up speaking about returning to his old home. So his life was broken.

Dolan neither liked nor was liked by Ballybay. It accused him of assuming airs, and he regarded Ballybay as ignorant and uncultivated. Even in his fallen state at Ballybay, Dolan retained some of his old Dublin habits. He was a constant student of Shakespeare, and he could play on the violin the favorite airs from the great operas.

At this election Dolan's unpopularity reached its zenith. After the lavish fashion of election times he had received £10 for painting a sign-board for Crowe's committee rooms, for which, in ordinary

times, he would have received as many shillings. Unlike the other mechanics, he did not spend all the money in drink. For a couple of weeks he ate meat for his dinner every day; and one night, his wasted body exhilarated by the unusual supply of good food, he took a lobster supper to remind him of his far-off days in Dublin.

"The dirty brute," said old Mat Blake, in deep disgust, when he heard the story; for the news of this supper spread far and wide in Ballybay, and gathered in its orbit the incredible and exaggerated addition that Dolan had taken brandy sauce with the lobster! His evil reputation was confirmed, and Mat Blake's exclamation of disgust gave expression to the general sentiment of the town, for Ballybay, while it followed the creed of Epicurus in the worship of Bacchus, loathed and despised any attention to matters of food.

As for Mat Blake the younger, this election was to him, with all its troubles, the brightest hour of his life. With all her shyness and self-restraint Mary Flaherty had given indications sufficient to teach Mat that she was not indifferent to him; and the world had now been prospering with him so that he could venture on a step so serious as marriage. Through the influence of Crowe, who had an old Dublin acquaintance among the reporters in the Gallery staff of the *Times*, Mat Blake had obtained a sessional engagement on that journal; was in receipt of a salary that to him appeared munificent; and the future looked bright and clear. He had made up his mind that he would propose to Mary as soon as the election was over; and already he permitted himself to build his castles in the air.

The castles were innocent structures enough; for they were full of plans for the happiness of others rather than for any joy of Mat's own. First, of course, he thought of his father and mother. He would buy his father a good farm. For old Mat Blake inherited all the fierce hunger of his people for the possession of land.

"The best bank *on* earth is a bank *of* earth," — such was the saying of his father, which Mat had heard from childhood, and still cherished as one of the maxims of wisdom that came from the parental lips. Then would the weary heart of his mother at last taste peace, and the long and dread reign of pawntickets and bank bills come to an end. Old Tom Flaherty, too, would be provided with a new stock for his shop; and poor little Mrs. Flaherty, if she could not be saved from death, would, at least, have her way to the Valley of Eternal Silence made smooth by the knowledge that her daughter was safe in loving arms from life's storms, and that her well-beloved husband — for drunken, dissipated, worthless Tom Flaherty was still clothed in the rays of love's eternal sun in the eyes of this constant and simple creature — that her well-beloved husband was free from want.

There was one other figure that held a prominent place in these plans of Mat Blake's happy future. This was Betty Cunningham. Mat was, as has been seen, of the same tenacious affection as his father, and the girl associated with his childhood, and his first and strongest affections still held a high place in his heart. It had given him many a pang to see the poor girl going through the streets of Ballybay with her mother, trying to pick up a living with her apple

basket. And Mat, too, had sometimes trembled for her future, as he looked into her face, at once so softly beautiful and so lined with the premature lines of want and suffering. For Betty had not belied the promise of her girlhood, and though in Ballybay, where woman and woman's attractions occupied a lower place than in any other town in this wide world, few people had eyes for Betty Cunningham's extraordinary face, Mat had seen enough of the world to know how much Betty differed from the majority of women, and how supreme was her beauty. Those blue eyes of hers, which he well remembered to have looked at so often in his childhood's days, and every one of whose constant changes of expression was familiar to him, remained the same matchless eyes, illuminated the whole face, and would have dazzled any town but that one in which grinding poverty and the worship of everything that promised wealth, and the contempt for everything that was poor, left no inclination for the softer emotions of prosperous nations, and especially for the beauty of the lowly.

The home which Mat pictured for himself in Camberwell, or out by one of the roads near Battersea Park, was to be an Irish home, for Mat Blake had an essentially clannish nature. There was to be not one reminder inside its walls of the strange land and the hated people among whom his lot was cast. The dark, soft face of his Irish wife would look to him by his hearth; the tender blue eyes of his Irish servant would cast their light about his home, and let the world without howl and loathe him for the bitter Irishman that he was, here would be peace and love and sympathy, and all the thoughts and sentiments of the dear old land.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BETRAYAL.

THROUGHOUT all Ireland there were thousands of people whom the success and the pledges of Crowe had set to castle-building, after the same fashion as Mat Blake. For a while it certainly seemed as if there were good grounds for hoping that the day had at last dawned when the demon of poverty would relax its fell grip on Ireland, and when there could be happy homes and tranquil hearts, instead of the eternal and unsuccessful war now waged with untoward circumstances. The landlords had taken real alarm at the splendid proportions to which the new Tenant Right movement had reached, and deemed it only prudent for a while to suspend the more rigorous exercise of their privileges. The people, on their side, were firmly convinced that they had now a party so strong and so honest, and a leader at once so able and so upright, that the most hostile minister would be compelled to do justice, and that the day of resurrection could not be long delayed. The landlords, on their side, though they had the assurance of long-held power and many dangers already escaped, did not fail to recognize the real seriousness of the movement against them. For the moment, the tenants held together; land-grabbing was denounced, and for the most part put down. Eviction, ceasing to be profitable,

came almost to an end, and emigrant vessels lay idle and empty in Queenstown Harbor, from which, up to this, they had sailed on every tide with crowding thousands. There was on all sides the awed hush of suspense.

In the midst of this strange silence the air was made suddenly hoarse with a renewal of the attacks on Crowe. The *Nation* came out with a fiery article, in which it repeated the story that Crowe had only taken up the Tenant Right movement for the purpose of betraying it; that his attacks on the Ministers were a mere blind, and that he was not only ready, but eager and greedy for an office. These stories soon passed from the papers into public speeches; and one night, when Crowe was at a monster meeting in the Rotunda, he was openly attacked by one of his political opponents, and accused of playing with the hopes of the people. The meeting was noisy and fierce; there had been gathered into it some of the darkest and most determined spirits of Dublin, and how dark and determined they can be is but too well-known by this time.

It was the most terrible and critical occasion in Crowe's whole life. There was that seething and terrible crowd before him; suspicious, more ready to believe evil than good; and so enraged by the bare possibility of treachery that if he but faltered, they were quite capable of storming the platform, and, perhaps, of tearing him limb from limb. Then there was the prospect of another election soon, and victory at that election was necessary to stand between him and professional ruin and political death. And, finally, to show all the fearful odds against the man at this crisis, the bailiffs were once more in his house, and a hundred creditors were watching him with the glare of vultures, ready to swoop down upon him the moment the treacherous tide of popular favor showed the least sign of turning.

But that indomitable courage and reckless audacity which had carried him through so many crises only rose the higher in face of those terrible dangers; and he began his reply in full possession of all his powers; and with a cheek flushed with rage and defiance, he burst upon his opponent without preface or apology.

"The loathsome reptiles that have been spitting their venom upon me for the last two years have at last crawled forth from their dark and noisome dens; and have dared to show their loathsome fangs in the free and open light of heaven."

This is not sober eloquence, nor elegant diction; but it was just what suited the hour, for the swelling period tickled the popular ear, and encouraged the idea of the holy wrath of a patriot unjustly assailed by designing and envious men. His first sentences were unquestionably a success, for they were greeted with immense cheers.

Then he went on to describe his career since he had entered into politics.

"When I stood for Ballybay," said Crowe, "I was the leader of my profession; I was earning an income far beyond that of any other man at the bar."

This was an atrocious lie; for up to his entrance into political life Crowe never attracted any particular attention; he was known to

be a very able man, certainly; and his tongue was notoriously glib, and had won more than one bad case from a weak-minded jury. But the solicitors regarded him as having insuperable obstacles to real professional success. He knew nothing of law; he was extremely lazy; he was very extravagant, and he was very fond of self-indulgence. The opponents of Crowe, who were perfectly acquainted with these facts, looked at each other with an air of stupefaction when they heard Crowe thus confidently utter his audacious falsehood, and if any of them had any lingering doubt that they were dealing with an utter scoundrel this removed it.

But the crowd swallowed the falsehood eagerly, and Crowe, encouraged by their cheers, went on to say, "I gave up that splendid income; I threw away those mighty chances; I flung back in the teeth of the Lord Lieutenant and his myrmidons the great offices they attempted to force upon me,"—another lie,—"because I had consecrated my life to my country."

These words were delivered in that clear, resonant voice of his, with his robust frame trembling apparently with genuine passion, and with that strange fire in his eyes which had always so magnetic an effect upon mobs.

By this time he had worked himself up into a fury, for the strong passion of the man was always ready, when opposed, to burst into dangerous flame, and he went on in words that seemed to hiss as from water touching hot iron.

"I am accused by these vile enemies of seeking office; I am charged with wanting to betray the cause of Tenant Right. I hereby declare before you and before all Ireland, and to all the world, that I will never take office in any Government whatever until Tenant Right is made a Cabinet question by which the Cabinet is willing to stand or fall — this I swear, so help me God."

A shudder passed through the crowd, for an oath is regarded as having something almost unearthly in its sacredness, and as bringing for its violation the sure, the swift vengeance of outraged Heaven. Men lost to all other moral sense will shrink before perjury as before the last and most dreaded of all crimes. After a pause the meeting recovered its senses, and then burst into a perfect tornado of cheers.

A second time Crowe went over the same pledge in almost the same words; and again he wound up with the terrible words, "This I swear, so help me God;" and yet another, a third time, he swore the oath, "This I swear, so help me God."

Immediately after the speech was concluded, one of the Tenant Righters got up, but his voice was squeaking, his delivery feeble, and his words stumbled. The crowd would not listen to him; he was actually howled down. He turned to a friend beside him, and he uttered words which Mat Blake accidentally heard, and which often came back to him afterwards, "This is a tragic farce."

But the delighted crowd had no misgivings; they rushed to the platform to seize the hero of the hour, then they raised him on their shoulders, they conducted him to his carriage, the horses were taken

out, and he was carried down the great broad avenue called Sackville Street, and on to his house in Fitzwilliam Square.

Next day all Ireland read the speech. There were still some people who shook their heads; but they represented a miserable minority, the masses were intoxicated; the hour of Ireland's resurrection had unquestionably come, the new movement was flushed with the dazzling light of coming day.

Fate soon brought the opportunity of testing the oath of Crowe. The Derby-Disraeli Ministry ended its brief and not particularly glorious career, and the Liberals were once more in office.

Everybody felt that the hour of temptation had at last come. In those days the Tory Party never gave any office to an Irish Catholic; it was ruled by the fierce Protestantism of the Orange section; and to have bestowed a position on a Catholic would have appeared to that section to be parleying with the Evil One, and making compromises with the Scarlet Women that sitteth on the Seven Hills. It had been quite easy for Crowe, then, to swear vows against taking office as long as the Tories were in power; for he was promising to refuse that which had no chance whatever of being offered. The Liberals, on the other hand, at this period, as since, had adopted the astute policy of ruling, and at the same time of ruining, the Catholic masses by buying up all their able men; and barristers always regarded the advent of a Liberal Administration with eagerness as the saturnalia of the needy and the adventurous.

The new ministry took several days to form; and during these days Ireland passed through all the dread fever of a nation that stands betwixt life and death, between the betrayal or the consummation of its hopes. Men who lived in those days still speak of that dread interval with the same horror as men do who have stood before the open portals that lead to the kingdom of violent death.

One night, passing late through the streets of Ballybay, Mat Fleming caught sight of flaring green placards with the words,—

"VOTE FOR CROWE."

His quick and astute mind at once rushed to the true conclusion. "By ——," said Mat, "Crowe is Solicitor-General."

A MAN who lisped, having bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a sty for a few days. Said he, "I have juth been purchathing thom swine — two thouth and pigth." — "Two thousand pigs!" exclaimed the astonished neighbor, "Why, my sty will hardly hold a dozen." — "You don't underthand me, Mr. Betht. I don't say two thouthand pigth, but two thouth and pigth." — "I hear you," said Mr. Best, "two thousand pigs! Why, you must be crazy." — "I tell you again," exclaimed the man, angrily, "I do not mean two thouthand pigth, but two thouth *and* two pigth." — "Oh! that is what you mean, eh? Well the sty is at your service."

The Rock of Ages.

STORMY and wild the night. never the gleam of a star,
Drowned dead faces drifting on through the awful dark,
Hark, the thunderous voices! deep calleth to deep afar;
Now, my Lover, my Christ! Thy saving Cross be mine ark!

Strengthen, Strong One, mine arms! lo! they bleed even now,
For the wind like a scorpion's lash, and the driftwood, scourged of the sea,
And the waves encurled like snakes, with the foamy crest on the brow,
Have worked the whole night long their terrible will on me.

The driven clouds shape fantastic till they flee, a goblin rout,
And here one streameth wildly like a lean witch's hair,
And there one mows and chatters, and an awful moon looks out,
Her stony face, as the face of some drowned mariner.

Mine eyes are dim with the waves, salt spray clings to my cheek,
Sea-weed and driven sand tangle my trailing hair;
But the rock is soft as down to my tender body and weak,
Mine ark, from the evil things of the sea, and the earth, and the air.

Now if I look below, what glimmers blue to the sight?
The cruel fin of a shark, he is patient waiting for me,
Above, and a vulture screameth hoarsely across the night,
The twain, with glittering eyes, are watching their hour to be.

My face is against the Cross, empty is it and gray,
The lonely, awful arms spreading against the sky;
On the crown a silver dove broodeth ever and aye,
Unheeding the tumult of waters and the mad winds rushing by.

Once at the murk midnight came a roar and a rattle of thunder,
The sea and the stormy sky were black as a raven's wing,
As the fiery spear of the lightning clave the blackness asunder,
Lo! mine eyes looked up, and saw a marvellous thing.

The Cross no longer was bare: One, fair, and kingly, and pale,
Was set thereon, and His side was stained with a terrible stain,
And the rents in the hands and feet yawned wide for the cruel nail,
And the weary Head was bent, the dead lips ashen with pain.

And lo! on either hand, two crosses loomed through the mist,
Two dead men hung on these, one face was lowered and dim,
And the other looked with a passion of love and desire to the Christ,
And a strange light played on the brows, and a smile on the mouth of him.

Far away, where lieth yon low gold line to the East,
Are the shore and the happy city; the wind wafts here on its wing
Voices of viols and lutes; One holdeth a marriage-feast;
And the blare of the trumpets is clear, and the sound of the harp-playing.

Thence in the heart of the storm, One putteth forth in a boat,
Out on the shrieking sea, from the gold shore holy and sweet,
And the winds come up to devour Him, the tiger waves spring at His throat,
Lo! at the sound of His voice they are fawning about His feet.

Hither and thither He goeth; now He leaveth His bark,
Walketh upon the waters — they are singing like brooks in May —
And He gathereth into His arms the floating bodies and stark,
And the life comes back at His touch to the faces sodden and gray.

And He roweth these to the land; hasteneth back through the night —
Wherever His feet have passed is a mystic radiance like moon,
And He pauseth and peereth oft lest one may escape His sight,
So He reapeth His harvest under a waning moon.

He looketh not yet to me, but I bide His time on the rock,
One night He will row towards me with His deep eyes raised to my face,
Shall I fear — can the tempest avail, or the winds, or the earthquake shock,
Against this eternal strength steady from brow to base?

KATHARINE TYNAN, in *The Month*.

Death of America's First Cardinal.

WE briefly announced in our last issue that CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY was at the point of death. The melancholy event took place at the Episcopal Palace, New York, October 10th, 1885, aged seventy-five years, eight months, and twenty days.

We need not say, that the demise of America's first Cardinal created profound grief throughout the length and breadth of the land, which was participated in by all peoples and denominations.

John Cardinal McCloskey was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 20, 1810. In those days but two churches were in New York City and not one in Brooklyn. His parents, therefore, good, pious, devoted Catholics, used to cross the East River in a rowboat, and took their young boy with them to hear Mass at the old brick church on Barclay Street. When we look at his after career of eminence, raised as he was to be a prince of the church and honored above all American Catholics, we can can see the outcome in him of good parental guidance and example. On the humble piety of his Irish Catholic parents Cardinal McCloskey's greatness was based and formed one edifice with it. Given careless parentage, neither blessings, dignities nor sainted worth and public esteem would have followed.

In 1821 he entered St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, to prepare for the priesthood, and after a successful course of studies, was ordained January 12, 1834. From 1835 until 1837 he attended lectures on Theology at the Gregorian College in Rome. Returning to his native country he was made pastor of St. Joseph's Church, New York City, from which he was elected to be coadjutor to Bishop Hughes and was consecrated March 10, 1884, under the title of Bishop of Axiere. Afterwards the great diocese of New York was divided, and Bishop McCloskey was translated to the new formed See of Albany, in 1847. Upon the death of Archbishop Hughes, he was appointed successor by the Pope, and took possession of the New York See August 21, 1864.

In March 15, 1875, the Holy Pontiff Pius IX, of sainted memory, named him in consistory as Cardinal Priest in the Sacred College, under the title of *Sancta Maria supre Minervam.*

Such was the succession of dignities that fell to the lot of a once poor Brooklyn boy, who, on Saturday, October 10, at 12.50 o'clock A. M.,

gave up his soul to God, dying, as all testify, the "death of the saints."

In his humility, Cardinal McCloskey puts self far away in accounting for the question why he was so specially and singularly favored by the Pope. He sees no worth in himself, no peculiar notes that would attract a Pope's attention, or would evidence a personal fitness for a principality. He only sees the Catholic population of America honored in his elevation, and regards the bestowment of the insignia of the Cardinalship a token and an earnest of the Holy Father's love for our great republic and his warm interest in her personal welfare.

It is needless to run over a list of his great works done for the church. The worth of the man and priest and bishop attested by the personal interest and favor towards him exhibited so often by the Holy See, suppresses all zeal and piety. Zeal and piety and untiring labors were his lot. That he was a good boy, man, priest, bishop, archbishop, cardinal, goes for the saying undoubted. He now rests from his labors and his works do follow him. May eternal rest be now his reward and portion.

The Funeral.

The remains of Cardinal M'Closkey were interred in the crypt under the high altar of St Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Thursday, October 15, after Solemn Requiem High Mass had been offered with all the dazzling splendor of the grand services of the Catholic Church. The attendance was enormous. Nearly every archdiocese or diocese in the United States and Canada was represented. Archbishop Gibbons preached the funeral sermon. The body of the dead cardinal rests beside that of his predecessor and friend, the late Archbishop Hughes.

[We have given but a brief sketch of the life of Cardinal McCloskey; but in our next issue Dr. JOHN GILMARY SHEA, whom we have employed for the purpose, will do justice to his memory.]

The Most Rev. Michael Augustine Corrigan, titular Archbishop of Petra in the Desert, succeeds, by right, without any election or appointment, to the Metropolitan See of New York. Archbishop Corrigan was born in Newark, N. J., August 13, 1839. He has, therefore, but lately entered on his forty-sixth year.

IN Poland, Christmas Eve is a complete fast in every family. When evening comes the appearance of the first star is watched with eagerness. He who perceives it runs immediately to inform the mistress of the house, who then causes dinner to be served up. Under the tablecloth is exhibited a little hay, to call to mind that Jesus was in a stable.

Massacres in Cochin-China.

WITH the terrible correction of the total of Christians massacred — twenty-four thousand for the ten thousand originally reported — the *Missions Catholiques* gives some information as to Father Barrat and Father Dupont, who must be added to the five priests killed in the first onslaught. The former was little over thirty, and had been five years on the Mission; the latter had been at work there but a few months. *Le Monde* publishes the following letter from Father Dourisboure to one of the directors of the Seminary of Foreign Missions in Paris: —

SAIGON, August 13, 1885.

Most Dear Father,— My present letter will give you as much pain as my last caused you joy. It is a question no longer of conversions and of the progress of the Faith, but of the ruin, the annihilation of our dear Mission. . . . Eastern Cochin-China is a great cemetery for the unburied bodies of our Christians. . . There is no longer a church standing, nor a chapel, nor an orphanage, nor a seminary, nor any house belonging to a Christian. And our people have been massacred or burnt without distinction of age or sex. The hatred of the Christian name and of the French name has spared neither the old man at the point of death, nor the sucking child. Those who fled have been hunted with dogs into the mountains. As regards our other provinces, we have as yet no positive tidings. . . . You are aware, dear Father, that our dear Mission, so prosperous yesterday, numbered more than forty thousand Christians. Are there fifteen thousand left? Ten thousand fugitives at the port of Qui-Nhon are without rice, shelter, or clothing, crowded together upon a narrow, sandy beach. We have stifled our overwhelming sorrow in order to devote ourselves to the succour of those unfortunates. First of all we tried to get rice, and for this purpose made our misfortunes known to our brethren in Lower Cochin-China and the Saigon authorities. . . .

We have lost for certain Fathers Garin, Poirier, Guégan, Macé, and Martin, and we can hardly doubt as to the death of Fathers Barrat and Dupont. For others we have great anxiety. But Father Geffroy was saved, being absent in search of help. His two splendid orphanages, his convent, his all, have been annihilated. Father Lacassagne and I were also away. We returned to hear of the destruction of our seminary, of the death of Father Macé, and of the massacre of all the Christians in Nuœ Nhi and of two new settlements of Christians, dating only last year. And we have lost absolutely all we possessed. . . .

We know too little of the death of our brothers to give you many details. But of our dear Father Poirier we know that from the moment when he was first aware of the coming danger, he set to work to hear confessions day and night, and took neither food nor sleep. The enemy gathered about his church, still full of penitents; upon which he rose in his confessional and said to his beloved Christians, "My children, you are no longer bound to an explicit confession. Make together an act of contrition and I will give you a general absolution." He spoke the sacramental words aloud from the altar over the kneeling people, then he knelt himself. A ball pierced him, and he fell upon the altar step, where they came and cut off his head. Of Father Guégan we know that they cut off his head also and tore out his heart. The head was set up for several days on the ramparts of the citadel. Father Garin had got into a place of safety for a time; but he was betrayed by a mandarin and taken. Poor Father Macé had been commanded by the archbishop to fly, but he could not make up his mind to leave his five hundred children. He wrote a charming letter of excuse. On the Sunday he said his last Mass at dawn before a crowd of the faithful. Just as the Mass was ending, the enemy set fire to the church. The Father was burnt to death. Among all these calamities, Father H. should have a special mention. His district is two days' journey from Lang-Song. At his first certainty of danger he sent word to all his people to gather together at a central

point. Men, women, children, the sick, the aged met him there — some sixteen hundred in number. They set out on their march, a great cross going before. The little ones and the invalids were carried. Some feeble women had horses. The Father came last, on foot, carrying two new-born babies in his arms. Imagine — he had the audacity to "requisition" a pagan woman on the road and make her give suck to these poor little creatures! After two days and a night of a most painful march, the Father and his people reached the French Concession, without any grave accident or loss. We have since had good help, God be thanked. May He have mercy upon our Christians.

Christmas Among the Irish Peasantry.

In no land under the heavens is Christmas celebrated with such fervor, joy and unity as in Ireland. Let every other day in the year witness a pall of misery hanging over the land, on this great day it is lifted, and the heavenly anthem, "Peace on earth to men of good-will," brings joy and gladness to all hearts.

The religious ceremony with which the festival is observed is most imposing.

It is a custom in most Catholic families to sit up till midnight on Christmas Eve, in order to join in the devotions at that hour.

Few ceremonies of religion have a more splendid and imposing effect than the morning Mass, which, in cities, is celebrated soon after the hour alluded to, and long before daybreak. On this eve a candle called Christmas light (previously blessed), is lighted at sunset.

It is considered a kind of impiety to touch, snuff, or use this Christmas light for aught save religious purposes after. On Christmas day the Irish people exchange Christmas boxes — any gift being termed a box — but deriving the title from little boxes of turned wood stained red, which are given to young people and dependents with a coin to rattle in it.

The houses are decked with holly branches interwoven with ivy leaves. The holly has come down from the remotest past as a favorite among the evergreens, and as being allegorically typical of the Redeemer's mission.

All the relatives of an Irish family assemble at the house of the "head," or sometimes at that of the "most well-to-do member," and keep up the time with wit and wassail, congratulations on the success of the year, and words of comfort to those who may have fallen in fortune; while the young exhibit their gifts and "boxes," sing, dance and amuse themselves with healthy hilarity.

'Tis Christmas Eve.

"The Christmas light is burning bright
In many a village pane,"

as poor Gerald Griffin sings. The air is keen and cold, and the heavens are bejewelled with stars. The earth is robed in the winding-sheet of the year, the "beautiful snow," that glistens lovely to-night by mountain, lake and *rath*. This is an eve of solemn prayer and praise

amongst the people of that fair land of ours that gems the crest of the Atlantic wave — our well-loved *Erin gal machree;* a night of thanksgiving for mercies vouchsafed and blessings received; a solemn night, heralding the dawn of the glorious morrow.

'Tis the solemn midnight hour; bells are ringing from every steeple, proclaiming the anniversary of love; the peasant's heart throbs responsive to the invitation to prayer; with the eye of faith he sees the angels bending from their pearly thrones, sweeping their golden harps; he hears "*Gloria in Excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis,*" echoed from sphere to sphere, and Jesus is again born in his heart as he was born eighteen hundred years ago, in Bethlehem of Juda.

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the Mass was sung;
The only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear."

And so it is in holy Ireland at present, thank God! The Irish Catholic peasant never fails to approach the Sacraments at this holy time, especially the old people of the fading generation, who are possessed of the simplest and more earnest piety, and who are full of the traditions of constancy and devotion, born in stormy times, when the stranger warred unceasingly against the faith and language of the Gael.

Heaven be praised! We have borne the faith unto all lands, and the chastity and fealty of the maidens, and mothers of our race are known and prized the world over; for, in exile as at home, they are

"Pure as the breezes that dance on the hills
Of our own loved island of sorrow."

The Irish peasant is generous and social to a fault, and with his enthusiastic love of the faith of his fathers — that faith still living in spite of famine, fire and sword — he considers it his bounden duty to greet old Father Christmas after a right loyal fashion.

"Christmas comes but once a year,
And when it comes, it's welcome here."

So sing the children — the to-morrow of society — in our land; and so, at this time, the old people, with Shakespeare,

"Eat and drink, and make good cheer,
And praise Heaven for the merry year."
"The feast of reason and the flow of soul,"

are maintained after the simple primitive fashion of a noble-souled, generous people during the "twelve days" commencing with Christmas Eve, and ending with the Epiphany, termed by the Irish "Little Christmas Day."

"The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Goes roaring up the chimney wide."

And although

"The huge hall table's oaken face,"

may not grace the home of the peasant, still —

"He mocks to-night the moaning gale,
With Christmas banners flying o'er him!"

During this holy season,—

"When heart to heart kind wishes sends,
And soul to soul more closely blends,
And friends draw nearer unto friends,
Around the social fires,"

old feuds are forgotten, old animosities exist no more; and happy, indeed, is the old ancestral home that can gather under its genial shelter at this time of "peace on earth, good-will to men," any absent member of the family, who may have been heretofore, mayhap, far beyond the world of waves.

Christmas gifts, of course, are now freely exchanged; Charity, fairest child of God's love, walks abroad in a thousand guises; the rich freely dispense donations of clothing, food and money among their less favored brethren.

"Whilst all will strive one thought to raise,
In silent gratitude and praise,
For many, many happy days
That on their memory rise."

We will not pause to describe Christmas among the Irish "upper ten;" the same sound of gayety, festivity and dissipation, betimes, inseparable from so-called modern civilization, swings its giddy whirl by the Liffey and the Shannon, as by the Hudson and Missouri.

Reader! A RIGHT, MERRY CHRISTMAS, AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Parnell on the Present Position of Affairs.

AT a recent meeting in Kildare, Mr. Parnell spoke on the present position of affairs in Ireland: The present Government are, at all events, entitled to this consideration from you — that they have resolved during the interval between the old Parliament and the new, to rely on the capacity for self-government of the Irish people to restrain the minority amongst them from the commission of offences against the law, from crime or outrage of any description. They deliberately refrained from renewing the Coercion Act, and the fact that they have taken up this position — I don't say they could have done anything else (laughter) — the fact that they have taken up this position is being used as an engine against them — I consider most meanly — by the English Radical and Liberal Party. (Cries of "Chamberlain.") I think, men of Kildare, you should bear that in mind, and you should resolve that, as far as in you lies, nothing that you do or advise should be such as to make the present Government regret the position they have taken up. (Cheers.) I was pleased to see that agrarian crime, agrarian offences in Ireland in the month after the lapse of the Crimes Act, showed a considerable diminution upon the month prior to the lapse of the Crimes Act. Is not that a token of the power in the Irish people when they resolve that there shall be no crime in their midst? (Cheers.) And now I wish to say Kildare claims this much from the

present Government, and I claim no more. I claim that where a combination — and I have not advised such a combination; I have in no case, during the last few years, advised any combination amongst tenants even against rack rents; any combination that may exist in the country is a combination of an isolated character — it is confined to the tenants of individual estates, who, of their own accord, without an incitement from us — on the contrary, kept back by us — without any urging on our part, without any advice on our part, but stung by necessity and the terrible realities of their position, may have formed some combination amongst themselves to secure such a reduction of rent as will enable them to live in their own home. (Cheers.) Now, I claim from the Government that, if such a combination exists, they should treat it as they would treat a combination in England amongst workmen against an unjust employer of labor or an unjust capitalist; and if they put their weight into the scales against the Irish people, if they unjustly come to the assistance of the oppressor, then all I can say is that I believe that the strength of determination of our people will survive this further unjust conspiracy between the Government of England and the rack-renting landlords of Ireland.

The Archbishop of Dublin

SEEMS not merely able for the work lying nearest to him undone, but also willing and ready to weigh and measure all the great problems which vex man's mind to-day. He has a strong, firm grasp of human nature, and his influence over the mind of the people promises to be second to none. To those who read his speeches down at Kilcullen and Mr. Davitt's in Wicklow the forcible similarity in their advice on the subject of boycotting and intolerance must be striking. For the benefit of any who may not have had an opportunity of comparing both addresses I shall give a couple of short quotations. His grace: "Show to all the world . . . that you re-echo those words of strong denunciation in which your leader, Mr. Parnell, has recently felt himself free to speak out his mind against the wrong done to the Irish cause by those misguided miscreants, who are its deadliest enemies. Keep clear, too, of those political excesses which could only bring discredit on the cause of Ireland, and which within the last week have drawn down upon those who were involved in some of them the vigorous reproof of the central committee of your Irish National League." And again:—"With God's help, so long as I remain Archbishop of Dublin, neither in my home, nor in my cathedral, nor in any scene or sphere of my espiscopal labors, will I know any difference between those whose honest political opinion most fully coincide with my own, and those whose honest political opinions are most diametrically at variance with me." Now listen to Michael Davitt. "I am altogether opposed, as a lover of liberty not only in Ireland but everywhere — I am altogether opposed to anything like coercion with the view of bringing Irishmen into the ranks of the National League who

have any objection whatever to become members of it — we have, I say, no right to have recourse to coercion when we have been denouncing coercion in England. Therefore I endorse every word used by Mr. Harrington, Secretary of the National League, on this question, and I say that we ought to be independent of any such means in our struggle against the common enemy." Further on: "You know as well as I do that no such injustice or persecution would be tolerated for a moment by an Irish Democracy if we had self-government to-morrow, and that Protestants would be as secure in their religious rights and civil liberties as the Archbishops of Cashel and Dublin would be in theirs." And he concludes with — "Do not forget Henry Grattan's historical warning that we must tolerate each other, or else tolerate the common enemy."

The Pope as a Mediator.

WHEN it was first announced in Continental journals that Bismarck had proposed the Pope as mediator between Germany and Spain, the idea was scouted as ridiculous. Yet it proved to be true. No greater tribute could be paid to Leo XIII. than that the Empire which *par excellence*, represents material force, should ask the services of a dethroned Monarch, the Head of a Spiritual Kingdom. The fact speaks volumes in favor of the present Pope's talents, wisdom, and conciliatory spirit. There is not a crowned head in Europe whose decision or judgment carries the same weight. The infidel and revolutionary papers of Europe would have laughed to scorn, a week or two ago, the choice, by Germany and Spain, of the Holy Father as mediator in the Caroline Islands dispute. The imprisoned chief of Christendom, living, as he does, in the city of the invader and despoiler, has not lost one shred of his vast influence over the two hemispheres. In an age when might generally suppresses right, that which is, humanly speaking, weakest, survives victoriously. The Papal mediation is no whim of Prince Bismarck or of King Alphonso's government. Column after column has been written upon the subject in its general bearings, and many European statesmen believe that the great mission of temporal peace is to come from the Vatican. To Catholics the remembrance that humanity can have no greater friend and benefactor than the Church, carries more weight than all the combinations of diplomacy. If anything were wanted to show the efficacy of the arrangement, it would be supplied by the remarks of the foreign revolutionary press. Finding that a conspiracy of silence is impossible, they, one and all, try to discover a danger in the fact. The principle of the arbitration of the Pope has been revived. One print goes so far as to say that the German Chancellor has restored the Temporal Power by implication. Whatever may be the motive of Prince Bismarck, his action will be commended by the Catholics of the universe, because it is a public testimony to the fact that, even in the eyes of its most potent

and most persistent adversary, the Holy See is still recognised as an immense force in the world, and it will be a consolation to Leo XIII, in the midst of his tribulations, that, at this portion of the nineteenth century, he has been requested to exercise, as his distant predecessors exercised, one of the prerogatives attaching to the exalted position of the Vicar of the Prince of Peace — the office of the arbitrator of the nations.

The Papacy, which revolutionary journals said was dead, is living and vigorous, and, as the *Corriere de Torino* says, "An aureole of justice and wisdom shines around it. The fact is so much the more remarkable as the Pope has not at all sought this mediation, but it has been offered to him by both nations. It is a homage rendered by material force to moral supremacy; modern diplomacy recognizes the spirit of justice and wisdom of the great Pope who governs the church." The *Echo* of Bergamo remarks that this news of the mediation suffices to demonstrate in what esteem the Sovereign Pontiff is held in Europe. At the present day the Papacy is once more the only institution which maintains, in a high degree, the glory of Italy. A commission of seven Cardinals has been chosen by the Pope to examine the facts and weigh the reasons in this important case. The judgment, it is plain, whatever it may be, will be founded upon truth and right, and if either of the disputants should act contrary to this judgment, and despise the decision of the Pope, it is certain that such a one will be condemned by the public opinion and good sense of the world. The Cardinals chosen for this commission are their Eminences Ludovico Jacobini, Secretary of State; Carlo Laurenzi, Wladimir Czaki, Micceslao Ledochouski, Angelo Bianchi, Lucido Parocchi, and Raffaelo Monaca La Valletta. They are all men of great learning, and have had, each in his own special way, vast experience in political and ecclesiastical questions. The Secretary of the Commission is Mgr. Mocenni, Substitute of the Cardinal Secretary of State. On the evening of the 28th of September the Spanish Government despatched to Rome the documents which, in its opinion, demonstrate the rights of Spain over the Caroline Islands. On the morning of that day the Holy Father received in audience the Prussian Minister to the Holy See, Baron von Schloezer. The study of the question is going on in the Vatican.

In a letter to the Paris *Univers*, M. de Brassier Saint Simon reminds his readers that the high tribute just paid by Prince Bismarck to the Holy See in referring the Carolines dispute to the mediation of Leo XIII., was anticipated by another great Protestant Minister in the sixteenth century. Sully, in his memoirs, treating of the grand political scheme of Henry IV. for a reconstitution of Europe, "Reserves to the Pope the honor of serving as mediator between Christian princes, an office for which it cannot be denied that the Court of Rome is by its wisdom the most suitable of all." Thus, adds M. de Brassier Saint Simon, "at an interval of nearly three centuries, the two most eminent statesmen as it would appear, that Protestantism has produced, agree in attributing to the Pope the august mission of acting as mediator between Christian princes. This comparison appears to be instructive."

Sketch of the Life of A. M. Keiley.

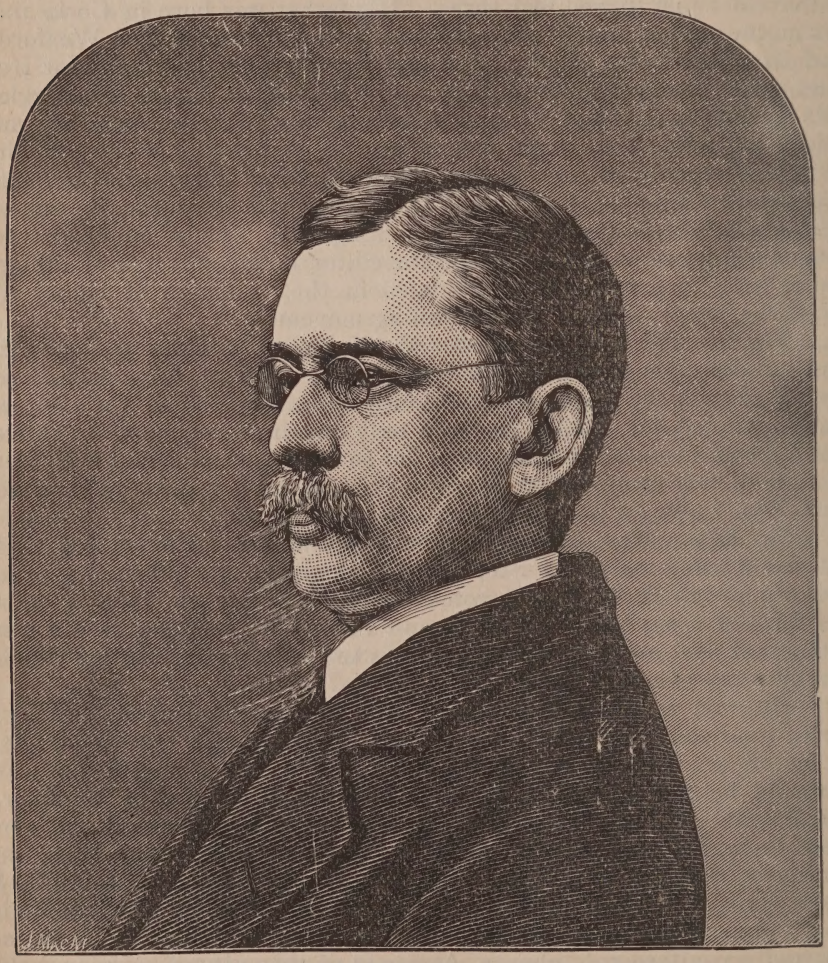
Hon. Anthony M. Keiley, for the thirteenth time elected President of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union of America, and who has become of world-wide interest because of the action of Italy and Austria in refusing to receive him as the Representative of the United States, was born in Paterson, N. J., 13th of September, 1832, and is therefore just turned fifty-three. His father was born in Cork, and his mother, whose maiden name was Crowley, is a native of Wexford, and from them Mr. Keiley has inherited a strong sympathy for Ireland, that has always identified him with the Irish National struggle. His parents removed to Virginia soon after his birth, and here he was raised and educated, graduating from the University of Virginia in 1854. His reply to an article in the *Southern Literary Messenger* bitterly attacking the Jesuits made him a contributor to the Baltimore *Metropolitan*, then a leading Catholic Magazine. Thus launched into journalism he soon became associate editor of an anti-Know-nothing paper in Petersburg, and participated in the campaign of Henry A. Wise that destroyed the Know-nothing movement.

The day after Virginia seceded Mr. Keiley volunteered as a private, and left Petersburg for Norfolk, where the conflict was expected to begin. When the Secession Ordinance was submitted to the people, army included, Mr. Keiley was the only one in a regiment of twelve hundred that refused to vote. He did so on the ground that a soldier in time of war cannot exercise a franchise on such a question, and so he declined being a party to a farce.

Mr. Keiley was delegate to the Virginia State Convention that ratified the nomination of Stephen A. Douglas, and conducted a campaign paper in Petersburg devoted to the interests of Douglas on a platform of *opposition to Secession;* so Petersburg was one of the few cities that sent anti-Secession delegates to the State Convention which finally passed the ordinance.

He was wounded at Malvern Hill and captured at Petersburg, being imprisoned at Point Lookout and Elmira, N. Y. In May, 1865, he established *The News* at Petersburg, Va. In a month he was arrested by Secretary Stanton and imprisoned at Castle Thunder, Richmond. When released he started *The Index* at Petersburg. In 1866 he was elected to the Virginia House of Delegates. Was the author of that part of the Enabling Act that overturned the military appointments in Virginia. In 1870 he was elected mayor of Richmond, Va., and served three terms as Chief Magistrate of Virginia's metropolis, and was afterwards chosen Attorney of that city, a position held by him for ten years, and resigned only when his appointment as Minister to Italy was announced. His speech fifteen years ago denouncing Victor Emanuel's spoliation of the Vatican caused the son of Victor to object to his appointment to the Italian Court. His rejection by the Austrian Court was the subject of considerable comment at this session of the I. C. B. U., which organization first elected him as its President in 1872, and has re-elected him every year since.

In 1881 he was Chairman of the Virginia Democratic Committee, and is regarded by Virginians without distinction as one of the most polished speakers and most vigorous writers that the State has produced. His brother, Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, is attached to the Catholic Cathedral, Wilmington, Del. Major John D. Keiley, Jr., the well-known Brooklynite, is also a brother of his, while Sister Mary Joseph (Nora Keiley), who died at the Convent of Monte Maria, Richmond, two weeks ago, was his sister. In concluding our account of the man,



HON. A. M. KEILEY.

whom the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union has so successively honored, the following testimonial in the shape of a letter to Mr. Keiley from Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, of the diocese of Richmond, will not be inappropriate. Beginning his letter with a reference to Mr. Keiley's "shame-

ful persecution," as he emphatically terms it, Bishop Keane goes on to say:—

"I allude to the treatment inflicted on you as an insult not only to one of the most highly and deservedly esteemed Catholics of the Diocese of Richmond, and one of the most honored citizens of Virginia, but through him to all his fellow-Catholics and fellow-citizens of this country, and to the Holy Father himself. But in this insult to you I can see no humiliation save to those who have offered it. It was an honor to be unwelcome to a Government whose whole course has been marked by injustice and irreligion, and the Government of Austria, having by its recent act made itself the abettor of the guilt and partner in the shame, has thereby made itself incapable of humiliating you. While I have regretted the attacks made upon you by part of the daily press, still that need not concern us much, as nothing better was to be expected from such sources. But I have especially deplored criticisms passed upon you by some Catholic scribblers, who, in their zeal to appear clever and ultra-orthodox, have overlooked the fact that the cause for which you were suffering was the refutation as well as the condemnation and shame of their structures. But it is a comfort to know that the utterances of these wholly unauthorized critics have absolutely no weight beyond the infinitesimal height of the individuals themselves. I am confident that all Catholics, whose opinion you would esteem, honor you for the persecution you have suffered for truth and justice's sake. Your position is, indeed, an embarrassing one, with a family to provide for, and your business transferred to others; but surely it cannot be that our government, whose well-meant action has placed you in this embarrassment, will leave you in it, or fail to provide that you be in no way loser by it, and even should that happen, which I cannot believe, still I am confident that your well-known qualities of head and heart will yet secure to you a career both of honor and profit."

The Suffering Souls on Christmas.

From the French by Th. Xr. K.

In an old number of the *Echo des Pyrénées et des Landes* appears the following:—

On Christmas night the suffering souls (*angoisseux*) of Purgatory come and prowl around the living to implore their prayers. An old legend of the Pyrenees will tell us how this was once done.

One Christmas night it was cold. The moon was shining, the stars were all in their places, blazing and wakeful, for all wanted to assist at the great feast of the Nativity; the north wind was blowing, the weather-cock was creaking, the farm dogs were howling around the houses. An old curé, seated in the chimney corner, was murmuring prayers whilst awaiting the midnight hour.

Suddenly a hollow knock, a sound such as had never been heard before, resounded at the presbytery door. The priest opened the door, and great was his surprise at seeing a long procession coming to his dwelling. Long, white winding-sheets covered from head to foot, those strange penitents, who all carried lighted torches. The old priest trembled, uttered a cry of fear, and made the sign of the cross. All the ghosts imitated him; but, strange to tell, when they made that sign, none of them showed either hands or face, and then they beck-

oned to the curé to follow them. Fascinated by that strange injunction, he forgot his fear and joined them. The funereal procession moved on. The clatter of bones striking one against another was heard all along the line. The priest looked; there were more than ten thousand of them. They walked a long, long time, and stopped before an old, ruined chapel. One of the penitents ascended the steps of the altar and handed the sacerdotal vestments to the priest. He put them on and advanced to the altar. There he found an old missal all worm-eaten and a leaden chalice. He began the Holy Sacrifice; two penitents uttered the responses in unknown tones and tongue. At the preface, when the celebrant turned around, he almost fell with affright; every one of his singular penitents displayed, in all its hideous nakedness, the fleshless bones of a skeleton. All were on their knees.

At the consecration, as the priest pronounced the sacramental words, a chorus of voices, harmonious as the angels, resounded around him; the skeletons were changed into radiant figures.

When he turned around again for the *Ite, missa est*, the chapel was empty; but a long, luminous trail flying towards heaven showed him the path to paradise.

It was a troop of *angoisseux* whom he had delivered from purgatory.

The Nativity.

PRIMEVAL night has repossessed
Her empire in the fields of space;
Calm lay the kine on earth's dark breast;
The earth lay calm in heaven's embrace.

That hour, where shepherds kept their flocks,
From God a glory sudden fell;
The splendor smote the trees and rocks,
And lay, like dew, along the dell.

God's angels close beside them stood:
"Fear naught," that angel said; and then:
"Behold, I bring you tidings good:
The Saviour, Christ, is born to men."

And straightway round him myriads sang
Again that anthem, and again,
Till all the hollow valley rang,
"Glory to God, and peace to men."

Thus in the violet-scented grove
The May breeze murmuring softly by them;
The children sang, Who Mary love
The long year through have Christmas nigh them!

AUBREY DEVERE.

How Shall Catholics Vote?

Catholics as Citizens.

MANY thoughtful Catholics have been of late discussing the duty, or the necessity, or the possibility, of forming a Catholic party, political, or religious, or both. It may, perhaps, clear the air somewhat if we begin by considering the relation of the Catholic Church in this country to the commonwealth and to the people of England. In one word, it would seem self-evident, that the relation of the Church in all nations to the civil power in every nation ought to be the same as the relations of the Holy See to all civil powers and people, of the world—that is to say, a relation of independence, of good-will, and of co-operation in all ways consistent with the faith. It may be said, by way of objection, that notwithstanding the usurpation of Rome, the Holy See is still sovereign, and not, as we are, immersed in a population subject to the civil power; that every local church forms part of the national life of each several State. So far as the members of each local church are concerned, and to all civil effects, this is true; but the Church is no part of the national life. It lives by its own life, into which no national life can enter. The Catholic Church, therefore, in England maintains, as its highest endowment, its divine independence, vindicated by endurance of spoliation and of three centuries of penal laws.

How dear to us is this independence, may be judged by the indignation which spread like a flame through Ireland, when it was believed that the Government of England were tampering with the nomination of the Archbishop of Dublin. As to good-will, who can expect the Catholic people of Ireland to bear good-will to the Orange garrison, or to Dublin Castle, or to the English Government, which for three hundred years persecuted, pillaged, and oppressed them? Every element of conflict between race and race were thenceforward embittered to intensity by the warfare of religion against religion. The penal laws have been abolished for fifty years; but nations have a personal identity and imperishable memories. The consciousness of Ireland reaches back for centuries. There is hardly a town or a parish, or a home in Ireland in which a tradition of sorrow or wrong is not vividly remembered. How, then, can there be good-will? If possible, this is less in England; but, with a small exception, the Catholics of England are of Irish blood, and many of Irish birth. Nevertheless, it is the duty of every Catholic to bear a good-will to the civil order of the world, which is of divine origin and has a divine sanction. This duty is independent of all history, and cannot be annulled by any memories so long as the present acts of the civil power are not hostile to God and to the Church. A heathen could say,—"*Omnes omnium charitates una vox patria complectitur.*" And certainly a Christian is bound, not only by all the charities of the natural order, but by the charities of the faith, to love his country.

Parents and our country are the proper objects of piety—that is,

of the love of a Catholic heart. Every man is bound by a natural obligation, inseparable from his birth, as a member of the human society of mankind, to use all his lights and all his powers to avert all evil, and to promote all good to the people or race from which he springs. This is an obligation prior in the order of time to any obligation of Christianity. In that sense it is true that we are citizens first and Catholics afterwards. But it is also true that the obligations of faith are of a higher order, so that it is also true that we are Catholics first and Englishmen afterwards. Nevertheless, this is a mere verbal trap; for the obligations of nature and the obligations of faith can never clash. They are both from the same Lawgiver. It matters not which comes first, or which comes last, so long as they both coincide. It is only when by perversion they clash that the seeming obligations of nature cease to bind, and the obligations of faith become supreme. It is an obligation of Nature to love our parents; but it is an obligation of faith to forsake them at the call of faith. It is an obligation of Nature to obey the civil ruler; but if the civil ruler shall make a law hostile to faith, "we must obey God rather than man." We must then be Catholics first, and citizens afterwards. This has been said to clear away prejudice and hesitation of thought; and with this preface we may affirm that Catholics are bound, and bound above all other men, to promote the well-being of the commonwealth by every form of lawful co-operation. Faith not only does not separate us from the natural and political society of our country, but rather it binds us to it all the more closely, inasmuch as our faith tells us that God is the author of the natural society of the world, and that it is His will that it should be sustained, consecrated and perfected by the action of the Church.

The Whole Duty of the Catholic Elector.

What are the duties of the Catholic Church in England to the people of England, especially at this moment, when two millions have been admitted to the exercise of political, that is, of governing power? The answers seems to be as follows:—The first duty, which is by necessity laid upon us, is to sustain, to confirm, to uphold, and to perfect everything of Christian truth, and of natural morality still subsisting in the English people. England, indeed, is not Catholic, for it has lost its participation in the unity of the faith; but it is profoundly Christian still. It believes Christianity to be the revelation of God, the Holy Scriptures to be the Word of God, the Apostles' Creed to be the summary of the faith. Though many, and that, it is to feared, in increasing numbers, through the sin of parents, are defrauded of baptism, nevertheless the people of England are a baptized people, and therefore regenerated and elevated to the order of grace. The lives and actions, the words and writings of multitudes are Christian.

In the last forty years between thirty and forty millions of money have been spent in restoring, or enlarging, or building churches; a million is contributed every year for Christian missions to the empire or to the heathen. Every day in the month of May — a time specially dear to the Catholic Church — some society of charity or piety, having

its centre in London, and its ramifications in all the country, holds its annual gathering. Since the year 1838, some thirty millions (at least) have been spent in Christian education, and every year Christian schools have multiplied. These are not the works of a people which have ceased to be Christians. Mutilated, indeed, its Christianity may be, and robbed of sacramental grace, yet there was never a time in these three hundred years when the people were more conscious of their religious disorders and defects, nor any time when the will of multitudes was more liberated from anti-Catholic superstitions. It may not be permitted to us in our day to see much visible change, but it is not more sure that spring comes after winter than that what we see is the prelude of a wide revival of faith. We are, then, surely bound by every obligation of the law of hope and of charity to refrain from all that can destroy or check this upward movement, and to do all in our power to sustain and to guide it onward into the fulness of truth.

Queen, Lords and Commons.

Another duty by which Catholics are bound, above all other men, is to maintain all legitimate authority; for authority is not a creation of man by compact, or legislation, or universal suffrage, but an ordinance of God, which inheres in the society of man. Authority is given to human society immediately by God Himself. The person or persons who shall bear that authority may be chosen or designated by society; but authority in itself is essentially and immutably of divine creation, and passes to the person who is so designated by the providence of God. Such is the plain meaning of St. Paul when he says that "All power is ordained of God, and that he who resisteth, resisteth the ordinance of God." This law of a supreme authority was declared by the Apostle in the midst of persecution under the pagan empire of Rome, and has been taught in the divine tradition of the Church, by every Pontiff, to the Christian world. But this divine principle neither sanctions despotism nor precludes the legitimate and judicial process whereby despots may be restrained or even deposed. This is said in passing only to bar irrevelant objections; but we have no need at this time to enter into its full justification.

On the principle above laid down we are bound to uphold and to perpetuate the ancient and Catholic constitution of the English realm, which has descended to us by an inheritance of a thousand years. Its foundations are in the unwritten law of the Saxon people, when the Catholic Church exercised its freest and largest powers in the framing of English liberty and law. Upon that Catholic foundation our Norman and English kings built up the great structure of our English Jurisprudence. The last three hundred years have indeed mutilated our Catholic traditions, but they have not destroyed the great tradition of our English laws. Since 1688 the legislation of England has been steadily set to restrain the excesses of authority, and to revive the ancient liberties of the English people. We are literally returning to the laws of good King Edward; the reforms in Parliament since the year 1833, with the successive extensions of franchise, and now, above

all, with the enfranchisement of two millions of men — that is, of every man who has a house or hearth, is the largest return in history to our popular liberties, to the shire-motes and folk-motes and ward-motes of the Saxon monarchy. This subject is too large to pursue further; but no ono who has read our history in the school of Freeman, Stubbs and Green, can need proof. It would be a blindness, therefore, in any Catholic not to perceive that the constitution of England, with the Crown, Lords and Commons, is a Catholic creation and a Catholic inheritance. The old English maxim that "Custom is the mother of quietness," is the life and spirit of Catholic politics, and no more luminous example of its truth can be found than in the succession of the Crown. We are not tormented by Presidential elections and by the perpetual canvass of conflicting parties, which in other lands comes surging up through every six years with all its permanent and accumulating political and social mischiefs. Even a President for life would extinguish by his unconscious influence the petty ambitions, the personal illusions and the party rivalry which torment and disturb the great American Republic. The monarchy of a hereditary crown dispels the vapors and exhalations of ambition, greed and vanity. To aim at changing the succession is to levy civil war, which is speedily and sternly dealt with; to aspire to the Crown is the way to the gallows, or to Bedlam. Putting it therefore on the lowest ground, the perpetual and guarded transmission of authority by the supreme custom of a great people is the principle of stability, and without stability there can be no commonwealth.

Our Catholic ancestors clearly saw that a hereditary throne, resting upon the custom of law, needed a council as stable as itself. What we call the House of Lords is nothing more than an enlargement of the same custom. It perpetuates not only the memory of great services rendered to the Crown and to the people, but the realities of great service in a certain number, and that no small number, of men possessed of the highest powers and culture and experience in the manifold duties and offices of civil, political and military life. But the great council of the realm rests not only upon a custom which may be called personal, but upon a custom which is also popular — that is to say, every seven years the people at large elect, for themselves, a body of legislators, more numerous than the traditional councillors of the Crown. The traditions of the Church are divine, and the customs of the Church, issuing from those traditions, are sacred. A Catholic, who lightly regards them, is self-convicted of an un-Catholic mind. The traditions and customs of the English monarchy and commonwealth are indeed human; but they spring from the purest Catholic ages of our people, and have been preserved consciously for seven centuries, and for the last three hundred years, unconsciously it may be, but by the wisest instincts of the English race. In this sense, every Catholic must be conservative; but in a sense far wider, higher, and deeper than the Conservatism of classes, privileges, or personal interests. In this sense it is that the instincts and the spirit of a Catholic mind will resist all breaches and underminings of our ancient political and civil traditions, and all leaps in the dark, even under the guidance of Conservative leaders.

Our Duty and the Drink Traffic.

After eloquently pleading for social legislation such as is embodied in the recommendation of the Royal Commission of the Housing of the Poor, and recommendations inclusive of compulsory sale of land, his Eminence proceeds :—

There is still one more subject which is pressing upon us by an imperious necessity, and that is the havoc growing every year in all classes by reason of the extending traffic in intoxicating drink. Our forefathers drank ale, and their successors drank wine, and they who followed drank alcohol, and we drink all three, and all three at once, for ale and wine are both medicated by alcohol. The capital invested in our great staples of iron, cotton, cloth and coal have been continually increasing, but the capital employed in the production and distribution of intoxicating drink has outstripped each of them, and even one or two of them combined. The multiplication of places where drink is sold, including the hitherto harmless grocer's shop, which entraps entirely new classes, has at last aroused the common sense and the common conscience of the country. The miseries of death, disease, madness, crime, ruin, pauperism, are too well-known. We are told by a great authority that the calamities of war, pestilence, and famine do not equal the miseries which spring from intoxication. This is a strong, but a true and temperate saying. Men have different minds as to the remedy ; but all agree that a remedy must be found. Let each abound in his own sense, and not quarrel with those who believe that the only adequate remedy to be found is in what is called the local option or the popular veto. It matters not who may issue the licenses ; let others who are interested in the question look to that. But no license ought to take effect in any place or parish, even the humblest hamlet, against the will of the people. It is they who suffer ; it is their homes that are wrecked ; their sons and daughters that are demoralized, and sometimes they themselves fall under the deadly bondage of drink. They have to pay for all its harvest of miseries in local and county rates.

No authorities of magistrates or of police have hitherto been able to restrain the evil. Three hundred years they have tried and failed. Let the people speak for themselves. Their name is taken in vain, and the plea for a new public house is that the people want it. Ask them, and let them say so ; this is surely just and English common sense. We have waited for it too long. Three times, and that with increasing majorities, the local option resolution has been carried in the House of Commons ; the late Government pledged itself ; all its members, but two, voted for the resolution ; five years have passed, and the unreformed Parliament may be said to be extinct. Let us hope and see what a Parliament, representing two millions more, of Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen will say. These seem to be a few of the leading measures which the welfare of the country demands, and the Catholic Church, always in sympathy with the people, as its Divine Master was, will surely give its will and its voice in behalf of the popular welfare.

Christian Schools.

But of all these measures the saving of the Christian education of the people is the most vital, and demands the promptest treatment. All those who believe that the children of the people are the children of the State, that the State is the supreme and legitimate educator of the children born within its boundaries, that the schools are State schools, and that education is purely secular instruction, will fight *à outrance* for the Act of 1870 and its present administration. They will deprecate a Royal Commission because they fear it. But all those who believe that the rights of parents, and the office of the Church, are from God, that the children of a Christian people are confided to this twofold authority by the natural and divine law, that the education of Christian children must be Christian, and can only be in Christian schools — all such will do well, at the coming Parliamentary election, when canvassed for their votes, to ask the two following questions: —

1. Will you do your utmost to place Voluntary Schools on an equal footing with Board Schools?

2. Will you do your utmost to obtain a Royal Commission to review the present state of education in England and Wales, and especially the Act of 1870 and its administration by the School Boards?

As they answer, Yes or No, let us decide. A Christian people can be perpetuated only by Christian education. Schools without Christianity will rear a people without Christianity. A people reared without Christianity will soon become anti-Christian. Where, then, will be Christian England?

HENRY EDWARD, Cardinal Archbishop, in *Dublin Review*.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A LIONESS.— A portion of the crew of a ship, which was anchored off the coast of India, once went ashore for the purpose of cutting some wood, and one of the sailors, having through some cause become separated from his companions, was considerably frightened by the appearance of a huge lioness, which he saw approaching him. Much to his surprise, however, she did not, on coming up, appear to have any evil designs on him, but, instead, crouched at his feet and looked steadfastly first at his face and then at a tree some little distance away. For a time the man could not understand this conduct; but presently, on the lioness rising and walking towards the tree, looking back at him as she went, he found out what it meant. Up in the branches of a tree was a large baboon with two little lion-cubs in its arms; and it was because of this that the lioness was in such tribulation. The difficulty now presented itself of how to save the cubs, for the sailor was afraid to climb the tree. So, having his axe with him, he resolved to cut down the tree; and this he did, the lioness watching him most anxiously during the whole time. When the tree fell, and the three animals with it, the lioness it is said, dashed with fury upon the baboon and destroyed it; then, having gently caressed her cubs for some time, she returned to the sailor, showed her gratitude by fawning upon him and rubbing her head fondly against him, and at length carried away her offsprings, one by one.

OUR YOUNG FOLK.

DOES ANY ONE CARE FOR FATHER?

Does any one care aught for father?
Does any one think of the one
Upon whose tired, bent shoulders,
The cares of the family come?
The father who strives for your comfort,
And toils from day unto day,
Although his steps ever grow slower,
And his dark locks are turning to gray.

Does any one think of the due bill
He's called upon daily to pay,
Milliner bills, college bills, book bills,
There are some kind of bills every day.
Like a patient horse in a tread mill,
He works on from morn until night;
Does any one think he is tired,
Does any one make his home bright?

Is it right, just because he looks troubled,
To say he's as cross as a bear?
Kind words, little actions and kindness,
Might banish his burden of care.
'Tis for you he is ever so anxious,
He will toil for you while he may live;
In return he only asks kindness,
And such pay is easy to give.

TESSIE'S MERRY CHRISTMAS.

THE December afternoon was cold and gloomy everywhere; but in the wide, handsome city streets, the neat sidewalks, and the fine houses, had a look at least of wealth and comfort. Here on the top of a high hill, where were crowded a cluster of wretched hovels, the misery and cheerlessness of the scene were intensified by the dull sky and the chilling wind.

These squatter houses were huddled one against another as if so they might keep each other up, some of them, despite this friendly support, leaning over at an alarming angle. The old snow was trodden to mud in devious paths that crossed the hill in irregular directions. On the bits of fence which surrounded some of the more ambitious habitations were hung wretched articles of clothing. A miserable goat

was regarding some of these as if wondering whether any of them would serve for a meal. The only way to reach this curious hamlet was by a path which led deviously up the rocks from the street below. These rocks, indeed, formed the reason of the existence of this refuge for poverty. They rose in a jagged pile thirty feet above the regular grade of the city, and thus had made the lots on which they stood, for the present, undesirable property by reason of the cost of building there. So that, although in the midst of a closely-built neighborhood, this block was as yet unimproved.

The path leading upwards, always rough and difficult, was wet and slippery now, and the little girl who was climbing it found it slow and laborious work. She was a bit of a child, not more than seven years old, shabbily dressed in a crimson cashmere frock, of fine quality and delicate make, and wearing a battered straw hat. From under this looked out a sweet, delicate face, with gentle blue eyes and soft, fair hair, a face of unmistakable refinement, despite the fact that it was stained and soiled, and had a wofully pinched and hungry look. Over her arm she carried a basket, which was carefully covered, and which she guarded from any harm in her upward scramble, even falling down herself rather than permit her precious burden to drop.

As the little thing, panting with her struggle, reached the top of the hill, she was suddenly confronted by the goat, who, finding no nutriment in the forlorn rags he had been sniffing, was strolling about in search of other amusement. He had long felt a grudge against the child because of her red dress. He never saw it without becoming enraged, and now, as he caught sight of the frightened little face and the crimson frock, he squared himself and dropped his head with a dangerous look in his unreasoning black eyes.

As soon as she saw her old-time foe, the little girl began to cry. Clutching the basket more tightly than ever, she said,—

"Go away, naughty Billy!" and then, as the creature took a step nearer to her, she shrieked in terror,—

"Ellen! Ellen!"

At the point she had reached there was a large, rough rock, which shelved over somewhat on one side, and, just as the goat rose in the air and butted ahead dangerously, the child by a sudden spring crouched under this, crying more than ever, and calling, whenever she could get breath, "Ellen! Ellen!" in pitiful, half-stifled tones. It was very damp and muddy where she crouched, her clothes were getting wetter every moment, and she was shivering with cold and terror. But amid all her distress she hugged the basket closely to her, seeming to derive some feeling of comfort from its contact.

The goat's hoofs could be heard crunching about on the rock above for some minutes, but after awhile they jumped down and trotted away. The little girl cautiously peeped out, and seeing that her enemy had disappeared, she scrambled out of her hiding-place and began to move towards one of the hovels. But the goat had only gone a short distance, and before she could reach any shelter he came running towards her with awkward and belligerent leaps. Seeing now no chance of escape, a panic of terror overcame the poor little girl, and

she uttered shriek after shriek, even in this extremity, however, putting her basket on the side away from the goat. Her cries were not unheard, and, just as the goat had almost reached her, a stout girl of fourteen came running out from behind a near house. She was armed with a large stick, which she brandished threateningly as she cried,

"Shoo, Billy! git out, you beast, git out!"

The goat retreated, and Ellen caught the sobbing child in her arms.

"Poor, dear, little darling Tessie," she said in a tender voice. "Did the naughty old Billy frighten my sweet pet?"

"Oh, I so scared," sobbed the child, as soon as she could speak. "I so scared!"

"Yes, dear, so you was; but he can't touch you no more," said Ellen, soothingly. "Come along home, now, it's nice and warm there. Here, let me take your basket."

But Tessie clung to it.

"No, no, Ellen, I must carry it myself;" and as she held the beloved possession to her heart, her sobs died away to an occasional convulsive gulp.

The two girls passed on, hand in hand, to a curious structure that they called their home. It was originally a large packing-box, which had been, by the addition of a few boards, made into a tiny house for these two little waifs. Kind-hearted Patrick Flynn, who worked as a carpenter, had patched up the box, which he had begged from a big warehouse. It had been placed against Patrick's shanty in such a position that the pipe from the cooking-stove in his cabin should pass through one corner of it, thus giving it quite a comfortable degree of warmth. Then Patrick had set in a square of glass on one side for a window, and so within this tiny habitation, four feet wide by eight feet long, the children had made a home.

The furniture in these narrow limits consisted of a table and two low stools. There was a roll of bedding which at night was laid out on the floor, but during the day was piled up in a corner. Into the wall there were driven a few pegs on which hung some articles of clothing, and there were pinned up for ornament half a dozen chromo advertisements.

Miserable as the place was, however, it was warm and dry; and when Ellen had brought Tessie into it, and closed the door, the little thing began to brighten up.

"I sold ten boxes of matches, Ellen," she said, with her pretty eyes quite shining, "and one gentleman gave me a quarter."

"Did he, Tessie? Oh, how nice! and I done well too, to-day, I sold all my papers first off. I'll put the money away in our bank."

As she spoke, Ellen drew an old box from under the table, and put out her hand to take from Tessie the basket which she still held. But the little thing, as she touched it, kept hold of it, looking at Ellen with timid, deprecating eyes.

"What is the matter, Tessie?" Ellen asked curiously. "What makes the basket so heavy?" and, as she lifted the cover and dimly discerned something moving, she cried out,—

"Why, in the name of sense, what have you got in it?"

"It's my 'Kittie,'" said Tessie, hurriedly; "I so lonesome, Ellen, all day in the streets, I jess t'ought I could take my Kittie with me, and she's been real good, Ellen. She hasn't meowed only once, and I guess maybe that was why the gentleman gave me that quarter. He stopped to buy some matches, and he heard Kittie, and then he laughed and gave me the money, but he didn't take any matches."

Ellen kissed the little pleading face that was upturned to her.

"You cunning little thing," she said. "Well, you can play with Kittie now, while I get our supper."

Tessie took the little white kitten out of the basket and caressed it for a while in happy forgetfulness. Ellen laid out on the table a piece of cheese and some bread, and the two children were just about to begin to eat, when the door opened, and a stout Irish woman appeared. It was Mrs. Flynn, and in her hand she carried a steaming teapot.

"The crathers!" she exclaimed, as she saw the two children sitting demurely at the table. "I thought you'd be afther atin' your bit o' supper, and I've brought yez a sup o' tea. 'Twill be so comfortable like this cold night."

Ellen thanked the good woman, and Tessie said with a little bow and smile, that were curiously well-bred, despite her torn clothes and dirty face,—

"It is very kind of you, Missus Finn."

"Ah, she's a lady, sure; the Virgin preserve her!" said Mrs. Flynn, and as by reason of the narrow limits of the house she could not remain without keeping the door open, she added:—

"Troth, me room's better nor me company. It's broad I am, the saints be praised, but the door is better to keep the wind out."

As she went away, Tessie looked at Ellen, and said wistfully,—

"She said I was a lady, but I know I aint any more, 'cause I so dirty. My mamma say every day when I have my baff, little ladies love to be clean."

The blue eyes filled with tears, and the small mouth trembled as she added pitifully,—

"Ellen, do you think I ever see my mamma any more?"

How many times in the last few months the little creature had asked the same question? Poor Ellen never knew how to answer it except by hugs and kisses. Now she comforted little Tessie as well as she could. She had no great love of cleanliness herself, but to please her little companion she got some water and washed her face and hands before she made up the poor bed in which, at last, Tessie fell asleep with the kitten by her side.

Ellen was herself a waif who had run away from the service at which she had been placed from an orphan asylum. She found she could earn more money and be more independent by selling newspapers than as the drudge of cruel employers, and she was tolerably well established in her trade, at which she held her own with ready wit and rude courage, when one night she found Tessie crying in the street. The child could give no account of herself, except that she had run

away from a bad, old woman, who beat her, and who had taken her from her mamma. From her confused description, her mamma lived in another city — at least, she had been brought a long way on the cars, she said.

Ellen's heart was touched with pity; she was alone, and so was Tessie; she liked her because she had run away like herself, and she resolved to adopt the homeless child. It was after this that she had set up housekeeping in the packing-box, and contrived to make a home, such as it was, for herself and her small protege.

Ellen was, in her way, very kind and very careful of Tessie; she would not allow her to go far away to sell matches, or anywhere but in certain streets that she knew, and where she could be often under Ellen's own eye. And so the poor little thing had become somewhat used to her new life, which was, at least, better than her wretched existence with the wicked old woman who beat her.

There was one house that Tessie often passed, but never without fear and trembling. It was a very grand house, with a coach house beside it, and in the coach house lived a dog, of which Tessie was as much afraid as she was of the goat. The day she took her kitten with her she would not go by it at all, she was so afraid that the wicked dog would smell out her pet and tear it in pieces.

The weather grew very severe after this, and Ellen felt it absolutely necessary to buy for Tessie some sort of garment to protect her from the cold. After inspecting the stock of several second-hand dealers with whom she was acquainted, she came home one evening in triumph, with a queer little overcoat, which had evidently once been the property of a boy. It was much frayed on the seams, and the lining was ragged; but Ellen displayed it triumphantly to Tessie, whom she found curled up with her kitten in one corner of their shanty. The little thing was quite blue with the cold, and begged to be allowed to wear it all the time.

"Yes, I want to see how you'll look in it," said Ellen, with great pride, as Tessie put it on. "It only cost fifty cents. I bought it of an old villain that wanted a dollar for it; but I got it for fifty cents, and it's real good and warm."

"It isn't very pretty," Tessie replied, evidently not sharing her companion's admiration; "I 'member last winter I had a blue 'elvet coat."

"Did you really, Tessie? Blue velvet!" said Ellen, in awe-struck admiration. "You must have been awful rich!"

Clad in this odd garment, a few days latter, Tessie was on the wide avenue, trying to sell matches. She walked along, saying every now and then, "Matches! matches!" as Ellen had taught her, but not meeting with much success until she reached the big house where the bad dog lived. Seeing that the coach house door was shut, she ventured by, though not without hastening her steps; but just as she got in front of the wide entrance, a man whose cigar had gone out, stopped her and bought a package of matches.

This transaction so absorbed Tessie's attention for a moment that she did not notice that a carriage was driven up to the sidewalk, until a rough voice cried, —

"Get out of the way, you little beggar."

She turned a frightened face, to see that it was the grand footman who lived in the fine house, and that under the carriage was the dog that she was afraid of — a dreadful dog with one black eye and one white one, and black and white spots all over his body. To Tessie's terror, he seemed quite a demon, and without a word she fled, her feet winged with fear.

She did not notice two ladies who were in the carriage, one handsome, well-dressed, happy-looking; the other pale-faced, with sad eyes, and wearing deep mourning. As Tessie turned, she started from her seat.

"Oh, Maria," she cried, seizing her companion's arm, "did you see that child?"

"I did not notice him, Theresa," replied the other. "My dear sister," she added, very kindly, "do not agitate yourself so needlessly. Do you not see that this is a little boy!"

The pale lady, who, in her excitement had sprung from the carriage, looked after the tiny running figure. Yes, it must be a boy in that poor, ragged overcoat, and with a deep sigh, she said, —

"I suppose I am foolish to fancy that every child near Tessie's age is my lost darling; but something about this one made me think of her so strongly."

As they slowly walked up the steps her companion said gently,—

"I am afraid it is hardly likely she is here in New York, when you lost her so far away. You must try, dear, not to think of it all the time."

The poor lady had been brought to the great city to distract her mind. As if anything could distract the mother's heart from mourning for her child.

Meanwhile, Tessie ran on until she was around the corner, and then, as she began to feel very tired and hungry, and as it was getting late in the afternoon, she started for her poor home.

She made her way on, comforted by selling two more boxes of matches, and so she had got over her terror and was quite happy when she reached the street below the rocks.

At the foot of the path, all over the sidewalk, a crowd of boys was collected, evidently much excited, while from the rocks above, the goat looked down with evil curiosity. Tessie paused, wondering how she could get through or by this throng, when, from the very heart of it, where the boys were pressing one on another with sticks and stones in their hands, came the discordant cry of a cat, and a small, white object scrambled up the rocks.

"It's my Kittie! Oh, it's my Kittie!" said Tessie, and she flung herself recklessly into the midst of the swaying, pushing boys.

"Oh, you bad things!" she cried passionately. "Let me by! It's my Kittie! Cruel, wicked boys!"

With all the might of her small strength, she pushed and struggled to reach her pet, her basket dropping in her distress, her hat falling back, her blue eye flashing. Just then a well-directed stone struck the cat, and with another cry it fell down the rocks.

"My Kittie! my Kittie! you've killed my Kittie!"

This was all that Tessie could say. Tears were blinding her eyes. But rescue was close at hand. At this moment a sudden shower of newspapers descended, well-directed missiles among the boys. One here and one there, folded into hard wads and flung with wonderful precision and force, they struck the boys in the face or on the head, producing confusion in the ranks, and, immediately after, Ellen, throwing what remained of her papers as a broadside into the astonished enemy, followed this up by charging upon them like a young fury.

"Cowards! cowards!" she cried. "Aint you ashamed of yourselves? All of you big bullies trying to kill one little kitten. Git out! go away! Be off with you!"

Every word was accompanied by a blow, and the boys, amazed and disconcerted, most of them only mischievous, and manly enough not to hit a girl, slunk away, so that Ellen passed through them like a small whirlwind, seizing Tessie with one hand on the way, and with the other picking up the trembling kitten.

This afternoon's adventure was quite disastrous to the two companions. Tessie had lost her basket, with all its contents, and Ellen had destroyed her whole afternoon's supply of newspapers. The little kitten, too, was seriously hurt, so that, although it lived, it could only limp about with a broken leg, and poor Tessie shed many tears over the sufferings of her pet.

The day before Christmas found the children very poor. They had no money in their bank; it had all been used to set Tessie up in business again. Ellen, however, who was always cheerful, thought that the great feast would bring generosity to all hearts, and that Tessie would be sure to do well.

She washed the little thing's face carefully, and combed out her fair hair, so that the ringlets hung below her crumpled hat.

"Now, dear, you had better stay out pretty late," she said, as she kissed Tessie good-by. "Christmas Eve there'll be a good many in the streets; but don't wait till it's real dark, you know, only just kinder dim."

Obedient to these instructions, Tessie walked till she was very tired, but as she sold many boxes of matches, and had a good deal of money given her also, she kept on until the twilight began to gather and the glow of gas shone from the houses.

She thought at last that she must go home, and her shortest way lay past the big house where the dog lived. Still, he was not always there when she went by, and so she boldly walked on until she got opposite the windows of the parlor. There she paused, spellbound. The curtains and blinds were pushed back, and she could see rising high up almost to the ceiling, a Christmas tree, all ablaze with lights and glittering with beautiful things. The little candles shone with a soft glow, their yellow lustre falling on bright-colored balls and motto papers full of candy, and Tessie could just see the head of a lovely wax doll.

So absorbed was she in the contemplation of these delights that

she never noticed a pale lady in black, who came to the window and looked with sad eyes into the street. The lady stood in shadow, but the light streamed full on Tessie's upturned face.

There was a cry inside, but at this moment a low growl close beside her startled Tessie, and with a scream of terror she turned to fly.

Too late, however. The dog, who was not bad at heart, but like all aristocratic dogs had a dislike for shabbily dressed people, snapped at her and caught a bit of her dress in his teeth. Poor Tessie was at the end of her forces, tired, cold and hungry. This attack overcame what was left of her strength, and with a shriek of fear, she fell on the sidewalk in a dead faint.

It was the grand footman himself who drove the dog off in the midst of a crowd of eager, excited faces, and then stooped and raised in his arms the poor, dilapidated little figure. They carried her in, and laid her, in all her wretched rags, on a sofa in the beautiful parlor, under the lights of the Christmas tree, and the pale lady bent over her, kissing her white face and her soiled blue little hands, crying with tears of joy:

"It's my Tessie, my darling child, my little one! God has given her back to me!"

For a few moments Tessie lay so still that they were in terror lest her feeble life had gone from her; but at last, as her mother clasped her in her arms and warmed her in her bosom, she opened her blue eyes and cried with swift joy:

"Mamma! Mamma!"

While Tessie's mother was yet hugging her, and her aunt and cousins were looking at her with kindly smiles, there was a wild ringing at the front door bell, a summons so peremptory and long continued that the ding dong of the silver gong resounded even in the parlor, and the grand footman, going to answer the door, was presently heard in violent altercation with some one.

"She's in here and I will come in! I shall in spite of you, you stuck up monkey!" shouted a shrill voice.

Tessie started from her mother's arms.

"It's Ellen," she cried; "Ellen who took care of me. Dear, good Ellen!"

And to be sure, Ellen came flying into the room with belligerent eyes. But when she saw how it was, and all the story was told to her, she would have turned sadly away, only that Tessie clung to her, and her mamma said:

"Yes, darling, Ellen shall go back with us to our home, and live with you always."

"And my Kittie, too," said Tessie, "my dear little white Kittie!"

Neither were good Patrick Flynn and his wife forgotten. A generous present went to them next morning. Indeed every friend in Squatter Town was bountifully remembered; while in all the wide city on Christmas day were no happier creatures than Tessie and her mother, Ellen and the little lame white kitten.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, in *Dio Lewis's Magazine.*

Useful Knowledge.

In cleaning silver kerosene may be used with advantage.

Salt will remove the stain caused by eggs from silver. It must be applied dry.

Whiting and benzine mixed to a paste will remove grease spots from marble.

Anything mixed with water requires a hotter oven than anything mixed with milk.

Beef for roasting should not be salted, as it extracts the juices. Simply sprinkle with flour.

Old tea leaves may be utilized by steeping, straining, and washing varnished paint with the water.

Indian meal will remove spots of grease or oil from carpets. Rub it on the place to be cleansed until the meal is discolored; brush it off and repeat the process with more meal, until the spot has disappeared.

Rats are said to abhor chloride of lime, and will leave any place where it is. As it is harmless, housekeepers may place it in the haunts of these abominations without fear of the pet dog or cat suffering from "cold poison."

The latest and most ingenious way of getting rid of roaches and water bugs we have heard of, is related of a citizen of Schenectady whose kitchen was infested with them. A servant, hearing that toads were an antidote, caught three ordinary hop toads, and put them in the kitchen. Not a roach or water bug, it is stated, can now be found in the house. The toads have become domesticated, never wander about the house, and are so cleanly and inoffensive that there is no objection to their presence. Another use for toads is to employ them for insect destroyers in the garden. They are determined enemies of all kinds of snails and slugs, which is well known can, in a single night, destroy a vast quantity of lettuce, carrots, asparagus, etc. Toads are also kept in vineyards, where they devour during the night millions of insects that escape the pursuit of nocturnal birds, and might commit incalculable havoc on the buds and young shoots of the vine. In Paris, toads are an article of merchandise. They are kept in tubs, and sold at the rate of two francs a dozen.

Salt as a Destroyer of the Teeth. — At a recent meeting of the New York Odontological Society, Dr. E. Parmly Brown said: I will venture the assertion that the excessive use of common salt is one of the main factors in the destruction of human teeth to-day. I am now engaged in collecting some statistics on this point, from which I hope in time to demonstrate, what seems to me to be the fact, that common salt excessively used is a great solvent of the human teeth. If it will injure the human teeth through the chemistry of our systems in some way or other that I will not try to explain to-night, why might it not also have the effect of preventing a good development of the teeth when taken into the system in excess? I have lately procured some statistics from the Sandwich Islands, from a gentleman who has been there, covering a period of over forty years, that are very suggestive and interesting. Within that period the teeth of the Sandwich Islanders have decayed rapidly, and since they have begun to decay it has been noticed that the natives are in the habit of biting off great chunks of salt and eating it with their food. According to all accounts, the teeth of the Sandwich Islanders were formerly the most free from decay of any people on the face of the earth, if I remember rightly. You will find that people who eat a great deal of salt and a great deal of sugar are often entirely toothless. I know several instances of candy storekeepers where three generations are entirely toothless. People who eat an excessive amount of salt are tempted to eat large quantities of candy, pickles and vinegar. There seems to be a craving for those substances after the excessive use of salt.

Tea should not be taken with fresh meat; the tannin interferes with its digestion, and irritates the stomach; it does not interfere with dried meat, such as tongue or ham, as the fibres of these have already become toughened and shrunken in the curing. Afternoon tea is very injurious, and a fruitful source of dyspepsia, gastralgia and irritable heart. Tea should not be drunk very hot nor very strong.

The Humorist.

FOR what port is man bound during courtship? Bound to Havre.

A GOSSIPING exchange reveals the secret that there are 18,000 more women than men in Boston. The Hub is evidently hard up for fellows.

"CAN I see the mayor?" inquired a member of the City Council of the former's servant. "Not at present; he's at dinner."—"But my business is very important."—"I cannot help it, sir; his honor is at steak."

"CAN you give me ten cents for a drink?" asked a seedy-looking chap of a reporter. "Certainly," replied the reporter, "bring on your drink."

"SARAH," said a young man the other day, "why don't you wear ear-rings?"—"Because I haven't had my ears pierced."—"I will bore them for you."—"Thank you—you have done that enough."

A PASSENGER asked the purser what was the composition of the dish which is denominated "scouse" by the mariners. To which that official replied, "The meat is mutton, the potatoes are Irish, and the compound is Irish stew."

"AH! how de do?" exclaimed the hotel clerk, delightedly, grasping the hand of a stranger and giving it a vigorous shake. "I suppose you will prefer the second floor front suite; magnificent apartments, and cheap, too, only eighty dollars a day."—"Eighty dollars a what?" gasped the stranger.—"A day. Will you go up now?"—"Not so fast, not so fast, young man," said the stranger. "Don't you think your terms are just a little high? I am a banker, but my income is only thirty thousand dollars a year."—"Oh! I see, I see," said the clerk; "then a fifth floor back room will suit you. I mistook you for an editor."

WAKING THE GUEST.—A guest at a large hotel, who had been awakened hundreds of times when other doors were being pounded on, wanted to get up at five o'clock in the morning, and he decided that he would not cause all the other guests to be annoyed, so he told the clerk he was going to hitch a rope on to his ankle when he retired, and throw the end of it over the transom, and wanted the porter instructed to pull on the rope at five o'clock until he got an answer, and not pound on the door. The clerk said that would be all right, and the man retired. The clerk told a party of young men boarders of the singular request of the guest, and they thought it very original. They went out to the theatre and got full of wine, and when they passed the sleeping guest's room at one o'clock in the morning, and saw the rope hanging over the transom, thought it would be no more than right to see how the new idea would work, so four of them took hold of the rope and began to pull. They heard a heavy body seem to be walking over the footboard of the bed on its back, heard sheets rip and a night shirt tear, and they kept pulling, and a heavy body struck the floor, and a voice began to swear and yell, "Murder" and "Fire," and they pulled away, until the heavy body seemed to be climbing up the door, feet first, on the inside, and the voice said, "All right, I am up;" but they kept pulling until one leg of a man came over the transom, and the other leg kept kicking the door, and the voice was using language that was not admissable in polite society. The young men then tied the rope to the door-knob and retired to their rooms, leaving the man hanging head down, with one leg out in the hall. The man yelled until the watchman came, and he thought it was a case of suicide, and he cut the rope and the heavy body fell to the floor, when the clerks and manager of the house and several of the porters were called, and they burst in the door and found a badly used-up guest grabbing at blankets and sheets to cover himself, and swearing his back was broken from sliding over the footboard. An explanation was had, and it was generally believed that the tipsy young men had done the deed; but when they were called they were asleep, and the next morning they claimed that they had retired as usual at nine o'clock in the evening, and were innocent of any thing on earth. The guest remained up till five o'clock, and used arnica and things, gave the rope to the porter, and said after this they could pound on the door and wake the whole house if they wanted to.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1885.

Notes on Current Topics.

ICONOCLASM OF THE SUPERFICIAL.

The anti-Christianity of the Ingersollians and the Responsibility of the Press.

"WHAT fools these mortals be," is an apostrophe which receives a fresh exemplification in the noisy demonstrations of the creature worshippers of to-day. For these latter the creature is greater than the creator; the designer far inferior to the designed; the inanimate works superior to the living worker. Ingersoll, illogical and superficial Ingersoll, entertains a large and "intellectual" audience in Boston, and his oratorical verbiage is received with laughter and applause. The audience wants but little depth of thought or cogency of argument, and gets exactly what it wants. The examples of history, the experiences of nations, the voices of the past are ridiculed in an Ingersollian atmosphere, or among an Ingersollian audience. The more irreverent and superficial this shrewd, money-making fellow becomes, the greater the manifestations of delight from his "cultivated" and "thinking" followers. Ingersoll declares that he and his hearers know but little regarding the great object of life; and, strange as it may seem, the oftener they are told this, the better pleased are they. In fact, there seems to be a lively competition as to who shall be the most ignorant. "We don't know!" seems to be their favorite guidon. Ingersoll's ribaldry concerning Christianity and his pagan utterances, generally, are to be deplored by all good citizens who love God, and have the happiness of the people and the safety of the nation at heart. The daily press must bear no small share of the responsibility for the unchristian effect of Ingersoll's utterances, for while he addresses an audience within the walls of a theatre or public hall, the press, by the most extravagant and fulsome reports of his remarks, spreads his language before millions of people, and carries his infidel and materialistic sentiments into thousands of families, where God has been loved, Christianity practised, and deeds of charity, affection and good-will performed. Mr. Lowell, our late Minister to England, has said many foolish things while abroad; but among his sensible utterances was an address delivered in London of which the following is an abstract:

"The worst kind of religion is no religion at all; and these men, living in ease and luxury, indulging themselves in the amusement of going without religion, may be thankful that they live in lands where the gospel they neglect has tamed the beastliness and ferocity of the men, who, but for Christianity, might long ago have eaten their carcasses like the South Sea Islanders, or cut off their heads and tanned their hides, like the monsters of the French Revolution. When the microscopic search of sceptism, which has hunted the heavens and sounded the seas to disprove the existence of a creator, has turned its attention to human society, and has found a place on this planet ten miles square where a decent man can live in decency, comfort, and security, supporting and educating his children unspoiled and unpolluted,—a place where

age is reverenced, infancy respected, manhood respected, womanhood honored, and human life held in due regard,— when sceptics can find such a place ten miles square on this globe, where the gospel of Christ has not gone and cleared the way, and laid the foundations, and made decency and security possible, it will then be in order for the sceptical *literati* to move thither and there ventilate their views. But so long as these very men are dependent upon the religion which they enjoy, they may well hesitate a little before they seek to rob the Christian of his hope, and humanity of its faith, in that Saviour, who alone has given to man that hope of life eternal which makes life tolerable, and society possible, and robs death of its terrors and the grave of its gloom."

Dr. John Gilmary Shea, in an article to the *Quarterly*, suggests a new departure in spreading the truths of Christianity and defending them from the attacks of error. It is to use the public hall and every place where men are wont to resort as the arena for speaking boldly and zealously to the masses on the vital topics of man's ultimate end, and the means conducive to its happy attainment. The move is in the right direction and in the hands of men fitted mentally for the work, destined to produce good and lasting fruits. An old maxim runs: *Fas est ab hoste doceri*, and if the Ingersolls use the hall for evil purposes, why should not the modern St. Paul step to the foot-lights and redeem the lecture stage from full possession by the evil one.

Emigrant Prospects in Australia. As to emigration, the Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney said that over in Ireland many people had questioned him as to its desirability, but without getting very encouraging replies. For those who could use their hands — in agriculture, for instance — there might be openings; but to clerks and all persons who thought that mental qualifications were rare in the colony and would carry the emigrant a long way, he would say, "stay at home." Of Masters of Arts from Oxford and Cambridge — younger sons of good families here, there were many in Australia in poverty. The Benevolent Asylum was the end of many such. He had walked through it one day and found that many persons of refinement had taken refuge there, and were tolerably happy with the newspapers and the allowances sent from home. For schoolmasters and schoolmistresses in the State schools there was, no doubt, as he had said before, an opening.

As for himself, the Cardinal said he was going to make himself responsible for an addition to the population of the colony. He was to sail the next morning, and with him would go some forty companions — Father Collins, his secretary, and a group of priests whom he had gathered together in Ireland; also some fifteen nuns who would aid him greatly; and, besides these, some lay people, most of whom had friends already in the colony, and were about to join them. In a little while, his Eminence added, he hoped to be more independent of home for his supply of clergy. He had already laid the foundation stone of his own seminary, and signed a contract for £60,000, so it would be a building worthy of Australia and worthy of its purpose.

Dedication in South Boston.—The Church of Our Lady of the Rosary, erected last year on Sixth Street, South Boston, Mass., was solemnly dedicated on Sunday, October 18, by Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. The ceremonies were impressive, and were witnessed by a large crowd of the parishoners and others. The church is less expensive than others erected in that section of the city; but is, in every way, suited to the large congregation which compose the parish. Only persevering labor, backed by unflagging energy, could have brought the parochial affairs in the course of one year to the happy fruition witnessed on the day of dedication, and Father McNulty, the young pastor, is entitled to the warmest congratulations for it. Although but a year among them, yet he is beloved by his parishioners to a degree which would seem the result of a lifetime association.

Good News.—The Augustinian Fathers of Lawrence, Mass., are doing noble work in paying off the great debt on their church, though the Probate Court, in 1883, decided that the church in Lawrence was not liable for the deposits. The Supreme Court has asked for a re-arguing of the depositors' claims against the Archbishop; but it is likely that the claimants, seeing others getting their money without law, will not again resort to the courts. A report for the past year

was read from the Altar by Father Regan, and the result must have brought joy to the numerous depositors. It showed that since the report of February, 1883 (when the total debt-mortgages, deposits, and interest was $567,352), the depositors have received $67,790; and the total amount paid on deposits and mortgages, was $71,290. Fathers McEvoy and Regan believe that the interest may be left out of the calculation, as it is not usually claimed. This shows a decrease of $103,236 since February, 1883, and leaves the total debt, $416,116. The Augustinian Fathers are hopeful that every dollar will be paid; and this peaceful result will be a monument to their labor and to the patient good-will of the depositors.

PROCEEDINGS of the Seventeenth Annual Convention of the Irish-Catholic Benevolent Union of the United States, held at Brooklyn, September 9 and 10, 1885. Also the constitution of the Union and roll of societies. The report is not only interesting to members of the society, but to the Catholic body throughout the country. The report is embellished with a good portrait of the president, which we give in this issue of our MAGAZINE.

MISSING MASS.—The holy Sacrifice of the Mass first engages our attention. How many there are who miss Mass; how many hear Mass in an improper manner? Why is it that not one-half of those who are nominally Catholics hear Mass? A thoughtful bishop has answered that drunkenness—drunkenness on Saturday nights—is the main and primary cause; drunken parents and drunken sons demoralizing homes on Sunday mornings. Crimes and vice and waning faith are the results, and Mass is finally forgotten. How many are habitually late for Mass?—while a little economy of time on Sunday morning, or better, on Saturday night, would obviate the difficulty. We have already spoken to you on the manner of hearing Mass. The golden rule is, briefly: If you are tempted to look around, keep your eyes closed, or open them only for your prayer-book and the altar. What numbers fail to hear Mass on holydays? Persons will be careful to observe national festivals, and will utterly neglect even to hear Mass on the seven or eight holydays of the Church's year. So, too, of Vespers, the evening prayers of the parish church.

NEW CATHEDRAL IN HARTFORD, CONN.—Since Bishop McMahon assumed charge of the diocese, he has expended nearly $200,000 in the erection of the new cathedral. All the outside work is now completed, with the exception of the spires. There is no mortgage on the property, and the cathedral when finished, will be one of the finest church edifices in New England. Many more thousand dollars will be required to finish the work. According to the original intent it was to be completed ten years from the laying of the corner-stone on Sunday, April 29th, 1877.

NATALITY.—It is calculated that in 1879 the "natality" of some European nations, as: In Russia there were 150 births for every 1,000 marriageable women; in Bavaria and the surrounding States there were 138; in England, 137; in Sweden, 121; in Switzerland, 112; whilst in France there were only 102. Again, the annual increase of various European nations has been reckoned thus: in Germany, 14 per 1,000; in England 12; in Austria proper, 8; in Italy, 7; in Hungary, 5; in Sweden, 5; in Switzerland, 4; and in France, barely 3. On all these calculations, observes the *Constitutionel*, France comes the very last.

THE railway poor Jumbo met his death on is very appropriately named "the Grand *Trunk* Line." The engine-driver is said to be a native of Tusk-any.

THE IRISH OUTRAGE FACTORY is in full blast, with head-quarters in London. It reminds us of the Southern factory of a similar name that used to flourish while Louisiana and South Carolina were carpet bagged, just as Ireland is now by the British. The good sense of the people of the Northern States put an end to carpet bagging by really defeating the Republican party on that issue in 1876, and compelling Mr. Hayes, who was counted in by the congressional commission, to take the Federal troops from the Palmetto and Pelican State Houses. It remains to be seen whether the English people, in dealing with the armed occupation of Ireland and the suppression of her self-government, will imitate the good example set them by the American Republicans, who, at the polls, preferred to defeat their own party temporarily rather than to allow bayonet rule to continue in

the South. Nine-tenths of the Irish "outrages" are manufactured by the police and the English correspondents of the New York press.

THE means of destroying property and life are daily increasing in number and efficacy. The last thing that we have noticed of the kind is the De Banges' great French gun, which is of steel, and possesses power enough to send a projectile from Paris to Versailles. It will hold 88 pounds of compressed powder, and throw a shot with an initial velocity of 2130 feet, and with an accuracy, it is said, hitherto unequalled. Every year war has new horrors.

THE late Gen. Grant fittingly rebuked a retailer of obscene anecdotes once upon a time — showing that he had the right kind of a respect for himself. "I was sitting with him once," says General Fisk, "when a major-general entered, dressed in the uniform of his rank, who said: 'Boys I have a good story to tell you. I believe there are no ladies present.' Grant said: 'No, but there are gentlemen present.'"

"THE Good Old Times" and "Old Times Revived," new trio arranged for Leo XIII., the King of Spain, and Prince Bismarck.

The Citizen, CHICAGO: — DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for November is well worthy the attention of every Irish-American. It contains articles by distinguished Irishmen on many subjects of interest. Among the more prominent writers are T. P. O'Connor, M. P., who is writing a serial story; Timothy M. Healy, M. P., who has an article on "The Advance Toward Home Rule," and the Rev. M. W. Newman, who is graphic in his "Southern Sketches." There is also a wealth of poetry, literary fragments and editorial notes in this excellent number of the MAGAZINE.

SWISS SLAVES.—*London Truth:* They do queer things in Switzerland, considering that the Swiss eulogize their country as "the land of liberty." The children of poor people are regularly hired out by auction in most of the cantons. There was a most painful scene recently in the market place of Biel, a town near Berne, where, in spite of the heartrending entreaties of a widowed mother, her four young children, ranging from two to ten, were "placed" out for a year to the highest bidder by the public crier: the family being thus broken up and separated for fear lest the woman should be compelled to seek for assistance from the town. This is really very nearly as bad as the old slave sales in America; and I should doubt whether there is any other country in Europe where such an infamous system exists at the present time. The Swiss in reality are a sordid, huckstering race.

EXTRAORDINARY JUBILEE FOR THE CATHOLIC WORLD.— The Holy Father, desirous of providing by exceptional means of religious piety, for the peculiar nature of the times, has decided to grant an extraordinary jubilee to the Catholic world during the coming year. His Holiness wishes to place this grace under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, announcing it when the Church begins to honor her under the title of the Rosary.

A LEGAL LIE.— The London daily papers say: — "It will be remembered that great dissatisfaction was caused in the Irish Church Synod by the late Home Secretary deciding that the proper title of the Irish Church was 'The Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland.' Equal satisfaction is now felt among Irish Churchmen at a letter received from the Lord Lieutenant by the Archbishop of Dublin (Lord Plunket) stating that the law officers of the Crown consider that Parliament has settled the question, and called the Disestablished Church 'The Church of Ireland.'"

GENERAL satisfaction is felt in Ireland at the termination of the quarrel between Mrs. Morgan O'Connell and her tenantry. Both landlords and tenants have yielded something, and on each side it is felt that a victory has been gained. As the lady is good and kind-hearted, and anxious to act with justice, it would have been a sad pity had the small war on her estate been of long duration.

WITH our Catholic contemporaries throughout the country, we congratulate the *Western Watchman*, St. Louis, upon its enlargement. There is more life and

vigor in Father Phelan in dealing with outsiders than any of our papers. More power to his elbow.

HE MIGHT HAVE BEEN SOMETHING WORSE.—Bishop Spalding, of Peoria, Ill., saw during a recent visit to New York, a most pronounced case of *dude* drag itself inertly past. The fellow had all the symptoms of acute idiocy so markedly visible, that there was no mistaking the social disease, Anglomania, that had pitifully altered him from the healthy, vigorous, sensible young fellow that he might otherwise have been. "Well, here's a thought for comfort," the Bishop is quoted as saying: "I happen to know who he is. His family is wealthy and very fashionable. He has been brought to think that work is not for him to think of, and that his life is destined to be perfectly idle. In that view, don't you comprehend the best course for him to pursue is the one that is most harmless, and what could have less actual viciousness in it than the career of an assiduous fop? Just think of it. He might be a gambler, a brawler, a sensualist; or he might even take to burglary, arson, murder. Oh, yes, if a young man is bound to be nothing useful, then by all means encourage him to be an innocuous dandy."

CARDINAL NEWMAN.—Some forty years ago John Henry Newman was admitted into the church. To mark the event, a record of his Eminence's life, with portraits taken at various periods, and fifty of his letters, one of them in *fac-simile*, appears in a special number of *Merry England;* and this has been reissued, on large paper bound in vellum, as a beautiful *edition de luxe.* The Catholic Publication Society Company of New York, have it on sale.

THE OLD NINTH.—We give another article in relation to the gallant Ninth Regiment in our present issue. We are promised some reminiscences of a brigade officer for our next MAGAZINE relating to the Irish brigade.

HE who knows but the sunshine of life, lives in ignorance of the world and himself. Man's worth is tested in the crucible of suffering.

REV. DR. O'RIELLY, the treasurer of the National League of this country, lately reported that the parliamentary fund reaching him, averaged $5,000 per week.

HOW SHALL CATHOLICS VOTE?—The great Cardinal Manning has contributed a remarkable article on this subject to the *Dublin Review.* In it His Eminence says: "Who could expect the Catholic people of Ireland to bear good-will to the Orange garrison, or to Dublin Castle, or to the English Government, which for three hundred years persecuted, pillaged, and oppressed them? The penal laws have been abolished for fifty years; but nations have a personal identity and imperishable memories, and there is hardly a town, or a parish, or a home in Ireland in which some tradition of sorrow or wrong is not vividly remembered; and, with a small exception, the Catholics of England are of Irish blood, and many of Irish birth." The article will be found elsewhere.

BISHOP CARR, of Galway, has received a letter from Lord Carnarvon intimating that the Government have decided to carry out the contemplated improvements in Galway Harbor by convict labor, and that as soon as practicable the works will be commenced.

IN virtue alone is true happiness to be found; and that in reality, adversity is superior to prosperity.

CHARLES A. DANA, editor of the *Sun*, presided at a meeting held in aid of the Parnell Parliamentary Fund in New York. The following telegram was sent to the Irish leader: "The Irish-Americans of New York, at a meeting presided over by the editor of the *New York Sun*, the Hon. Charles A. Dana, send expressions of their sympathy and assurance of their support, and send $10,000 through Dr. O'Reilly to aid you in your efforts for Ireland."

THE Rev. F. Boling, S. J., has received an important scientific mission from the Holy Father. To fulfil this he is about to visit all the principal libraries in Europe. He is one of the best known linguists in the world. After Cardinal Mezzofanti, he is generally conceded to be the greatest authority on all linguistic difficulties. At present he is in Milan.

GENERAL McCLELLAN.

His Appreciation of Irish-Americans in the War – Their Brave Confidence in Him.

"MILLIONS mourn and will continue to mourn for 'Little Mac,'" is the expression heard on many, very many lips since the country has been poignantly startled with the announcement of the sudden death of General George B. McClellan. History cannot fail to do justice to his military ability, his thorough patriotism, his noble characteristics and the genuine qualities that so devotedly endeared him to the intelligent citizen soldiery that he so gloriously commanded, and whom he would undoubtedly have lead to victory were it not for the rabid, partisan and political enmity that frustrated his great plans for crushing the Rebellion. Space, however, will not admit of entering into argument on these points, and we desire only at this time to give a reminiscence or two of the illustrious hero, whose remains have just been consigned to the tomb.

We have read the despatch that the remnant of Meagher's Brigade, assembled with Colonel Cavanagh in New York, to pay their tributes of eulogy to the memory of their great chief, were bathed in tears. That was one of the singular powers of McClellan, that he enchained the strongest hearts to him in sympathetic tenderness to a most extraordinary degree.

At Falmouth, Va., after the general was deposed for Burnside, who was then besieging Fredericksburg, many of the Fenian circles that were in the companies, batteries, squadrons and regiments of the Army of the Potomac used to hold representative assemblies on stated occasions to discuss the prospects for poor old Ireland. The meetings were usually held in a large hospital tent, which Dr. "Larry" Reynolds, a fine old veteran, occupied in part for his own quarters. He was a skilful man and a most patriotic Irishman. Added to these qualities he could write verses. Our "veteran" friend thinks he recalls the refrain of one:

"And are you sure the news is true,
And is he coming back?
Ah, we'd no heart a thing to do
Since we lost LITTLE MAC."

Without fail, at the close of every one such meetings, whether of officers or other representatives, these men that so lately afterwards faced with such undaunted bravery the bloody slopes crowned by Maryes' Heights above Fredericksburg, some testimonial or tribute of affection was paid to the soldier that they knew could lead them to victory without blunders, or slaughtering them like sheep. Under General McClellan these men of the Sixty-Ninth, Sixty-Third, and Eighty-Eighth New York, Twenty-Eighth Massachusetts, Sixty-Ninth Pennsylvania, the men of Rorty's, Hogan's and other batteries, Keenan's cavalry and the many detachments of patriotic Irishmen in the regular dragoons, were ready to do, and dare whatever man dare do on the battle-field. If the treason or cowardice at the capital of the country that thwarted him had not prevailed, with men like these and these men the ides of March, 1863, would have seen the rebellion crushed and the Union restored.

When the army had just fought the Seven Days' Battles, and the army reached Harrison's Landing, the Ninth Massachusetts found itself badly cut up, and the two hundred remaining were bivouached in a muddy field at the close of a wretched rain storm. General McClellan with only two aides, came riding by. They were covered with mud from their caps to their horses' hoofs. He passed many organizations, but when he saw the tattered green flag (presented by John Glancy and other fellow countrymen in Boston), the noble chieftain reined up and said: "Ah! the men that supported that flag in what we have gone through, deserve well of their country. From my heart I thank you for your patriotism and great sacrifices." He made some solicitous enquiries about whether they had been supplied with rations, to which a cheery response was given, and he rode off with

God's blessing for him on every lip from that crowd of famished, drenched and bespattered remnant of what was a few days before, as Bull Run Russell wrote to the *London Times:* "The finest-appearing regiment in the Potomac Army, and every one of them Irish from the colonel to the drummer boy." The truth was the poor fellows had not received their rations. They were patiently waiting their turn. It was not for them to annoy their glorious chief with personal complaints.

HEROIC DEVOTION OF THE CLERGY AND SISTERS. — The devoted care with which the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul have nursed the cholera patients at Toulon, Marseilles, and elsewhere, has been justly recognized by the French Government. Several Sisters have received the Cross of the Legion of Honor — a decoration not likely to be obtained by any of the lay nurses, who have worked for salaries, and whose method of attending to hospital patients has in several notable instances ended in their death. In Spain the Sisters of Charity and the Little Sisters of the Poor have literally died in hundreds at the post of loving duty. Death, however, has had no terrors for the successors of the victims. Every vacant place was immediately filled up. In the Archdiocese of Granada, the devotion and self-sacrifice of the Sisters have been, if possible, more marked than elsewhere. The Archbishop himself has set the example, for he is now almost penniless, having sold his carriages, horses, and the greater part of his furniture, to solace the suffering.—— Two Archbishops — those of Seville in Spain, and Aix in France — have died of cholera. The latter visited patients even after he had been attacked by the epidemic. Both the Spanish and the French clergy have been indefatigable in their efforts ; and it is believed that in Palermo the good counsels of the clergy have prevented riot and bloodshed. These examples of heroic self-sacrifice suggest the question whether the noisy females, who in London and our other great cities advocate "women's rights," and declare themselves the reformers of their sex, and the more blatant socialistic demagogues who clamor for the upheaval of the order of society, would dare to approach the bed of a cholera patient. Probably they are of the opinion expressed the other day by a noted freethinker, that cholera and other epidemics, when they show themselves among the poor and suffering classes, are excellent safety valves against a too great increase of the population. Tried by this test, the holy men and women of the Catholic Church stand out in eloquent contrast with the worthless hirelings as the best and truest friends of humanity.

THE MUNSTER BANK.— The directors of the Munster Bank, which failed some time ago, have opened the head office of the institution in Cork, two branches in Dublin, and branches in Limerick and other towns.

IT is the boast of the Catholic religion that it has the gift of making the young heart chaste, because it gives us Jesus for our food, and Mary for our nursing Mother.

THE CHOLERA, which has scourged Spain so fearfully, has witnessed heroic acts on the part of bishops and clergy. The Bishop of Barcelona has been prostrated by his zealous labors among his flock. Every day throngs of the nobility and public officials hasten to the palace to learn how he is. The archbishops and bishops have sold their horses, carriages, plates, private estates, to succor the afflicted and homeless. The Bishop of Tortosa has given up his palace to a benevolent society, and he serves and supports seventy poor men every day. The Bishop of Cuenca has sold his ring, or rather pledged it, and distributed the money in charity. The Bishops of Segorbe, Murcia and Valencia have given all they possessed to the unfortunate victems. The Brothers of St. John of God have done heroic work, and the Sisters of Charity are the admiration of all. It is proposed to place busts of St. Vincent de Paul in both Houses of the Legislature.

WEAR THE SCAPULAR. — No doubt most of our readers have heard of the terrible shipwreck which occurred off the coast of New Brunswick — a disaster resulting in the death of eleven men, and depriving twenty-nine children of fathers, and eight wives of their husbands. It is a remarkable fact that among the twelve on board the *Humacao* there was only one Catholic, and he was the sole survivor

of the wreck. His name was Jeremiah Daley, and he belongs to a good, pious family residing in St. John. Before leaving home his mother insisted on providing him with a Scapular of Mount Carmel, and to the patronage of the Blessed Virgin they attribute the preservation of his life. The papers speak of his escape as "nothing short of a miracle," and no one considering the circumstances would hesitate to declare that it was, at least, very remarkable.

IMPORTANT DECISION.— James Gilman and his wife Margaret, respectively 90 and 82 years, died in 1881 in New York City, leaving $2,299 to Undertaker Henry McArdle to pay for the funerals and Masses for the repose of their souls. This was the wife's will. McArdle buried them both and paid for Masses in St. Alphonso's and St. Peter's Roman Catholic churches, of which the old couple had been members. Michael Gilman, a nephew of Mrs. Gilman's husband, got out administration papers and sued McAdle for the $2,299. Judge Freedman, in the superior court, decided that the trust to McArdle was void because a person's soul could not be made a beneficiary and could not take an interest in the property left behind for its benefit. The general term court affirmed Judge Freedman's decision on appeal, and then the case was carried to the court of appeals. The court of appeals has now rendered a decision upholding the validity of trusts for Masses for the repose of the souls of the dead. This establishes a precedent that will be of great importance to Roman Catholics throughout the land. McArdle will continue to pay for annual High Masses for the souls of the dead couple as long as the money holds out.

IF we seek the company of the wicked, their vices will stick to us like tar.

THE United States Government has renewed its contract with the Catholic school at Keshena, Wis., for the education of 100 Indian children of the Menomonee tribe. The price paid exceeds that of last year $8 per capita.

"WE bind ourselves with chains of steel to that great land of our adoption," said the Hon. P. A. Collins at the banquet given to him in Cork; "but we should be untrue to human nature, if we forgot the land which we left, while that land needs our aid."

AUSTRALIA does not possess many butterflies; but it has many varieties of moths. Wonderful creatures are some of these, which, at rest, so exactly resemble a withered leaf that you would never suppose them to be anything else, unless you chanced to see them move, which they are careful not to do while you are looking on. The only thing that betrays them is the phosphorescent glare of their eyes, which shine even in the daytime like little carriage-lamps, and are positively tiny meteors in the dark. Another species, a tremendous brown fellow, is very nearly as large as a sparrow, and comes against the window at night with a thump that is almost alarming.

HIGH LICENSE.— The election in Wisconsin on license includes eighty-nine towns; fifty-four adopted the $500 license; one, $350; and thirty-six, $200. No town has voted to reduce the license.

CAPITAL Christian cognomen for a lady pugilist — *Floorer.*

CATHOLIC interests have prospered wonderfully in Australia during the past few decades. For instance, in the diocese of Bathurst, which on the advent of its first bishop, the late Right Rev. Matthew Quinn, in 1866, had but five priests, three churches, and as many schools, there are now over one hundred priests, handsome churches in every parish, fifty-seven schools with an attendance of four thousand children, a diocesan seminary for the training of candidates for the priesthood, a college, and an orphanage. One hundred and six Sisters of St. Joseph, and eighty-nine Sisters of Mercy are devoting their lives to the instruction of the young.

DUBLIN ELECTION.— After the nomination of Mr. Clancy had been accepted by the convention, Mr. Parnell made a short speech, proposing Sir Thomas Henry Grattan, Esmonde, Baronet, of Ballynastra, county Wexford, for the remaining seat. Mr. Michael Davitt, who was present as a delegate, arose with a scowl upon his face, and opposed the nomination. He said Sir Thomas was a land-

lord, and it was impossible for a landlord to be a true patriot. A long and excited discussion followed, during which Mr. Parnall vouched for the patriotism of Sir Thomas. From time to time there were loud calls for the proposed nominee, and at length Sir Thomas appeared upon the platform. He made a strong, ultra national speech, apologized for being a landlord, and freely denounced the landlord class as the greatest curse of Ireland. This caused an entire revolution in the feelings of Mr. Davitt, who jumped to his feet, saying he was delighted to express his entire approval of Sir Thomas as a nominee. The question of his nomination was then put and carried by acclamation, Mr. Davitt's voice being the loudest in the unanimous chorus of "ayes." Sir Thomas Henry Grattan Esmonde is twenty-three years old, is the eleventh baronet of his line, and is the great-grandson of Rt. Hon. Henry Grattan, whose services in behalf of Irish freedom one hundred years ago are still remembered with grateful reverence throughout Ireland.

FROM the last report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, the percentage obtained in the three essential subjects in Ireland, England and Scotland is as follows:

	Ireland.	England.	Scotland.
Reading	93.4	92.6	89.1
Writing,	95.0	90.2	82.0
Arithmetic,	76.0	86.2	77.5

Sir Patrick Keenan, Head Commissioner of Education, says that the standard of examination is higher in Ireland than in the other countries.

FLOOD ROCK.— The great Flood Rock which obstructed navigation in the channel to the Sound, was blown to atoms at 11.13 o'clock, on Saturday morning, Oct. 10. The engineers believe that the reef was totally destroyed, and that the blast was an unequivocal success. The explosion and its effects did not last more than ten seconds of time, and in that period all the great tunnels, chambers, pillars and bed of the rock were destroyed. There were no accidents of any kind to mar the great feat. At least 50,000 persons witnessed it. Little Mary Newton, Gen. Newton's daughter, set off the blast. It was she, who, when almost a baby, sent the electric current into the mine at Hallett's Reef on the occasion of the first Hell's Gate explosion. The shock of the collapse was but slightly felt at the firing point, and Miss Newton did not seem to mind it all. Very little sound was heard, and only a slight tremor in some parts of the city told of the climax of one of the greatest engineering feats of the day. The General and his family are Catholics.

ELECTRICITY.— An electric motor was used on the Ninth Avenue elevated road in New York lately. It drew four cars satisfactorily; but there are some improvements yet to be made before it will be adopted for general use in the metropolis. Electricity is coming into use as a motive power in many places. An electric railroad, six miles long, has been, for two years past, in actual operation, in Ireland, between Larne and the Giants' Causeway, and is now about to be extended nine miles further. It was the only electric road in the United Kingdom, until lately; but some three weeks ago a second electric line was opened between the town of Newry and Bessbrook, county Fermanagh. Ireland now possesses the only electric railroads in Western Europe. We are still progressing. The age of invention is not yet ended.

CHEAP LABOR.— The *Catholic Mirror* offers the following delicate suggestion to those engaged in the cheap labor competition: — "We may reason as we please, but this fact is sure — American working men have not as yet reached the point of living on a fried rat and a slice of mouldy bread a day, and they will resent any effort to force them to do so, in order that millionaires may add to their millions."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS DEPARTMENT can be read, with interest, by both young and old.

ONE of the acts of the late Plenary Council was the passage of a law prohibiting bishops from condemning societies. A commission of archbishops was named whose duty it should be to examine and report on the lawfulness of such organizations as might be made objects of official enquiry. This will put an end to special diocesan and parochial legislation.

OLD TIMES RETURNING IN IRELAND. Many tokens, in obscure quarters, indicating in Ireland a universal National revival, are daily cropping up which would have rejoiced the heart of Thomas Davis.

Among these are the position which the Irish language has attained at the Intermediate and Royal University examinations, the re-establishment, all through the country, of National sports and pastimes, the introduction of scenes from Irish history as subjects for paintings and engravings, the growing taste for native music, the desire expressed by customers to obtain goods of native manufacture, the disappearance from our shop windows of the English-manufactured caricatures of Irish life, the desire expressed by strangers to become acquainted with our scenery, manners, customs, and language, and the number of works appearing on subjects relating to this Island. When people respect themselves they will be respected by others, and this applies to nations as well as individuals.

THE State of Nebraska has been made a Diocese, with Omaha as the Episcopal See. The Right Rev. James O'Connor, D. D., who, for the last nine years, has been its Vicar-Apostolic, with the title of "Bishop of Dibona," becomes now Bishop of Omaha.

REV. FATHER CRONIN, of Buffalo, says that Ireland wants cash, not talk.

Them's our sentiments.— *Catholic Examiner.*

And our's, too.

ACHILLES, being a hero of restless nature, never gave himself any rest, either in peace or war; and therefore, as Guy, Earl of Warwick, was called a kill-cow, and another terrible fellow a kill-devil, so this general was dubbed *a kill ease*, or destroyer of ease, and at length, by corruption, Achilles!

SCOTLAND.— The choice of the Pope, for a long time anxiously awaited in Scotland, has at length fallen upon Monsignor Smith, for the archbishopric of St. Andrew's, Edinburgh. The new Prelate was born in 1819, and studied at Blair's College, Aberdeen, and subsequently at the Scots College in Rome, where he was ordained. He went to Ratisbon to reorganize the Scots College there, and on his return worked in various parishes in Edinburgh, till finally he was appointed his Vicar-General by the late Archbishop Strain. His Grace is the author of a book entitled "The Book of Moses; or, The Pentateuch in its Authorship, Credibility and Civilization," is an accomplished linguist, and altogether a man of scholarly tastes and acquirements.

CONVERSIONS.— The German Journal *Dresdener Nachtrichten* announces the conversion to Catholicism of two ladies of noble birth, Miss Von Massow and Miss Von Zeschan, the latter a famous authoress. Their reception took place at Mariasten, in the neighborhood of Teplitz. Miss Von Zeschan belongs to the most ancient and noble family of Saxony. It is rather remarkable that this family was one of the first to embrace Lutheranism, and that she is the first since those sad days to rejoin the Faith of her ancestors.

RABBITS, the great enemy of the Australian and New Zealand squatter, are likely to be sent in vast quantities, frozen, to the English market. The very few that have gone yet have been well liked. From New Zealand nine million of their skins were sent last year, realizing nearly ninety thousand pounds. When nine millions of their bodies are sent, with five times that number from Australia, they, too, must affect the price of meat.

YOU CAN'T DRINK BEER WITH IMPUNITY.— A writer in the *Scientific American* has this to say of beer-drinking:— The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs, profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both liver and kidneys are continually present. Intellectually, a stupor, amounting almost to paralysis, arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger, that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health; but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke acute disease, ending fatally.

THOMAS SEXTON, M. P., said, at a recent meeting:—"The day may come when England will be willing to follow the example of Germany and refer to the arbitration of the Pope, the dispute be-

tween herself and Ireland. The quarrel, which has lasted now for 700 years, will last till the day of judgment unless it is settled in accordance with justice, and with the desires and rights of Irishmen."

MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE, speaking at Leeds, said that all Liberals were agreed that the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland should be abolished. He thought that, in time England would voluntarily yield Home Rule to Ireland, maintaining, however, the rights of the crown.

THE centenary of the birth of Father Mathew occurs in 1890, only five years hence, and it is proposed to celebrate the event, all over the United States, with fitting exercises. All who are workers in the total abstinence cause, irrespective of religious belief, will be asked to join with the Catholic temperance society men in doing honor to the memory of the greatest advocate of temperance the world has ever known.

THE ENGLISH PENSION LIST contains, among others, the following, to each of whom a pension of £50 has been granted: — Miss Angela Mary Power, Miss Kathleen Mary Power, Miss Frances Ursula Mary Power, Miss Mabel Alice Mary Power — in consideration of the services of their brother, the late Mr. Frank Power, in connection with the defence of Khartoum.

THE V. P.'s. *Catholic Citizen*:—"Vice-President Hendricks has many worthy predecessors in his bold position towards Ireland. Vice-President Jefferson drank 'Success to the United Irishmen' at a public dinner, and John Tyler was member of the society of 'Friends of Ireland,' during the O'Connell Repeal Agitation."

PAY UP.—The *Colorado Catholic* says: "Renew your subscription to the *Colorado Catholic*, and pay what you owe, for those who work on newspapers, although they are more angelic than other men, must eat, drink and be merry when they can."

RIGHT.—In a recent address Mr. Sexton, describing the growth of the National spirit, very truthfully said that a population of five millions to-day is worth twice the number in O'Connell's time, and the relation it will be admitted, holds good with respect to the members of the Parliament then and now.

IT is stated that there have been about one hundred thousand deaths from cholera in the south of Europe.

PALATIAL RESIDENCE.— The rebuilding of Mountstuart, Lord Bute's place near Rothesay, has now been completed, and it is one of the most magnificent mansions in Great Britain. The house covers an acre, and is in the mediæval Gothic style of the thirteenth century. In the centre is an immense tower 120 feet high, with a wide balcony all round the top. The great hall is constructed entirely of alabaster and rarest marbles, with columns and a gallery; and the grand staircase is also of marble brought from Sicily and Carrara. The drawing-rooms are panelled with walnut, and beautifully decorated, and so are the dining-rooms, the largest of which accommodates eighty guests. The ceilings and chimney-pieces of all these rooms are most artistic, as also are the windows, the work of which is extremely elaborate. There are three immense libraries.

THE WORKING BOYS' HOME.—At a meeting of the directors of the Working Boys' Home, recently held, Rev. D. H. Roche, the president and treasurer, submitted his report from Jan. 1, 1885, to Oct. 24, 1885. The figures speak for themselves, and show the noble work performed by the energetic young priest who has charge of the home, and who is devoting himself, body and soul, to the work he has so near his heart. The report is as follows: Expenses — Rent, $1,000; help, $409.59; groceries and provisions, $2,535.83; express and postage, $269.76; wood and coal, $85.50; gas, $100.20; insurance, taxes and payment on building, $3,024.34; furniture and repairs, $730.63; washing, $145.52; printing, electrotyping, etc., $1,054.90; clothing and shoes, $706.36; stationery, etc., $200.94; personal expenses, $348.19; total, $10,610.76. Liabilities — Money borrowed, $350; P. W. Ford, $450; grocer, $134.16; butcher, $177.98; baker, $333; butter, $133; liabilities, $1,578.14; total, $12,188.90. Income — Board from boys, $1,725.52; Sacred Heart Union, $4,970.25; donations, $1,333.99; boxes at ferries,

$100; lecture by Bishop Grose, net, $470.25; lecture by Father McKenna, net $1,041.80; kettledrum, net, $1,791.74; picnic, to date, net, $215 — $11,648.56. Assets — Cash on hand, $687.79; furniture, $2,000 — $2,687.79. Income and assets, $14,336.35; expenses and liabilities, $12,188.90; balance to credit, $2,147.45.

A Generous Donation.

THE Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Superior General of the congregation of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind., is a Frenchman, who has devoted his whole life to the service of God and humanity. He evidently recognizes in the Irish cause an avenue on which the moral philanthropist may safely travel. The cause of liberty is the cause of God. The best blood of France and of Ireland has commingled, in a common cause, on many a deathless field, from Aughrim to to Fontenoy, and from Cremona to Castlebar, and, therefore, the sympathy of a reverend son of the gallant and glorious land of St. Ruth and of Villeroy, of Hoche and of Humbert does not rest upon strange soil when it falls on the heart of kindred and grateful Ireland.

The Citizen, Chicago, has great pride and pleasure in allowing the Very Rev. Father Sorin to convey his contribution to the Irish Parliamentary Fund in his own graceful words:

"NOTRE DAME UNIVERSITY, NOTRE DAME, IND., Oct. 10, 1885.— *Mr. John F. Finerty, Dear Sir:* I am not an Irishman, but an admirer and a devoted friend of Ireland. Our congregation of the Holy Cross is chiefly composed of the sons and daughters of your admirable and heroic race, and in their name and mine, I joyfully send you my humble mite, $100, with a God speed and most fervent prayer for the final triumph of your noble cause. Very devotedly your friend,

E. SORIN, *Superior-General.*

Rev. Thomas Scully

PASTOR of Cambridgeport, Mass., has made his parish one of the most extraordinary in the United States. The amount of energy and labor he has expended, the immense importance of the work done, and the great value of the property accumulated for the church, are almost incredible. He has nearly fourteen hundred children, boys and girls, at school in admirable class rooms. The boys are graded from an infant school to a class in classics and philosophy. The girls are taught by Sisters. The small children of very poor mothers are taken care of during the day by another class of Sisters. There is a beautiful hall fitted up as a theatre, with seats for about fifteen hundred people, in which school exhibitions, lectures, and all kinds of parish meetings are held. But the most striking of all the features of this remarkable parish is the new gymnasium, now almost completed. This will be one of the largest and best equipped gymnasiums in the United States. There are only two that can at all compete with it, namely, the gymnasiums of Harvard College and the New York Athletic Club; and in some important details Father Scully's gymnasium will be superior to either. The great brick building is about one hundred feet square. It will contain a mile track (sixteen laps), baths of all kinds, an immense swimming bath and every desirable appointment. If such a gymnasium for Catholics were opened in the city of Boston, it could easily have ten thousand members. Father Scully has done great work in all respects; and for this particular feature the young men of his own town and of Boston will have reason to be deeply grateful.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.—President Cleveland has issued his proclamation making Nov. 26 as the annual Thanksgiving Day.

The London Times says: "The whole point now is how much home rule England will grant to Ireland."

GEN. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN died of neuralgia of the heart in his residence at St. Cloud, Orange Mountain, N. J., early Thursday morning, October 29, aged 59.

BEGINNING with Archbishop Carroll and ending with the newly-consecrated Bishop (O'Sullivan) of Mobile, the United States have had one hundred and seventy-three bishops.

SOME of our "esteemed contemporaries," in yielding to the popular rage for pictorial columns, are coming to resemble just so many "crazy quilts" in various miniature sizes, observes our talented contemporary, the *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

John Chinaman and the Irish.

THERE is scarcely an outrage or crime committed, says the *Catholic Telegraph*, that some over-zealous enemy of the Irish race and of the Catholic religion, does not hasten to fasten its commission upon the Irish people and Catholics. That was the case, not long since, when a highly infamous outrage was perpetrated upon a large number of Chinamen at certain mines in the Territory of Wyoming. That it was done by foreigners was not enough for this class of libellers, with Native-American instincts. The following correction of the slanderous charge was addressed to the San Francisco *Monitor*, from Salt Lake City, under date of October 5th :—

Dear Sir: — An impression circulated by the press and remarks made by the Chinese Consul in Washington, exists in the minds of very many that the late outrages at Rock Springs, Wyoming Territory, were — for the most part — committed by Irishmen. Your correspondent, knowing this to be unjust, instituted an investigation, and from a prominent, reliable citizen residing near Rock Springs, received the following reply to a letter of inquiry: "I am happy to be able to state that very few Irish took part in the riot. About seventy men were engaged in the massacre. Of the three hundred and fifty employés, as nearly as I can ascertain, there are only eleven Irishmen on the pay roll of the coal department. I feel positive that not more than *two Irishmen* took any part in the riot. The population is composed of Scotch, Welsh, English and Scandinavians. The Scotch element predominates." Moved by a sense of justice and fair play, the above facts have been obtained to substantiate the personal knowledge of your correspondent. Will not the *Monitor* appeal to the press of the coast to correct the views otherwise wrongfully entertained?

Yours truly,

AMERICAN.

THE LEAGUE CONVENTION.

Stirring Call from the National Executive.

I. N. L. OF AMERICA, OFFICES OF THE PRESIDENT AND SECRETARY, LINCOLN, NEB., Oct. 24, 1885.

To the Officers and Members of Branches.

PURSUANT to a resolution of the National Committee of the League, passed at a meeting held in Chicago in August last, the executive has been in communication with Mr. Parnell, with a view to fixing a date for our National Convention that would suit Mr. Parnell's convenience and that of such other delegates as may be sent over to represent the home organization. We have now the pleasure to inform you that the third annual Convention of the Irish National League of America, to be held in Central Music Hall, Chicago, on Wednesday and Thursday, January 20 and 21, 1886, will be attended by Mr. Parnell and a strong delegation of his colleagues. We earnestly trust that every branch of the League will be fully represented thereat. We are approaching a most momentous crisis in the long struggle for Ireland's national rights, and no man or woman of Irish birth or Irish blood — no true lover of liberty — who feels sympathy for oppressed kindred, or love for the dear old motherland, should fail to lend a helping hand to secure that victory which seems now on the very eve of accomplishment. Our people at home are manfully doing their part, despite every kind of coercion and terrorism. Let us do ours, and show England that the bold and manly, yet wise and prudent, policy of Mr. Parnell commands the universal and hearty approval and support of the Irish race at home and abroad. All branches and societies affiliated with the League that have subscribed regular dues for current terms, or have contributed to the Parliamentary fund a sum equivalent to the amount of dues, shall be entitled to representation, and the basis of representation shall be as follows: One delegate for every fifty members in good standing; provided, however, that in the country districts, where the number of fifty members cannot be easily reached, any number from twenty-five to fifty shall be entitled to one delegate. As the time is short, let our action be prompt and effective. Let us make this Convention a credit to our race and a message of fresh hope, courage and material support to our kindred in Ireland in their desperate struggle against oppression.

(Signed)

PATRICK EGAN, *President.*
CHARLES O'REILLY, *Treasurer.*
ROGER WALSH, *Secretary.*

THE man born in a cabin may some day name a cabinet.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Benziger Bros., N. Y., Cin., and St. Louis.

THE LIFE OF FATHER ISAAC JAQUES, S. J., Missionary Priest of the Society of Jesus, Slain by the Mohawk Iroquois, in the present State of New York, Oct. 18, 1646. By the Rev. Felix Martin, S. J. With Jaques' account of the Captivity and Death of his Companion, René Goupil, Slain Sept. 26, 1742. Translated from the French by John Gilmary Shea, L. L. D.

This book is a most valuable contribution to our literature. It details the sufferings and trials of early missionaries among the Indians. Dr. Shea has not only given us a good translation, but has added valuable matter not contained in the French edition. The book comprises 263 pages, is well bound, good paper; and is sold for the low price of $1.

LITTLE MONTH OF THE SOULS IN PURGATORY. Translated from the French by the author of "Golden Sands," by Miss Ella McMahon. Price, 35 cents.

November is the month of the holy souls in Purgatory. This little book contains devotions for every day in the month, together with manner of hearing Mass for the souls detained in that place of torments. You who have deceased friends, and who has not, get this book and say the prayers for your departed friends.

FUNERAL ORATION ON HIS EMINENCE JOHN CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK, delivered October 15, 1885, at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City by Most Rev. James Gibbons, D.D., Archbishop of Baltimore, with a portrait. Price, 10 cents.

This is a correct copy of the sermon delivered by the distinguished Archbishop of Baltimore. Those who heard the sermon pronounce it one of the best efforts of his Grace of Baltimore, in all probability the future Cardinal of the United States.

The Catholic Publication Society Co., N. Y.

MEDITATIONS ON THE MYSTERIES OF THE HOLY ROSARY. From the French of Father Monsabré, O. P., by Very Rev. Stephen Byrne, O. P. Price, 75 cents.

This is another much needed book. It explains more fully the mysteries, which are divided in three parts, as follows: Jesus in the Rosary, Mary in the Rosary, Fruits of the Rosary. The book closes with the Encyclical Letter of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. on the efficacy and power of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and on the propagation of this devotion, given on the First of September, 1883. Also, the Decree regarding the Rosary. Every family desirous of having a thorough knowledge of the Rosary should procure this book.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Almighty One," Chorus by C. P. Morrison. "Sleep, Robin, Sleep," Words and music by James C. Clark. "Down by the Old Abbey Ruin," Song, by L. Egins. "Thy Will Be Done, Words by Whittier, music by Sibylla, A. Bailey. "Maude," Song, by Chas. H. Gabriel. "My Heart Ever Faithful," by Bach. "Remember Dear Mother's Last Words," Song, by Harry Birch.

Instrumental: "Bucephale Galop," by G. Micheux. "Queen of the Rink March," by A. W. Sweet. "Moonlight in the Forest," by H. Lichner. "Mia Cara Waltzes," by Bucalossi. "Skipping Rope Schottische," by C. D. Blake. "The Russian Prince Waltz," by H. Maylarth. "La Confidence Schottische," by E. De Coen. "Potpourri," from "The Mikado" arranged by C. D. Blake. "Venezia e Napoli," by F. Lizst.

Books: "Ferd. Beyers' Preliminary Method for Pianoforte with English and German Text complete." "Addenda to Vaccais Vocal Method," by Dr. Chas. Alex. Guilmette. "The Banjo Companion," a fine collection of music carefuly arranged for Banjo with Piano accompaniment. All these books issued in Messrs. White, Smith & Co's. well-known style.

GREAT MEETING IN FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.— A large and enthusiastic meeting of the press of Ireland was held on the evening of the 20th of October. It was presided over by Mayor O'Brien, and was eloquently addressed by the governor of the State, ex-Mayer Prince. the Messrs. Flatley, John Boyle O'Rielly, J. E. Fitzgerald, and others. The following cablegram was sent to Mr. Parnell: "The Irish-Americans of Boston, in Faneuil Hall assembled, with the governor of Massachusetts and the mayor of Boston present, greet you, and pledge $10,000 for our first instalment."

Obituary.

"After life's fitful fever they sleep well."

CLERGYMEN.

THE Rev. Patrick McGeveran, who for several days was ill at the residence of the Rev. Hugh Lane, in Philadelphia, died, on October 26, of pneumonia, the result of a cold contracted while actively engaged in missionary duties at the Church of St. Theresa, Philadelphia. Father McGeveran was born in the townland of Ballinadrante, county Antrim, Ireland, in 1849. Bidding farewell to home, at the age of seventeen, he arrived in New York City in 1866. He was received into the Redemptorist novitiate, at Annapolis, in 1874, where he made his religious profession on the 22d of August, 1875. Having finished his theological course, he was ordained priest by the present Archbishop of Baltimore. Since his ordination, Father McGeveran filled the position of professor in the preparatory seminary of Northeast, Pa., assistant at the Mission Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help in Boston, and, on September 18, of this year, he was sent to the House of St. Alphonsus, in New York City.

THE death of "Father Tom" McEvoy of St. Catherine's, Meath Street, Dublin, was a great blow to the very large number of friends whom his genial manner and generous nature had gathered around him. Typhoid fever — which I regret to inform you, is very prevalent here just now — carried him off after a few days' illness.

THE popular professor of English-French — the Very Rev. Dr. O'Rourke — who had been in ill-health for a long time, died at Maynooth. But, although his death was expected, it has none the less occasioned deep regret to the past and present professors and students of St. Patrick's.

THE obsequies of the venerable and well-beloved parish-priest of Youghal, Canon Murphy, was one of the largest ever seen in the locality, and proved in the most emphatic manner that the sorrowing flock fully recognized the great loss they had sustained.

SISTERS.

MOTHER MARY ANNE JOSEPHINE, of the Ursuline Convent in St. Louis, died October 18, of consumption, at the early age of twenty-nine years. The deceased was christened Sallie Vail Washington, and was a descendant in a direct line from the first President of the United States. She was the daughter of the late Hon. John N. Washington, of Newbern, N. C., who was converted to the Catholic Church in 1861. The deceased religious was educated by the Ursulines, and had been a member of the order eleven years. She was beloved for her many virtues, and esteemed particularly for earnestness and fidelity in the discharge of duty.

LAY PEOPLE.

PROFESSOR CORNELIUS MAHONY, who was himself blind from infancy, and who had been for the last twenty-five years an instructor in the New York Institution for the Blind, died at his home on Tuesday, October 27, aged sixty-seven years. He was highly esteemed for the probity and honesty of his life, which was mainly devoted to ameliorating the condition of the blind. A fine musician himself, he appreciated the solace his art would be to those debarred from the pleasure of sight; and after much study, some thirty years ago, he devised and perfected a system of musical notation, from which, by means of lines and figures embossed on thick music paper, those blind, by the sense of touch, can study musical scores as readily as they now read print in the same way. Professor Mahony, as his name indicates, was an Irishman.

IN the midst of the frivolity and open immodesty of the French, and, in a less degree, of the English stage, it is pleasing to chronicle the Christian life and death of Emile Perrin, the late conductor of the Théatre Francais, Paris. M. Perrin, more than any other Continental manager, tried to keep out of the plays produced at the house of Molèire all outrages against morality and all attacks against religion. If he did not always succeed the fault was not his; and it is to be hoped that his successor will follow his

excellent example. It was Emile Perrin who organized the recent centenary of Corneille at S. Roch, and who brought his excellent company to the same church for the jubilee of the venerable Abbé Millaud. Long before his death he received all the consolations of religion with cheerful resignation, and although he continued to transact business until the last hours of his life, he never failed to speak of dissolution as imminent, and to welcome the parish priest of St. Francois de Sales. He was followed to the grave not by all the literary and artistic celebrities of Paris, but by Sisters of Charity and religious.

SAD DEATH OF AN ALTAR BOY.—We were inexpressibly shocked to receive particulars of the death of the eldest son of Mr. Richard Flinn, chief engineer of the water works at Roxbury, Mass. The little fellow was playing, as boys will, around the railroad depot, and jumping on a moving train, was caught in the wheels, run over and flung a great distance. The train was stopped and the child, after temporary surgical assistance was given, was brought to Boston at lightning speed. His parents were telegraphed to follow, and they met him at the hospital. His father, meantime, had telegraphed to the boy's confessor in Dedham to come to his side. The surgeons amputated the limb, but after some hours' agony, borne all through with that heroism which seems peculiar to suffering childhood, he succumbed to the shock. The little fellow made his confession before he died, and was buried in his cassock and cotta, which as an altar boy he had but recently put on. It was a great affliction to his father and mother, but they have had much to console them in the hope of his happiness and in the sympathy of their friends. *May he rest in peace.*

DEATH OF MR. EDWARD F. MEANY. We regret to record the death of this gentleman, which occurred at his late residence in Chester Square, Boston, on the 29th of October, aged seventy years. Mr. Meany has lived in Boston some forty-five years, and came to this city from Philadelphia, where he was born. Mr. Meany and his brother, Mr. Hugh F. Meany, have carried on a large business as contractors and marble and free-stone workers, employing a large number of men. Their relations with their workmen have always been of the most cordial character and the deceased will be mourned by his employés as a true friend. He was a man of modest and retiring disposition, and, shrinking from public life, he devoted himself almost entirely to his home and friends, while the great activity of his nature found its vent in the development of his business interests. His charities were extensive, but unostentatious. In his death the community has lost a very worthy gentleman, and his departure will be mourned by a wide circle of friends. During his illness he was attended by Rev. Father Welch, S. J., of the Immaculate Conception Church. His remains were interred at Forest Hill cemetery, on the 2d of November.

DR. RICHARD MCSHERRY, one of the best known physicians in Baltimore, recently died in that city. In the medical profession he occupied a high position, and as a citizen he was widely known and much esteemed for his qualities of mind and heart. He was an author as well as a learned medical man. In one of his books, on the use of alcohol, he said: "I see that in one respect, we are in full accord; that total abstinence from distilled liquors is the *best* rule of life for *healthy* men, the therapeutic use of them being a question aside. I have seen scores of men, healthy in the beginning, sink into premature graves from *tipple* who were never known to be drunk in their lives. Among them honest and pious men. . . . I believe there is more death from tippling, than from drunkenness."

MRS. KAIN, mother of the Rt. Rev. John J. Kain, Bishop of Wheeling, W. Va., died in that city Oct. 15, aged eighty-one years. She came to this country from Ireland fifty-five years ago. During her whole life she exemplified in a most remarkable manner the highest and noblest Christian virtues. Her peaceful death was a fitting termination of her truly saintly life. Surrounded by her two surviving children—two daughters, one of them a Sister of St. Joseph, and her son, who administered to her the last sacred rites of the Church, she calmly yielded up her pure soul into the hands of her maker.

THE ROCK OF AGES.—We direct attention to the poem of Miss Katharine Tynan in this issue of our MAGAZINE. A writer of good poetry says of the tenth verse: "There never was written by man or woman anything to surpass these four lines. It is a picture of heaven and the best ever put in words outside the bible."

ORDER OF THE
FORTY HOURS' DEVOTION
In the Churches of the Archdiocese of Boston,

For the Year 1885.

AUGUST.

2.	*Tenth Sunday after Pentecost,*	St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum,	*Boston.*
9.	*Eleventh* " " "	Little Sisters of the Poor,	*Boston.*
16.	*Twelfth* " " "	Star of the Sea,	*Marblehead.*
23.	*Thirteenth* " " "	St. Stephen,	*South Framingham.*
30.	*Fourteenth* " " "	St. Mary,	*Randolph.*

ANNOUNCEMENT.

MESSRS. NOONAN & Co., Boston, Mass., have in press, and will publish July 1st, a new text book of Philosophy, entitled "Summa Philosophica, juxta Scholasticorum Principia." The special merits claimed for the work are: 1st, it is so arranged as to meet the requirements of a one year's course of philosophy; and 2d, it presents and solves the various peculiar questions of modern thought.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Sunrise," words by Roselinda, music by C. A. White. "The Wisdom of the Bee," Ballad by B. F. Baker. "What Cares the World for Me," words by J. G. Holland, music by W. F. Sudds. "Good-Night," Song, by Kjemlf. "Baby Fingers on my Cheek," words by Frank N. Scott, music by C. A. White. "Down by the Woodland Rill," words by Wm. H. Putnam, music by Eben H. Bailey. "Steering for Home," Song by E. Reyloff. "Sweet Maggie O'Brien," Song by S. Geo. Soules, also the following Male Quartettes: "Watchman, Tell Us;" "Onward, Christian Soldiers;" "The Lord is Mindful;" "Suffer Little Children;" words of all by Frank N. Scott, music by C. A. White, also Female Quartette. "Joy Shall E'er Be Thine," by C. A. White.

Instrumental: "Hilarity," Rondo by Lichner. "Service Battle March," by Geo. Thorne. "Riverside Galop," by L. Mason. "Logan's Grand March," by Jno. Mack. "Love's Message," Romanza, by T. P. Ryder. "Cecelia Polka," by Jno. Mack. "Our County Club," Galop, by J. Thos. Baldwin.

Books: "The Banjo Companion," containing a large amount of new and popular music tastefully arranged for the Banjo, and published in Messrs. White, Smith & Co's. best style.

CANADIAN SEMINARY IN ROME.—Some time ago the Catholic Bishops of Quebec Province sent a petition to the Pope asking for permission to establish a Canadian seminary in the Holy City. A letter has just been received from Leo XIII. expressing his delight at the idea put forth by the Canadian prelates, and promising to give the institution his most energetic support. It is understood that the seminary of St. Sulpice, Montreal, will defray all the expenses of the construction and maintenance of the proposed institution.

Did Victor Hugo

Cry out for a priest during his last illness? This question has been the cause of much discussion in the Parisian newspapers of late; and, as may be easily imagined, M. Lockroy and M. Vacquerie are loud in their assertions that the poet died a "civil" death. Doctors Vulpian and Germain Sée naturally shelter themselves behind their professional secrecy; but others, who were present, say that when Victor Hugo began to repeat the "Hail Mary," M. Lockroy exclaimed, "Of course, this is only delirium." To the Catholics of Europe the subject is a sorrowful one. It is just as depressing to be assured that Victor Hugo elected to die in final impenitence as to suspect that he was surrounded by satanic sectaries, who stifled his conscience, and kept God away from his bedside. It is consoling, how-

ever, to learn that during his latter days, Victor Hugo frequently spoke of religious matters in a way that was gratifying to his Catholic friends. He was strenuously opposed to all acts of religious persecution. It is related of him that when the Jesuits were expelled from France, he angrily said, "I hate this system of exile, with all the hatred of one who has suffered from it himself." There may yet be a light thrown upon this latter-day side of Victor Hugo's character. M. Jules Simon's position as a trustee necessarily silences him; and Jeanne Hugo is probably timid. We will still, however, hope against hope, that Victor Hugo gave himself to God in his last hours.

THE Pious Union of Our Lady of Good Counsel has, with the consent of the Very Rev. Superior-General of the Augustinian Order, been established at Notre Dame, Ind., under the direction of Rev. A. Granger, to whom those desiring to be enrolled may apply.

Archbishop Tache's Explanation of the Recent Outbreak.

ARCHBISHOP TACHE, passed through St. Paul last Saturday, en route from Winnepeg to Montreal. He said to a reporter: "The report that I left hurriedly for the East to intercede for Riel's life, is false in every particular. I do not think any effort will be made in Riel's behalf, except to engage good counsel to defend him. His language in regard to the clergy since his arrest has considerably decreased the sympathy for him, and I think that whatever remains is now rather opposition to the government on the part of the Liberals than friendship or sympathy for Riel. I do not think the real cause of the outbreak is understood. Of course the half-breeds were indignant that the government was so slow in settling their claims; but the true cause was this: they felt that they were looked down upon, and regarded and treated with contempt by the new settlers and by the officials and people generally. This rankled terribly. This feeling grew, and at last they took up arms. They did not anticipate that the government would ever send an expedition against them. They merely expected to have to cope with the mounted police. There were only two hundred and fifty half-breeds concerned in the revolt, and about one hundred and fifty Indians at or near Batouche. Of these at least fifty were unarmed and the others were very poorly armed. They hoped to defeat the police, and thus compel respect from them, and force the government to accede to their claims. I believe that Riel is completely insane at times and not responsible for his actions."

DONNYBROOK.— The Dublin Corporation have unanimously passed a resolution in favor of asking the House of Lords to alter the name of "Donnybrook Division" to "St. Stephens," and to call North-east division after St. Lawrence, the patriotic Archbishop of Dublin, whose church is in that district. As the South-west division is called St. Patrick's, and the North-west the College Green division, Dublin will thus be well named. Three divisions will bear the names of saints, and one is called after the scene of the Irish Parliament. It is well that the rowdy name of Donnybrook should be got rid of, as it recalls the memory of what was long a national disgrace to which the people of Dublin, to their honor, put an end by purchasing the right to abolish the fair.

THE Queen of England has, on her sixty-seventh year, an age which has been exceeded by nine only of the Sovereigns of England, dating from the Norman Conquest — Henry I. and Edward I., who both lived sixty-seven years; Queen Elizabeth, sixty-nine years; James II., sixty-eight; George I., sixty-seven; George II., seventy-seven; George III., eighty-two; George IV., sixty-eight; and William IV., seventy-two years.

BELGIUM. — The liberal papers in Belgium are keeping up an outcry of distress at the authorizations given from time to time by the government to different communes to suppress the "official" schools and "adopt" the free (*i. e.* religious) schools in their districts. "Public education is falling away bit by bit," cries out the *Echo du Parlement*, and sympathetic papers in foreign countries, picture Belgium as relapsing into a state of barbarism, by the wholesale destruction of education. It is worth while noting exactly how matters stand. Up to a few weeks ago, seventy-six communes had been authorized to close their "official" schools; but let it be observed that the *total* number of children frequenting all these schools was exactly 287, or a little over *three* children per school! Whilst

the population of the "free" schools adopted instead, rises to 10,000; *i. e.*, 131 children per school. Since the publication of the above figures by the *Journal de Bruxelles*, thirty-one more communes have been similarly authorized to dispense with the costly and almost useless "écoles officielles" containing a total of 108 pupils, or again, about *three* per school; and to "adopt" the free schools with 3,749 children, or over 129 per school. And let it be added, that of the total 107 communes referred to above, no less than *thirty-nine* had official schools *containing not a single child between them!* We should like to commend these figures to English Protestants and Liberals, especially if they be ratepayers, for then they may more easily sympathize with the Belgian ratepayers; for

> Facts are chiels that winna ding,
> But aye must be respeckit.

IRISH EMIGRATION set in towards England in 1820 and 1830. In 1840 there were 539,400 Catholics in England and Scotland. The number of priests was 624. In the year 1880, the Catholic population of Great Britain was 1,384,000, clergy, 2,282, and churches 1,401. Thus while the inhabitants of Great Britain have increased 60 per cent., the Catholics have increased 158 per cent. in forty years.

Martyrs of the Reformation.

THE proposed canonization of Sir Thomas More and Cardinal Fisher, who both died for the faith in the reign of the second Tudor, has given rise to a feeling of glad expectancy among English speaking Catholics all over the world. Sir Thomas More was Cardinal Wolsey's successor as lord chancellor, and enjoyed many royal favors, but refusing to admit the lawfulness of the King's marriage with Anne Boleyn, he was committed to the Tower, condemned and beheaded in 1535. His body was first interred in St. Peter's Church in the Tower, and afterwards in Chelsea Church. His head was exposed on a pole on London Bridge, but was obtained by strategy by Margaret Roper, Sir Thomas More's daughter, and is still to be seen, a fleshless skull, in a small grated niche in the wall of the Roper vault, St. Dunstan's Church, Canterbury. John Fisher, who was Bishop of Rochester from 1504 to 1535, was a zealous defender of the Catholic faith against the innovators of his time. He resolutely opposed the royal claims to spiritual supremacy, and was beheaded in 1535.

THE NATIONALITY OF THE AMERICAN CATHOLIC HIERARCHY.—The Catholic Church in the United States has one cardinal, fourteen archbishops, and sixty-one bishops. Of these, nineteen are of Irish birth: Archbishops Kenrick, Ryan, Feehan, and Bishops Conroy. Fitzgerald, Tuigg, O'Reilly, Bradley, Moore, Hennessy, Hendricken, Hogan, Ireland, Kean, Manogue, Mullen, O'Connell, O'Farrell, and O'Connor. Fourteen are of Irish descent: Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishops Gibbons, Williams, Corrigan, and Riordan, Bishops Ryan, McQuaid, Shanahan, McNierney, McMahon, McCloskey, Kain, Gallagher, Healy, and Cosgrove. The nine following are mainly of English origin: Archbishop Elder, Bishops Becker, Chatard, Grace, Manucy, Spalding, Wadhams, Watterson, and Northdrop. Nine are natives of Germany — Archbishop Heiss, Bishops Baltes, Borgess, Fink, Flasch, Zunger, Krautbauer, Richter, Seidenbush; Bishops Dwenger, Wigger, and Rademacher are of German descent; and Bishop Gross of mixed German and Irish origin. France has given eight Bishops to the United States — Archbishops Leray, Lamy, and Saltpointe; Bishops DeGoesbriand, Machbœuf, Neraz, Robot, and Durier. Of the remainder, four are Belgians — Archbishop Seghers, Bishops Brondel, Maes, and Glorieux; two are Spaniards — Archbishop Alemany and Bishop Mora. Bishop Gilmour is a native of Scotland, Bishop Marty of Switzerland, Bishop Jansenns of Holland, and Bishop rtin Ve of Sclavonia.

Celtic Blood on the Bench.

IRELAND'S representation on the New York bench is surprisingly large. Three of the Supreme Court judges — Donahue, Brady, and Barrett, are of that nationality. Judge Barrett who is one of the most esteemed judges in the State, was born in Ireland, and has been in New York since his boyhood. Then there is Judge Charles G. Daly, who is well known as president of the Geographical society, is also of Irish stock. His namesake Judge Joseph F. Daly, who is following in Barrett's footsteps towards distinction, is of Irish parentage. The principal criminal judge, Frederick Smyth, of whom everybody (the criminals excepted) speaks in high-

est terms, is a native of Ireland. The criminal bench of New York has not been occupied by a more upright man. Of the nationality or character of Richard O'Gorman, now a judge in the Superior Court, it is not necessary to speak. Of the minor judges in the "district" courts and the police courts, more than half are on the Irish sides, either by birth or parentages. The Irish certainly have no reason to complain of moderate representation in the New York judiciary, for in this particular they are well ahead of any other nationality.

THE VETO.— O'Connell, one day, when a great Catholic lawyer and speaker named Wolfe had been trying to persuade the people that the veto was an innocent measure and that it ought to be granted, because the Catholics would then be admitted to all places, came forward and told them the story of the wolf, and he punned on the name,— for it was after Mr. Wolfe had finished speaking to them,— how one day the wolf told the shepherd that it was useless for him to keep dogs to guard the sheep, because now that the wolves had become so tame they would not eat a sheep if it should be given to them. And they tried to persuade the shepherd to trust his sheep to the mercy of the wolves. "And so," said he, "Mr. Wolfe comes out here and tries to persuade you to give up your bishops, and trust the flock of Christ in Ireland to the English wolves, for they have all become so tame that they would not eat a lamb if it was given to them." He gained the field.

A VENERABLE JOURNAL.— The oldest newspaper in the world, the *Pekin Gazette*, has lately taken a new lease of life. Established in the year 911, it has been published regularly since 1351. Under the new arrangement three editions are published; the first, *King-Paou*, printed upon yellow paper, constitutes the official gazette of the Middle Kingdom; the second, the *Hsing-Paou* (commercial journal), also printed upon yellow sheets, contains information interesting to the trading community; while the third, the *Titani-Paou* (provincial gazette), printed upon red paper, consists of extracts from the other two editions. The total circulation of the three issues is 15,000 copies. The editorship is confided to a committee of six members of the Academy of Han-lin.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Should be kept constantly at hand, for use in emergencies of the household. Many a mother, startled in the night by the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the little sufferer, with red and swollen face, gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma Gedney, 159 West 128 st., New York, writes: "While in the country, last winter, my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and frequent doses, and, in less than half an hour, the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. B. Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he is troubled with Croup, I dare not be without this remedy in the house." Mrs. J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My children have repeatedly taken Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup. It gives immediate relief, followed by cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton, Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both of whom have been, from infancy, subject to violent attacks of Croup. About six months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a few minutes after the child takes it, he breathes easily and rests well. Every mother ought to know what a blessing I have found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes: "In our family, Ayer's medicines have been blessings for many years. In cases of Colds and Coughs, we take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

and the inconvenience is soon forgotten."

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ORGANIST of the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, and pianist to Boston Oratorio Society, would inform his friends and pupils that he is now prepared to resume organ and piano-forte instruction, in all its branches, at his new studio, 149A Tremont Street, corner West

Mr. Donahoe's long experience enables him to guarantee the best results from his teaching.

For all information as to terms, etc., please address, J. Frank Donahoe, 149A Tremont Street, Studio 39 1-2, Boston, Mass.

The William White Furnace and Range and John L. Leonard's Furnace.

IT has truly been said, in relation to the lighting, heating and sanitary construction of our business, public and private dwellings,—indeed any erection for human habitation or storage of property, that the first expense is invaribly the cheapest and best — in other words, that thoroughness and practical utility always pay in the end. With this fact especially in our view we would earnestly and conscientiously recommend to the attention of our numerous readers in the building trade, architects, etc., the firm of P. H. Costello & Co. (successors to M. H. Leonard), of 203 Tremont Street, Boston, Hotel Pelham building, corner of Boylston Street, who are the manufacturers of the William White furnace and range, with all its most recent improvements, and the John L. Leonard furnace — the intrinsic merits of both of which are too well known to real estate owners and the building trade to need any detailed explanation in this place. Messrs. Costello & Co. not only have the entire control of the manufacture of these masterpieces of furnace and range construction, but they keep a large stock of repair pieces always on hand, and pay special attention to the repair and adjustment of defective flues. They have a wide-spread reputation all over the country for these manufactures, and an excellent local and general trade in the manufacture of chimney-tops and ventilators of every description, and all kinds of tin, copper and sheet-iron work. They are the exclusive manufacturers of the new non-destructible ash barrel, which has become such a universal favorite in Boston households.

AT the open consistory in Rome, on July 28th, his Holiness, the Pope, gave the red beretta to the newly-appointed cardinal, and turning to his Eminence Cardinal Moran, the Holy Father presented him with the beretta, and addressed him as follows: "And you, dearly-beloved son, as a child of brave and dutiful Ireland." This marked compliment is regarded as another proof of the affection entertained by his Holiness for the Irish people.

MUSIC.

White, Smith & Co., Boston.

Vocal: "Flowers of the Wildwood," by C. D. Blake. "Daisy blossom," Song by Alfred W. Sweet. "Sweet Maggie O'Brien," Song, by S. Geo. Soules. "Summer by the Sea," Vocal Waltz, by Beatrice Leonard. "Life is Fleeting," Male Quartette, by B. Hutchison.

Instumental: "Hie away, old Satan," Galop, by M. B. Rosenfeld. "Fairie Voices Waltz," by A. G. Crowe. "Weit von Dir Waltzes," by E. De Coen. "The Elf's Waltzes," by George Fox. "At D. Camp March," by W. F. Burrell. "Mine," Mazurka by A. P. Adams. "Whippoorwill Polka," arranged by Carl Riche. "Lawn Tennis Galop," by May Livingston. "Sensation," Galop de Concert, by Adam Geibel. "Wauregan Schottische, Thimble Waltz, Providence Clog Hornpipe and Laura's Favorite," all arranged for Banjo by Henry Le Valley.

DEATH OF COERCION.—The *Dublin Freeman*, of August 15, has an excellent article on the death of coercion. "To-day," it says, "the Irish people are confident and light-hearted, not without reason. They show no wild elation, for they have learned in the sufferings of that struggle, the lesson of self-restraint. They are not like slaves freed for a day from the terror of the driver's whip, but men resolved upon realizing the legitimate aspirations of their native land for freedom and good government. We will not insult our countrymen by counselling them to abstain from crime, now that coercion is dead and gone. We believe that there is no necessity for such advice. It has always been our firm conviction that the crimes act, instead of repressing, produced crime, and if we read aright the minds of the people, reason and morality prevail more with them than fear. We have no apprehension that the record of the coming months will be stained by excesses."

Emmet's Speech.

From the *I. C. B. U. Journal*, Philadelphia.

ON July 25th, 1804, *The Aurora* (Duane's paper) published Robert Emmet's speech. This was the first authentic report of the now celebrated address. *The Aurora* said "the British Government had taken the perfidious pains to prevent the publication of Mr. Emmet's real speech, and tortured the sentiments of their victim into meanings and assertions the most remote from his character and his wishes."

The Aurora had previously published a portion of the alleged speech, and in giving the correct version which it received from "a friend," it urged a "comparison with the spurious," and bid its readers "compare the government by which it was done with the most abhorred that has existed or that now exists."

The editor, Mr. Duane, though born in New York, had early in youth been taken to Ireland. He became a hater of England. He went to India, and there manifested his enmity, and was made to suffer. He became a United Irishman on his return to Ireland. He escaped to America after the "year '98," and in Philadelphia, did good service in resisting England's influence in American politics.

That Emmet's speech was first printed in Philadelphia, is a fact not known until this issue of the *Journal*. It could not be printed in Ireland, for, said *The Aurora*, "the Irish papers are as mute as the inmates of a Turkish seraglio."

In *The Aurora*, of August 17, 1804, will be found a tribute to the memory of Emmet that is of merit. It is republished from the Alexandria *Expositor*.

The Death of Victor Hugo.

L'Univers gives the correspondence between the Archbishop of Paris and M. Edward Lockroy, son-in-law of the poet. The Archbishop addressed his note to Madame Lockroy, saying "that he had the most lively sympathy for Victor Hugo and with the anxiety of his family, and that he had offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the illustrious patient. If," continued the archbishop, "he has the wish to see a minister of our holy religion, I will perform a very sweet duty in taking to him the help and consolation of which there is such great need in these cruel sufferings, although I am still weak and convalescent of an illness which much resembles his." M. Lockroy, "deputy for Paris," wrote: "Madame Lockroy, who cannot quit the bedside of Victor Hugo, begs me to thank you for the sentiments which you express in so eloquent and so benevolent a manner. As M. Victor Hugo declared lately that he would not accept assistance during his illness from any priest, we should fail in all our duties if we did not respect his will." *L'Univers* adds that the majority of reports say that Victor Hugo had not lost consciousness when the cardinal's letter arrived, and there is every reason to believe that the request of His Eminence was not communicated to the dying poet. The New York *Freeman's Journal* from which we took the above, has this paragraph:

Victor Hugo had of late years been called by those who appreciated him best, "a sublime fool."

THE net debt of the United States has now gone below $1,500,000,000 for the first time since the war. Twenty years ago it was $2,700,000,000.

The Sanctuary

Of Our Lady of Caravaggio is one of the most celebrated of all Lombardy. Famous as a monument of art, and renowned for the great veneration in which it is held, it may well be called the Lourdes of Italy. Caravaggio is a country town of about 8,000 inhabitants, situated in the midst of a fertile and wide plain. It belongs to the diocese of Cremona, and to the province of Bergamo. It owes its prosperity to its Sanctuary, where Our Lady appeared in the fifteenth century, on the 26th of May, at five in the evening (1432). The magnificent church, erected a century and a half after the apparition, is the work of the great architect Pellegrino Pellegrini. It is built in the centre of a large square, and thus its beauties are well seen and admired. It is cruciform, 93 yards long and 33 wide. Its interior is decorated with many famous paintings of priceless worth. Popes, princes, bishops, and the nobility of Italy have lavished their treasures on this sanctuary. The last anniversary of the day of the Apparition, told its own own tale. Thousands gathered into the little town from all parts of Northern Italy. The whole day the church was filled with a devout throng of pilgrims, and thousands crowded the squares and streets adjoining the Basilica, when the hour of five drew near. As the hour

struck, every knee was bent, every head bowed down, and fervent prayers were uttered. May such scenes be often witnessed in these days.

CHURCH COLLECTIONS are frequently discussed, and some of our exchanges are severe in condemning the penny-contributors. We believe this unjust, since they are usually the donations of the poor. It is not those who give, however small the amount, that cause the trouble and drawback to church support and progress, but those who give nothing. The element deserving of censure are the foolish proud, who spend their all on themselves, in dress and living to keep up style above their means. Their pride deters them from giving even a mite. They are too poor to give much, too proud to give little, so give nothing.

THE MUNSTER BANK.—It is understood that the proposed capital of the new bank will be £750,000 in 150,000 shares of £5 each, upon which £2 will be called up by instalments to provide £300,000 to commerce and carry on operations. The master of the rolls sanctioned an offer by the provisional liquidators of the bank of a reward of £500 for the apprehension of Mr. Farquharson, the defaulting director. The collapse of the Munster Bank, says the *London Universe*, has well-nigh shaken several other similar institutions in Ireland to their foundations. Not since John Sadlier poisoned himself on Hampstead Heath has there been such a blow to the country financially. The Hibernian Bank, a perfectly solvent concern, we are told, has declined to declare a dividend, preferring to keep over the profits to meet the danger of a ruin. The mere announcement that there would be no dividend, caused bank shares to decline fourteen per cent. It is wiser to prepare for the contingency of a rainy day, although it is a question if the small amount available as a profit but reserved, should stave off a genuine rush for more than half a day.

SIR CHARLES DILKE, at a meeting of his constituents, advocated the establishment in Ireland of the broadest system of self-government compatible with the integrity of the empire, and declared it impossible to justify the present system of Dublin Castle rule.

Cardinal McCloskey.

WE regret to state that His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, is dangerously ill. No hopes are entertained of his recovery.

Death of Rev. Michael M. Green.

Early on the morning of October 6, Rev. Father Michael M. Green, of Newton, Mass., was found dead on his chamber floor, at his late residence, corner of Washington and Adams Streets. He had been afflicted with rheumatic and heart troubles for several years past, and his death was occasioned by general debility. Father Green was born in Berehaven, Cork County, Ireland, fifty years ago, came to this country when quite young, studied for the priesthood at the Holy Cross College, Worcester, and at the St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y., where he was ordained. He was given the position of assistant priest at St. Francis de Sales' Church, Charlestown, where he remained three years, and was then given charge of the St. Patrick's Church, Watertown, remaining there three years. He took charge ten years ago of the newly built church of Our Lady Help of Christians, Newtonville, which was started in 1872, being succeeded at Watertown by Rev. Father Robert P. Stack. The Newtonville parish is the largest and strongest of the three Catholic parishes of Newton, having four thousand communicants, and the church is a fine and costly edifice of brick and stone. The interior of the church building was completed only about three years ago, when it was duly dedicated. He leaves behind, as a monument to his industry, the noble church edifice at Newtonville, which was built largely through his efforts, and the approximate cost of which was $100,000.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS IN THE BRITISH SERVICE.—The authorities at the War Office have amended the unsatisfactory rule by which a Catholic chaplain was only sent with troopships in cases where not less than three hundred Catholic soldiers were on board, and in future a chaplain will be assigned to every vessel without reference to the number of Catholics. The Bishop of Southwark has appointed the Rev. Adam Leufgen to her Majesty's ship *Serapis*, the first vessel to be employed this season for the transport of troops to and from India.

The Coming Elections in Ireland.

OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN BY PARNELL.

WICKLOW had on the 5th of October, the honor of opening the Irish electoral campaign. Mr. Parnell selected his own county (Wicklow) for holding his first county convention and for making his first campaign speeches. The result was looked forward to with anxiety by all sections of political opinion. The Irish leader arrived at Wicklow by train, accompanied by several members of Parliament. At the station he was received by the town commissioners, a large number of representative men and a great crowd, with a band and banners in attendance, who received Mr. Parnell with enthusiastic cheers. The procession formed and proceeded to the town-hall where an address of welcome was presented. When the convention assembled, the town-hall was closely packed. Forty priests and eighty lay delegates composed the convention. A suppressed excitement was visible on every face in the crowded room. A rumor had gone abroad that an effort would be made to nominate

Candidates in Opposition

to those of Parnell, but it was decided to support Messrs. Sexton, Harrington, O'Kelly and Corbet, who were present as a delegation with Mr. Parnell from the Irish National League. They were visibly anxious in their expectancy. The delegates crowded together and talked in whispers. Every one seemed to feel the gravity of the situation. The cheers from the street told of Mr. Parnell's coming, and the entrance of the Irish leader was a signal for the rising of the whole convention. Men hitherto silent burst forth into ringing cheers. There could be no doubt as to what they meant — an absolute allegiance to the "uncrowned king." Mr. Parnell walked in with a calm and unruffled countenance, and whatever his thoughts may have been, they were concealed behind the pale, unmoved face, which presented to onlookers an outward front confident of repose. After a short delay Mr. Parnell took the chair, made a brief address pointing out the requirements of candidates, and read the rules adopted by the parliamentary party for the guidance of the convention. Each candidate then signed the following paper: "I pledge myself that, in the event of my election, I will sit, act and vote with the Irish parliamentary party; and if, at a meeting of the party convened upon due notice specially to consider any question, it be determined by a resolution supported by the majority of the entire parliamentary party that I have not fulfilled the above pledge, I hereby undertake forthwith to resign my seat."

After referring to the proceedings of the convention, and making eulogistic reference to the chosen candidates, Mr. Parnell proceeded to deal with the political situation. "When," he said, "I have expressed my conviction, that, in a new Parliament we should be able to form our platform on a single plank, and make it a plank of legislative independence, my declaration has been received by the English press, and by some, though not by all, English leaders, with a storm of disapproval, and they have told us that yielding an independent parliament to Ireland was a matter of impossibility. But nothing during this interval has in the slightest degree diminished my confidence in the near success of our efforts. On the contrary, the English press and the English leaders practically admit that Irish affairs cannot be allowed to continue as they exist, and that it is impossible to keep an unwilling people and unwilling representatives in forced legislative connection with the other two kingdoms. They admit that there must be some change, but that two conditions shall accompany this change: First, that the separation of Ireland from England shall not be a consequence of granting legislative independence to Ireland; and, second, that we shall not be allowed to protect our manufactures at the cost of those of England. Mr. Gladstone's manifesto declares that he is willing to

Consider Our Demand,

provided it is granted that it does not involve separation. Mr. Chamberlain declares that he is willing to give a legislature of some kind, provided it has not power to protect our manufacturers against those of England. I have claimed for Ireland's Parliament that it shall have power to protect Irish manufacturers,

should that be the will of the Irish people. It is not for me to say beforehand what action the freely elected Irish Parliament will take; but I have claimed that no parliamentary assembly in Ireland will work satisfactorily which has not free power over Irish affairs; which has not free power to raise a revenue for the purpose of our government, as shall seem fit to that assembly. I have an opinion that it would be wise to protect certain Irish industries, at all events, for a time in order to make up for a loss at the start, which we experienced owing to the adverse legislation in times past. Ireland could never be a manufacturing nation of such importance as to be able to compete with England; but several industries could be made to thrive here, although we should be compelled to seek other than our own supplies from the English markets, on account of natural causes.

But I claim for Ireland, that if an Irish Parliament considers there are certain industries in Ireland which could be fostered by protection, the Irish Parliament should have power to protect them. It is not for me to predict the extent to which that power would be used, but I tell the English Radicals and Liberals that it is useless to talk of their desire to do justice to Ireland, when, from motives of selfishness, they refuse to repair the most manifest inequalities of all, namely, the destruction of our manufactures by England in times past; when they refuse to repair that injustice by giving us the power to build up those comparatively few industries to which Ireland is adapted by circumstances to excel in.

A claim has been forwarded that some guarantee should be given that the granting of

Legislative Independence

to Ireland should not lead to separation. This claim is one which at first sight may seem fair. It would be preposterous to ask England to concede to us the engine which we announced our intention to use for bringing about separation; but there is a great difference between having such an intention and giving counter-guarantees against carrying it out. It is not possible for the human intelligence to forecast the future in such matters, but we can point to the fact that under the eighty-five last years of her parliamentary connection with England, Ireland has become intensely disloyal and intensely disaffected; that notwithstanding the alternate policy of conciliation and coercion, disaffection has broadened and deepened from day to day. Am I not then entitled to assume that the root of disaffection and this feeling of disloyalty is the assumption by England of the management of our own affairs? It is admitted that the present system cannot go on. What are you going to put in its place? My advice to English statesmen in considering this question would be to trust the Irish people altogether, or to trust them not at all. Give with free and open hand; give our people power to legislate on all domestic concerns, and you can depend on one thing, the desire for separation at least will not be increased or intensified.

Whatever chance English rulers may have of drawing to themselves the affection of the Irish people lies in their destroying the abominable system of legislative union by conceding fully and freely to Ireland the right to manage her own affairs. We can show that the power has been freely conceded to the great colonies to protect their industries against those of England. In these colonies disaffection has disappeared, and while Irishmen going to America carry with them

A Burning Hatred

against English rule, and bequeath it to their children, the Irishman who goes to Australia and finds a different system of English rule becomes a loyal citizen and a strength and prop to the community in which his lot is cast. I say it is possible, and it is the duty of English statesmen of to-day to inquire into these facts for themselves, and to cease the task they admit to be impossible, that of going forward in continued misgovernment. If these lessons can be learned, I am convinced the English statesman, who is great enough and who is powerful enough to carry out these teachings and to enforce them on the acceptance of his countrymen, and to give Ireland a full legislative liberty, and a full power to manage her domestic concerns, will be regarded in the future by his countrymen as one who has removed the greatest peril to the English empire — a peril, I firmly believe, which, if not removed, will find some day, perhaps not in our time, but will certainly find, sooner or later, and it may be sooner than later, an opportunity of revenging itself by the destruction of the British engine for the oppressions and misgovernment of centuries.

JAN 17 1940